Encounter

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97

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No. 1

CONTRAST

the new television quarterly, is now published. CONTRAST is edited by **Peter Black**, noted for his individual approach to television criticism.
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A Letter to Mayor Willy Brandt

Mayor Willy Brandt recently appealed to the Congress for Cultural Freedom to bring to the attention of world opinion the gravity with which its friends and associates regard the violation of human rights involved in the closing of the Berlin border to East German refugees.

In reply, 30 intellectuals and civic leaders from Europe, Asia, Africa and the Americas have sent the following letter to Mayor Brandt:

EVEN in a world which has become hardened to the spectacle of inhumanity, the news and pictures from Berlin have shocked men and women everywhere. Oppression and discontent exist on many continents, and the tragedy of exile is a fate suffered by many people and races. Yet the events on the frontiers of your city profoundly trouble the conscience of the world. It is one thing for a social order to force its citizens, by the millions, to seek asylum elsewhere. It is still more reprehensible to cut off their escape by means of walls and barbed wire across city streets, to threaten them at the point of bayonets, to shoot at them in flight as if they were runaway slaves.

This is not a matter of politics or ideology or of social philosophy. It is a matter of the most elementary respect for a human right—and one which all the nations of the civilised world are on record as having recognised. The Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which was adopted by the General Assembly of the United Nations, states this right unequivocally (Clause 13, para. 2):

"Everyone has the right to leave any country, including his own . . ."

We know with what emotion you and your fellow-Berliners have, over the years, watched so many of your countrymen abandon their homes, their livelihoods and, often, their families, in the East, in order to establish a new and more humane existence elsewhere. You have often explained to us how mixed the motives have been. The refugees have not always been running from persecution and hunger; sometimes the motivation was a mixture of fear and hope and confusion. But this fact surely demonstrates that what is involved is a ***human*** right, transcending all narrowly political and economic considerations. Human beings, no less than nations, have a right to self-determination. Men and women want to have a share in determining where and how they should work, and what they may believe; fathers and mothers want to determine for themselves how their children should be brought up and what their lives should be like; citizens want to share in determining who their rulers and public representatives should be.

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Deprived of the right to be able thus to shape their own lives, some men become rebels, others become refugees. Both recourses are understandable human responses to an intolerable situation, whether in the heart of Africa or in the heart of Europe.

As we follow the news of what has been happening at the Brandenburg Gate, along the East-West frontier of your city, we cannot help being reminded of the lines in Pushkin's *Boris Godunov* where the Czar gives instructions to 'take steps at this very hour that our frontiers be fenced by barriers... that not a single soul pass o'er the border, that not a hare be able to run or a crow fly....' For this reactionary and unnatural command is being re-echoed today, and grotesquely enough by men who pretend to speak in the name of the universal liberation of mankind.

Barbed wire and bayonets are not the décor of any new and higher freedom. We shall not cease to insist that all pretensions of all governments and powers be measured against the right of all human beings to a life of freedom and dignity.

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FRESH FIELDS	3	*Dan Jacobson*
FROM A WRITER'S NOTEBOOK	11	*Albert Camus*
LA DOLCE ACQUAVITA	26	*William Sansom*
ART		
GRAHAM SUTHERLAND'S RELIGIOUS SUBJECTS	31	*Douglas Cooper*
POETRY		
MAY 1961	10	*Jack Herbert*
TWO POEMS	24	*W. S. Merwin*
FOR THE FIRST BIRD AT DAWN	35	*Harry Fainlight*
NOTES & TOPICS		
A FOREST NAMED THE HEART	36	*Michael Edwardes*
CLASS AND POLITICS	39	*Mark Abrams*
FURTHER OBSERVATIONS ON MRS HUXLEY	44	*Edward Shils*
ON THE MONARCHY	50	*Henry Fairlie*
A REPLY	55	*D. T. Suzuki*
LABOUR AND THE EUROPEAN CAUSE	58	*David Marquand*
GERMANY, RUSSIA AND THE WEST	62	*Sebastian Haffner*
HOLDEN, HODGKIN AND AFRICA	67	*Colin Legum*
BOOKS		
HERE LIES LOWER BINFIELD	70	*John Wain*
NEHRU'S INDIA	83	*W. A. Robson*
HEMINGWAY	86	*Philip Toynbee*
"DE-COLONISATION"	88	*Anthony Hartley*
FROM THE OTHER SHORE		
BRECHT: POEMS AND UN-POEMS	90	*Martin Esslin*
LETTERS	94	
AUTHORS	96	

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Dan Jacobson

Fresh Fields

WHEN I WAS at the university in Johannesburg there was one living South African writer whom I, like most of my friends with literary inclinations or ambitions, greatly admired. That writer was Frederick Traill, poet, essayist, and novelist. To us it seemed that Traill, almost alone in the 20th century, had shown that it was possible for a man to make poetry out of the forlorn, undramatic landscapes of our country, out of its ragged *dorps*; out of its brash little cities that pushed their buildings towards a sky too high above them; out of its multitudes of people who shared with one another no prides and no hopes. And because Traill had done it, we felt that with luck, with devotion, we might manage to do the same. Like Traill, we might be able to give a voice to what had previously been dumb, dignity to what had previously been without association or depth; in our less elevated moods we could hope simply that like Traill we would be able to have our books published in London, and have them discussed in the literary reviews.

Traill was for us, therefore, not only a poet, he was a portent or a promise. It was taken for granted among us that Traill should live in England, whence all our books came; his exile, indeed, was part of the exhortatory significance of his career. In England Traill had remained aloof from the political and artistic furores of his time. He had issued no polemics; he had not voiced his opinions of Britain's foreign policies; he had lived in obscurity throughout the war. The little that we knew of him in South Africa was that he had made his home in the country, well away from London, that he had always shunned publicity, and that he was known to few people.

All of this, I found out when I first came to England a few years after the war, was true. Everybody had heard of him; nobody knew where he lived; many people thought he was dead, for it was a very long time since he had published his last volume of verse. For me the revelation of that first visit to England can be described most simply by saying that in coming to England I saw, wherever I looked, the word made flesh—made brick, too; made colour; made light; made trunk and leaf. But in the midst of this sudden solidification or enfleshment of almost everything I had ever read, Traill remained no more than a name to me. All around me was the country that others had described and celebrated; the one man who had uttered the words for my own distant country remained unknown. I picked up what gossip I could about him; but there was very little of it. I heard that he was married; that he was childless; that his wife was ailing. And that was about all. Eventually, when I met a director of the firm which had published Traill's books—Parkman was the man's name—Arnold Parkman—I blurted out to him the admiration I felt for Traill, and my sense of frustration that there seemed no chance of meeting him. Calmly, the publisher replied, "You should write to him. I'm sure he'll be pleased to hear from you." He must have seen that I was taken aback by the simplicity of the suggestion,

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because he added, "Frederick's really a very friendly man, you know. I wish he wrote more, that's all."

"So do I," I said.

BUT I MADE no promise to write to Traill. Like many people of my generation (I suspect) I wished to lead some kind of "literary life" without in any way appearing to do so: the thought of writing, as an aspirant author, to a great name—and Traill's name was a great one to me—made me feel embarrassed, pushful, and, worst of all, unfashionable. That kind of thing, I felt, might have been all very well twenty or thirty years before; but in post-war, comfort-clutching, cigarette-grabbing, shabby, soiled Britain—no, it just wouldn't do. Not for me. All the same, when the publisher told me that Traill lived in South Devon, and gave me the name of the village in which he lived, I made a careful note of it. I felt I had a proprietary interest in South Devon; my girl-friend's parents lived there, and I had visited them, and had travelled about a little in the area.

I didn't remember seeing the name of the village, Colne, on any map or signboard; but when I next visited my future in-laws, I took out a large-scale map and found the village on it without any difficulty. And one fine day (the day was really fine: in mid-summer, cloudless and hot) I set out on a cross-country bus-trip to Colne. The trip promised to be a long one, involving two or three changes, and I did not know what I would do when I got there; I did not even know the name of the house in which Traill lived. But I set out on the journey as though it was something I had always intended to do, and without any doubt that I should succeed in seeing him.

Colne was pleasant without being picturesque. It had a stubby little church with a tower, hidden behind trees, it had a village store and a whitewashed pub with a bench and table in front of it, it had a police station, a village hall, and a war memorial. The road did not run straight through the village, but turned, spread itself between the pub and the store, and then swung upwards again, towards Dartmoor. For miles the road had been climbing, and from Colne one looked back and saw fields and hedges and woodlands tilted against one another, or sweeping smoothly over the curves of hills, or lying in sunken valleys. And above them all, on the far side of Colne, was the bald, high brow of the moor, its nakedness made more emphatic by the rich, close signs of cultivation evident everywhere else. Below Colne, the land had been measured and measured again, parcelled into little lots, divided a hundredfold by the hedges which met at corners, ran away at angles, lost themselves in the woodlands, emerged at angles beyond. And, but for the moor, there was greenness everywhere—so many shades of green, from the palest yellow-green of the stubble where the first fields had been cut, to the darkness of the hedges, which you would have thought to be black, had they not been green also.

Most of the houses in Colne seemed to advertise Devonshire Cream Teas, but I went to the pub where I was offered a plate of biscuits with some cheese. I took the food and a lager, and went outside to eat my meal in the sun. The little open space in front of the pub was almost at the edge of the village, not its centre, and I looked out directly on a hedge, the road, a field, an open barn. There were few people about. I saw the village store being closed for the lunch-hour; some workmen who had been bending over a tractor in the barn nearby went into the public bar; a moustached old man with a military bearing and a hard red skin went into the saloon bar. Several car-loads of tourists passed along the main road, on their way to the moor; several other cars came in the other direction, from the moor, with bunches of heather stuck into their radiator grilles. Three packed coaches went up in a convoy: I had heard the complaint of their engines, in the quiet of the afternoon, from miles away.

AND THEN I saw Frederick Traill walking towards me. Though he had rarely been photographed I knew it was him

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immediately. He was tall; he was bent, bald, and old. I felt a pang to see how old he was; the photographs, my own image of him, had prepared me to meet a younger man. He walked by me, with a glance down at the table, through his small steel-rimmed glasses. I was sure that I was betraying some kind of confusion; I was embarrassed by the crumbs on the table. But he walked on without a second glance, and I turned to see him go into the pub, bending his head at the door. His tweed jacket was peaked over the back of his neck; it hung loosely, wide over his hips.

I finished my food in a hurry; I did not want to be caught with it still in my hands when he came out. But I need not have worried, or hurried. The minutes passed; the workmen came out and went back to their tractor; a car carrying two men and two women stopped a few yards from me, and they all went noisily into the bar. I could have followed them, but I sat where I was: I felt that I would rather approach Traill where no curious or affable barman could overhear us, no stranger could stare. As I sat there I rehearsed how I was going to introduce myself to him; what I was going to say to him. Vainly, foolishly, I even permitted myself the fantasy that he might have heard of me, might have read something I had written, though I had so far published only a couple of stories in the most obscure and ill-printed of little magazines.

In fact, when I approached him as he came out of the pub, he shook his head almost as soon as I opened my mouth. "Mr. Traill?" I had said, and he stood there, shaking his head, looking at me and over me, his glasses low on his small nose.

"You aren't Frederick Traill?" I felt foolish, and small—literally small, because he was much taller than I, and had the advantage of the step as well.

Still he shook his head. But he said, "Yes, I am Frederick Traill."

I was relieved to hear him speak, and not only because he had acknowledged his identity. He kept his mouth half-closed as he spoke, but his accent was unmistakable: it was my own. "I thought you must be," I said. "I recognised you from your photographs."

He looked suspiciously at me; then moved forward, as if to come down the step. I took a pace back. "I hoped I might see you," I said. "I heard from Arnold Parkman that you lived in Colne. I'm staying near High Coombe for a few weeks. I'm from South Africa originally."

I caught a glance from his small, pale blue eyes. "You are? What part of South Africa?"

"Lyndhurst."

For the first time he smiled faintly. "I know Lyndhurst. I used to visit an uncle of mine there, when I was a boy."

"You wrote *Open Mine* about it."

"Yes, I did," he said, without much apparent interest in what he was saying; without surprise that I should have known the poem. He stepped down and began walking away; I hung behind, at a loss. I might have let him go, without another word, if I hadn't thought to myself, *That man there is Frederick Traill.* I saw his bald head, and beyond it the Devon countryside; and I felt that if I let him go the encounter would seem no more than a childish dream of my own.

How I was to wish later that I had let him go! But I did not. I called out, "Mr. Traill."

He stopped and turned to me. "Yes."

"I wanted to talk to you," I said. "Your work meant so much to me, when I was in South Africa. And—and to lots of people I knew. I'd be so glad if you could—if you would let me——"

"I don't give interviews," he said bluntly.

The oddity of the remark did not strike me at the time: how many people could there have been who had made the pilgrimage to Colne in order to interview him for the press? "I don't belong to any newspaper," I replied.

"No?"

"No, it's just that I've read your work."

He seemed to consider for a moment what I had said, and then said hesitatingly, "What did you want to ask me about?"

"Everything."

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Again he smiled faintly, as if from a distance. "Well, as long as you don't expect me to answer everything. . . ." The gesture of his shoulders was an invitation to me to join him, which I eagerly did. Together, we walked up through the village; then we turned from the main road and went up a stony little lane. There were a couple of small houses on the lane, but we passed these, and came to a wooden gate, set at the right angle between a brick wall on one side and a stone wall on the other. The stone wall ran on with the lane, until trees hid it from sight. "This is the back-entrance to the house," Traill explained, as he led me through the gate, and closed it behind us. "The lane goes right round to the front." Then he said, "My vegetable garden; I spend a lot of time on it." The vegetable garden was big and obviously kept up with great care. The house itself was an old rambling double-storey cottage with a slate roof and walls half-clad with slate. The house leaned, it bulged, it opened out unexpectedly at doors and little windows; it straightened itself at a chimney that ran all the way down one wall. We walked around the house, past a walled flower garden; in front of the house there was a meadow, as green and sunken as any pond, with a gravelled drive running to one side of it. The entrance to the drive was hidden behind a bank of trees. Beyond those trees, at a distance of many miles, the single pale curve of a hill filled the horizon.

IT WAS A lovely, ripe, worked-over place. We sat down in deck-chairs on a little lawn in front of the house, and talked casually, for a while, about the weather and the view. But eventually the conversation turned to Traill's work. I told him of the admiration I felt for it; I told him something of what I and my friends had felt his career to be for us; I said how sorry I was that he had not written anything for so long. And while I talked, I kept looking at him, taking in, for memory's sake, his long, slack figure, with his legs crossed at the ankles and his hands clasped behind his head; his bespectacled, small-featured face, with its clusters of wrinkles at the sides of his mouth and eyes. His head was almost entirely bald, and his scalp was faintly freckled. I could see that he was pleased by what I was saying, but I felt that he was saddened by it too, and eventually I fell silent, though there was much which I hadn't yet said to him and though I was disappointed that I had not drawn him out to speak more.

But he said nothing about his work; instead he asked me about mine. He asked me what I had done, where I had published; he questioned me about themes and settings. He had read nothing of my work, but his questions were all kindly, and he spoke to me as I had hardly dared to hope he would: as a professional speaking to an apprentice to the same trade or craft. His voice was deep; his manner of speech was lazy; still he spoke through a half-closed mouth. I was all the more surprised, therefore, when, without changing his position or opening his mouth wider, yet speaking with great vehemence, he said suddenly, "Go home!"

For a moment I thought he was simply dismissing me, and I got up, confused and taken aback. Again he said, "Go home!" and added a moment later, with one hand waving me back into my chair. "Don't do what I did! Go home!"

I sat down and stared at him. "Can't you understand what I mean?" he said, in response to that stare. "You'll do nothing if you stay here. It's your only chance, I tell you. Go home. Get out of this place."

He leaned forward and said bitterly, "I don't want to tell you how many years it is since I've published anything. And that's why I tell you to go back to South Africa. I know, I know," he said, waving off an interruption with one hand, though I had not spoken, "I know you'll tell me that South Africa's provincial, and dull—except for the politics, and who wants that kind of excitement?—and there's nobody to talk to. And here there's everything—books, and people, and everything you've ever read about. Elm trees," he said sardonically, and pointed to the trees at the bottom of the meadow—"and meadows," he added, "and villages like

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Colne. It's wonderful, you can't imagine anything better. You can't imagine ever tearing yourself away from it. But can't you see that as you live in it, year after year, all the time your own country is getting further and further away from you? And then what do you do?" He slumped back in his chair and put his hands behind his head again. "I can tell you," he said. "You sit here, looking at the elm trees and the meadow. You work in the garden; you go for a drink at lunch-time; you go to the market-town once a week, and sit in the cinema there. They've got three, you know, in Mardle, three cinemas! And you try to work; and there's nothing for you to work on, because you've left it all behind."

We were both silent, though I could see that he had not yet finished what he had to say. "I tell you," he went on, "when I came here I had my store with me, and I began unpacking it, and the more I unpacked the more there seemed to be. I felt free and happy, ready to work for a lifetime. And all around me was this—all this—just what I had hankered for, out there in the veld. Until one day I found that there was no more work for me to do, the store was finished. And then what was I to do? Where was I? What did I have left? Nothing—nothing that I felt was really my own. So now I'm dumb. Dumb, that's all."

AND THIS time he had finished, and still there was nothing I could say. At last, not so much because I was curious and wished to draw him out, but simply because I felt sorry for him, I asked, "Why didn't you go home? You could have, all these years."

He looked at me oddly. Then he said, "My wife isn't well. She hasn't been well for many years. I suppose you could call her bedridden, though it's a word she hates to hear."

"I am sorry."

He said nothing to this; and shortly afterwards I got up from my chair. I had to be going back to the village, to catch my bus.

"You must be off?" Traill asked.

"Yes, I'm afraid so. It really has been a privilege meeting you, Mr. Traill. And I do appreciate the way you've given your time to me."

"Oh—time! I've got lots of time."

He saw me off as far as the back gate; right at the end, when we said good-bye and shook hands, he seemed reluctant to let me go. "All this, you understand," he said, "is my wife's." He did not gesture, but I knew him to be referring to the house and the grounds. He stood with his eyes half-closed, and the sunlight glinted off the top of his head. "She loves this place. So do I really. It was quite impossible for me to leave. How could I?" Then he grasped my hand again, and said firmly, "Go home, while you can. Don't make the mistake I made. Go home!"

He turned and went through the gate; I stood for a moment in the shadowed lane, with the sunlight streaming above me and falling in bright patches on the leaves of the bank on the other side. There was no sound but that of his footsteps, beyond the stone wall. I did not like to think of what he was going back to; of what he lived with. Yet the place was beautiful.

The place was beautiful, England was beautiful: rich, various, ancient, crowded, smoking with industry. But I was much dispirited, as I rode away from Colne in the bus that evening. The warnings and the advice Traill had given to me echoed all the fears I had felt about coming to England, even before Traill had spoken to me of his life. And that life, and the work it had produced, we had conceived to be our models! Give up England, or give up writing, Traill had seemed to say to me; and I wanted to do neither.

I WAS MUCH surprised, and flattered, when I received a letter from Frederick Traill a few weeks later. It had been addressed to me at one of the magazines which I had mentioned to Traill as having published a story of mine. In the letter Traill asked me to send on to him, if I would, something of my work, published or unpublished, as he would really be most interested to see it. The day on which I received

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the letter I made up a parcel of carbon copies of stories and other pieces, most of which had been going from magazine to magazine for months, and posted the parcel to him, with a letter in which I thanked him for the interest he was showing in my work, and for his kindness to me when we had met.

I began waiting for a reply almost immediately. One week passed, a second, a third. Two months after I had sent the manuscripts away I was still waiting for a reply. Four months later, when I thought about it at all, my impatience had given way to a sense of injury which I tried to convince myself was unwarranted. Six months later I was horrified to read a long narrative poem by Traill which was unmistakably a re-working of one of the unpublished stories I had sent him.

Traill's poem was published in one of the leading literary monthlies. Delighted to see Traill's name on the cover, I had bought a copy of the magazine at a tube-station. I read the poem sitting on one of the benches on the platform. The train for which I was waiting came in and went out, and still I sat there—hotly, shamefully embarrassed, as though I had been the one who had committed the offence. I had no doubt that the offence was gross; but I did not in the least know what I could do about it. How could I write to him, the man whom I had so much admired, and had wanted to emulate, accusing him of having stolen my plot, my character, my setting? And there was no doubt that he had done so, none at all; there could be no question here of "unconscious reminiscence." As I sat on that station bench I cursed myself for my curiosity in going to see Traill; I damned myself for ever wanting to have anything to do with writers or writing. And within the general flush of shame I felt fierce resentment and anger too. The crook! The phoney! With his cottage in the country and his bald head and his sick wife and his advice. His advice! I went home and drafted twenty letters to Traill, but I tore them all up. Shame was stronger than anger. I just couldn't say to him what he had done, let alone tell him what I felt about it.

And not only could I not write to Traill; I could not tell anyone else about it either. The sense of shame I felt held me back; and so too did my feeling that no one would believe me. It enraged me to think that Traill had relied on the strength of his position as against mine, and on the very shamefulness of what he had done, to secure my silence. I could not smile at what had happened (after all, it had happened to *me*!) nor, though I tried, could I assure myself loftily that it was better to be cribbed from than to crib. I should add that the poem itself attracted a great deal of attention, and was welcomed on all sides as the return to form of a writer who had been silent for too long.

When in the "Forthcoming Features" panel in the same magazine I saw shortly afterwards an announcement of another long poem by Frederick Traill, I went back to my pile of manuscripts and chose one among them as the most likely for Traill to have stolen from this time. I was not wrong. The poem appeared—a long poem in dialogue. Again, it had my characters, my setting, even a scrap or two of my dialogue. I felt strangely proud, when I read the poem, of having made the correct guess; and then I knew that it hadn't been a guess at all: I had chosen correctly because I knew Traill's work so intimately.

MOCKINGLY, winkingly, the idea suddenly presented itself to me of writing a story with the deliberate intention of suiting it to Traill's purposes, and of sending it on to him, challenging him to make the same use of it as he had made of the others. The idea came as if it were no more than a joke; but that night, all night, I was working on the joke. And the next evening I had finished the story. Like the others, it was based on a reminiscence of childhood; like them, it was set in my home-town, Lyndhurst. I typed the story out the day after, and before I could get cold feet I put it in an envelope and posted it off to Traill, together with a note saying that I was pleased to see that my stories had stimulated him into writing once again, and that I hoped he

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would find the story I was sending him equally profitable. It was a sly little note, really, all innuendo, like the submission to him of the story itself, but I didn't feel ashamed of it. To tell the truth, now that I had approached Traill, even in this way, I felt a lessening of shame about the whole series of events; for the first time I began to think of them as being comical, looked at in a certain aspect.

Then I prepared to wait for Traill's response, which I fully expected to read, in due course, in the pages of one of the literary magazines. What I did not expect was that I should answer a ring on the door one afternoon, shortly after I had come back from the school at which I was then teaching, and find Traill waiting shyly for me on the porch. He was wearing a fawn raincoat and a hat with its brim turned down at the front and the back; he looked ill-at-ease and more rustic, in Swiss Cottage, than I had remembered him as being in Devon. "I hoped I'd find you in," he said awkwardly. "How are you?"

I stared at him. In my imagination he had become a monster of hypocrisy and unscrupulousness; but he stood before me simply as a rather slow and soft-spoken old man, with a small tired face. "Won't you come in?" I asked; and then, while he hesitated, I remembered what my room looked like. "Actually," I said, "I was just on my way down to have a cup of tea somewhere. Won't you join me?"

"With pleasure."

We went to a tea-room which has since disappeared; it is now a bamboo-decorated coffee-bar. But then it was still in all its sombre, Edwardian, mahogany-coloured glory. The panelled walls and the massive chairs and tables were all agleam with polish; the waitresses wore long black multi-buttoned dresses and little green caps on their heads; an open fire burned in a grate. The food, inevitably, was execrable. Traill was hungry, as it turned out, and had to eat a meat-pie which was a little paler outside, and a little darker inside, than the sauce in which it lay. I just had tea. While he ate Traill told me that he very rarely came up to London; it was difficult to leave his wife, as they had to get a woman to live in the house while he was away; in any case he did not much care for London. But he had had to come up to attend to various business matters, and he had thought it would be a good opportunity to look me up.

WAS HE GOING to make his confession now? As I waited, I was wondering how I was going to respond to it? Coldly? Angrily? Or pityingly? But Traill gave me no opportunity to adopt any predetermined attitude. He said in a firm, guiltless voice. "Those stories of yours, they're pretty derivative stuff, aren't they? The last one you sent me is by no means the worst, in that way. And you do know," he went on, "who they're derived from, don't you?"

His blue eyes were severe in expression, and they stared directly at me. "It gave me a strange feeling, at first, to meet my own ghosts like that," he said. "It was very disturbing; I didn't like it. When I read the stories I felt . . . how can I describe it to you? . . . that was where I'd been, yes; there was where I had come from. But none of it was clear, none of it was right, those ghosts had never really lived. And then the more I read the clearer it became to me what the ghosts were trying to say. I understood them. I knew them," he said, "even if you didn't."

"So you took them——" I interrupted.

"Yes," he admitted calmly. "And surely you can see that I made a better job of it than you did. My poems are better poems than your stories are stories, if you see what I mean."

"But even if that's true——!"

"You mean, I still had no right to take your ideas? I thought that's what you'd say. And I sympathise with you, believe me. I'd sympathise even more if you hadn't told me what you did about my work, and what it meant to you. And if I hadn't been able to see it for myself, in the work. Your ideas? Your ideas?" he repeated with scorn; and then, as if collecting himself, "All the same, I'm most grateful to you. Those manuscripts

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of yours have stimulated me, in all sorts of ways, they've set me going again. I'm tremendously grateful."

He fell silent abruptly, leaving me struggling for breath, for relief, for release. When I finally managed to bring out my reply it surprised me almost as much as it did Traill. "Then you can have the lot," I said. "And you're welcome to them. I don't want any of them. I don't want to be like you. I don't want to go home." Suddenly I discarded a burden I had been carrying for too long, and all sorts of scruples, hesitations, and anxieties fell away with it. "I'll take my chance right here, where I am. It's my only hope. If I don't strike out now, I'm sunk. And if I am to be sunk," I said, "I'd rather it happened now, than when I'm at your age. You can have what you've already got, and you can have all the stuff that's still in my room. It's all yours, if you want it. Take it, take the lot."

"I will," Traill said simply, after a long silence.

So we parted amicably enough, outside the house in which I boarded, Traill with his arms full of the files I had thrust enthusiastically upon him. "Good luck," I said; I had difficulty in restraining myself from clapping him on the back. There went my youth, I thought, looking at the bundle in Traill's clasp; but I felt younger and more hopeful than I had for many months, than I had since coming to England.

I still feel that I did the right thing. The only trouble is that Traill has just published a new and very successful volume of poems; whereas I still live on hope, just on hope.

May, 1961

The maytime rejoicing of the blue iris
Waving within the garden-pond's face,
Here, beside me, in the deep sunlight,
Is but a projection of that maytime,
Both petal and leaf-blade, flowering in that place
Within these eyes which now stare through the light.

The seeds that were planted a year ago,
Perhaps by your finger-tips brushing my eyelids,
Sank in the heart's soil, lodged, and took root;
And now these irises waving in that face,
The maytime's achievement and the heart's fruit,
Suggest, of course, nothing but perfect grace.

This flowering and jubilation seems
To preclude all vestiges, all thoughts of pain:
We should remember, though, the path of seed
And leaf-blade through the heart's sensitive soil,
That inner growth we felt, that upward toil,
That breaking through the surface into pain.

Jack Herbert

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Albert Camus

From a Writer's Notebook

WHAT I mean:
That—without being romantic—it is possible to experience nostalgia for a lost poverty. A certain number of years lived in misery are sufficient to build a state of feeling. In this particular case the curious feeling a son has for his mother makes up *the whole of his sensibility*. The outward signs of this sensibility in the most widely separated fields are sufficiently explained by underlying, concrete memories of his childhood (a glue sticking to the soul).

Hence, for anyone who notices it, gratitude and consequently a bad conscience. Hence again, and as a comparison, if you have changed your position in life, a feeling of lost wealth. For rich people the sky, added unto them, seems a natural gift. For poor people its character of infinite indulgence is restored.

For a bad conscience confession is necessary. The work of art is a confession, I must bear witness. Looking closely I have only one thing to say. It is in this life of poverty, among these humble or vain people, that I have touched most certainly what appears to me to be the real meaning of life. Works of art will never be sufficient. Art is not everything for me. May it at least be a means.

What counts, too, are the evil feelings of shame, the small acts of cowardice, the unconscious esteem granted to the other world (that of money). I believe that the world of the poor is one of the rare worlds, perhaps the only one, which is closed in on itself, which is an island in society. There one can play at being Robinson Crusoe quite cheaply. Anyone who immerses himself in it must say "over there" when speaking of the doctor's flat two steps away.

All this must be expressed through the medium of the mother and the son.

This on the level of generalisation.

Everything becomes complicated when we enter into detail: (1) A set. The neighbourhood and its inhabitants. (2) The mother and her deeds. (3) The relationship of the son to the mother.

What solution. The mother? Last chapter: the symbolic value realised by the son's nostalgia???

January '36

I ONLY SEE the walls of this garden on the other side of the window. And those few

ALBERT CAMUS *kept notebooks for most of his working life, from 1935 onwards. They were not diaries in any usual sense of the word, but rather reflections and sketches which he intended to use in future works. The present selection runs from 1935 to just after the outbreak of war and contains notes which are obviously a preparation for Camus's early works* Noces *and* L'Envers et l'Endroit *as well as sketches which have reference to later projects: the two passages dealing with his play* Caligula *and the early plan for* La Peste. *The spirit which informs these fragments is that of the Mediterranean humanism, which, looking back on Camus's work, seems to be one of his most characteristic moods. This is the fleeting and therefore tragic exultation of a young man before the freshness of the earth and the fiery stringency of the sun. Reading these notes, we can see to what extent self-discipline dominated Camus's life. His jottings do not deal with personalities, but they are deeply personal and moving. There are phrases which have something of the bare, classical outline of those Greek tombstones which he saw as the symbol of "despair in virile acceptance." This is the first publication of these notebooks and a full volume is being prepared in Paris. The translation is by Anthony Hartley.*

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leaves through which the light flows. Higher up, more leaves. Higher still, the sun. And of all the air's rejoicing which one feels outside, of all this joy poured out upon the world, I only see leafy shadows playing on the white curtains. Five sunbeams, too, patiently casting into the room a golden scent of dried grasses. A breath of wind, and the shadows move on the curtain. When a cloud covers, then uncovers, the sun, there arises from the shadow the bright yellow of this vase of mimosa. It suffices: this solitary gleam coming to birth, and I am flooded with a confused, astounding joy.

A prisoner in the cave, here I am alone before the shadow of the world. A January afternoon. But the cold remains in the air's depth. Everywhere there is a crust of sun which would crack beneath the fingernail, but which dresses everything in an eternal smile. Who am I and what can I do—except enter into the play of leaves and light. To be this sunbeam in which my cigarette is swallowed up, this sweetness and this discreet passion which breathes upon the air. If I try to reach my own being, it is right in the depth of this light. And if I try to understand and to taste that delicate savour which contains the world's secret, it is myself that I find in the depth of the universe. Myself, that is, that final emotion which rescues me from the stage-set. Soon other things and men will claim me again. But let me cut out this minute in time's cloth as others leave a flower between the pages. There they enclose a walk where love brushed against them. And I too go walking, but it is a god who caresses me. Life is short, and it is a sin to waste one's time. I waste my time the whole day, and the others say that I am very active. Today there is a pause and my heart goes out to meet itself.

If anguish still has me in its grip, it is to feel this impalpable moment slipping between my fingers like pearls of quicksilver. Then leave those who want to separate themselves from the world. I no longer pity myself since I watch myself being born. I am happy in this world, for my kingdom is of this world. A passing cloud and fading moment. Death of myself to myself. The book opens at a favourite page. How insipid it is to-day compared with the book of the world. Is it true that I have suffered, is it not true that I am suffering; and that this suffering intoxicates me because it is this sun, and these shadows, this heat and this cold which we feel far off, right in the depth of the air. Shall I ask myself if something is dying and if men are suffering, since everything is written on this window into which the sky pours its abundance. I can say and I shall say presently that what counts is to be human and simple. No, what counts is to be true, and then everything is included in it, humanity and simplicity. And when am I more true and more transparent than when I am the world?

Moment of exquisite silence. Men have ceased their noise. But the world's song rises, and, chained at the bottom of the cave as I am, I am satisfied before desiring. Eternity is there, and I expected it. Now I can speak. I do not know what I could ask for more than this continual presence of myself to myself. Now I do not ask to be happy, but only to be conscious. One believes oneself to be fortified against the world, but it is sufficient for an olive-tree to loom in the golden dust, it is sufficient to see dazzling beaches beneath the morning sun, to feel that resistance melting. So with me. I become conscious of the possibilities for which I am responsible. Every living minute bears in itself its miraculous worth and its face of everlasting youth.

February 13, '36

I ASK of human beings more than they can bring me. It is vain to pretend the opposite. But what a mistake and what despair.... And perhaps myself....

TO LOOK FOR points of contact. Every contact. If I want to write about men, how should I turn aside from the landscape? And if the sky or the light attracts me, shall I forget the eyes or the voice of those I love? Every time, I am given elements of friendship, pieces of an emotion, never the emotion, never the friendship.

One goes to see an older friend to tell him everything. At least, that something which oppresses you. But he is in a hurry. You speak of everything and of nothing. The hour passes. And here I am more lonely and more empty. This halting wisdom which I try to build—what absent-minded word from a friend slipping away from me will come to destroy it: *"Non ridere, non lugere"*... and doubts about myself and others.

DEATH which gives its true meaning to play and to heroism.

YESTERDAY. The sun on the quays, the Arab acrobats and the port leaping with light. One

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would say that this country squanders itself and blossoms for the last winter I am spending here. This unique winter bright with cold and sun. Cold blue.

Lucid intoxication and smiling deprivation—despair in virile acceptance as it is found on Greek tombstones. Why do I need to write or to create, to love or to suffer. What is lost in my life is not basically what is most important. Everything becomes useless.

Neither despair nor joy seems to me well-founded before this sky and the bright stifling heat which comes down from it.

May 16

A long walk. Hills with the sea as a background. And the delicate sun. In all the bushes white eglantines. Large sticky flowers with violet petals. The return to the sweetness of women's friendship. The serious, smiling faces of young women. Smiles, jokes, and plans. One comes back into play. And without believing in them everyone smiles at appearances and pretends to accept them. No false notes. I am connected to the world by all my gestures, to men by all my gratitude. From the top of the hills one saw the mists left by the recent rains reappear beneath the sun's pressure. Even coming down through the woods, submerging myself in that cotton-wool, I could guess at the sun above this wonderful day against which the trees were delineated. Confidence and friendship, sun and white houses, scarcely heard nuances, O my untouched joys, which drift away already and which no longer liberate me in the evening's melancholy—no more than a young woman's smile or the intelligent glance of a friendship which knows itself understood.

M.—EVERY EVENING he used to put that weapon on the table. When his work was finished, he tidied his papers, brought the revolver near and placed his forehead to it, rolled his temples against it, quieted the fever of his cheeks against the cold iron. And then he remained like that for a long moment, letting his fingers wander along the trigger, handling the safety-catch, until the world fell silent around him, and his whole being, already sleepy, crouched in the single sensation of cold, dirty iron out of which might come death.

From the moment that one does not kill oneself, one has to keep silent about life. And he waking up, his mouth full of a saliva which was already bitter, licked the weapon's barrel, put his tongue into it and, retching with an infinite pleasure, repeated with astonishment: "My joy is priceless."

M.—2ND PART. The successive catastrophes—his courage—life is composed of these accidents. He makes himself at home in this painful mesh, builds his days around his evening return home, his solitude, his suspicion, his disgust. He is thought to be stoical and tough. Things go as well as possible, if looked at closely. One day, an insignificant incident: one of his friends speaks to him off-handedly. He goes home. He kills himself.

MAY—not to cut oneself off from the world. One does not waste one's life when one places it in the light. My whole effort, in every position, misfortune, disillusion, is to make contact again. And even in this melancholy within me what a desire there is to love and what an intoxication at the mere sight of a hill in the evening air.

Contact with what is true, nature first of all, and then the art of those who have understood, and my art if I am capable of it. Otherwise, the light and the water and the intoxication are still before me, and the moist lips of desire.

Smiling despair. Without a way of escape, but ceaselessly exerting a domination which we know to be in vain. The essential: not to destroy oneself, and not to destroy that part of oneself which sleeps within the world.

MAY—all contacts = cult of the Self? No.

The cult of the self presupposes amateurism or optimism. Two imbecilities. Not choose one's life, but extend it.

Take care: Kierkegaard, the beginning of all our misfortunes is comparison. Commit oneself fully. Then accept with equal strength the yes and the no.

MAY—these evenings in Algiers where the women are so beautiful.

January

CALIGULA or the meaning of death. Four acts.

I. (a) His accession. Joy. Virtuous speeches (cf. Suetonius).
   (b) Mirror.

II. (a) His sisters and Drusilla.
   (b) The scorn of the nobles.
   (c) Death of Drusilla. Caligula's flight.

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III. The end: Caligula appears opening the curtain: "No, Caligula is not dead. He is there and there. He is in each of you. If the power were given you, if you had a heart, if you loved life, you would see him break loose, this monster or this angel you bear within yourselves. Our time is dying from having believed in values and that things could be beautiful and cease to be absurd. Farewell, I am going back into history where those who fear to love too much have kept him shut up for so long."

May

Sketch of a preface for L'Envers et l'Endroit

As they are presented for many people these essays will be shapeless. This does not come from a convenient scorn for form—but merely from an insufficient maturity. For those who take these pages for what they really are: essays, the only thing one can ask of them is to follow their order. From the first to the last, perhaps, a muffled progress will be felt which forms their unity—I would like to say which makes them valid, if the justification did not seem to me empty of meaning and if I did not know that the idea people have of a man is always preferred to the man himself.

To write is to become disinterested. A certain renunciation in art. To re-write. The effort which always brings a reward, whatever it may be. Question of laziness for those who do not succeed.

LUTHER: "It is a thousand times more important to believe firmly in absolution than to be worthy of it. This faith makes you worthy and forms the true satisfaction."

(Sermon on "Justification," preached at Leipzig in 1519.)

June

A man condemned to death whom a priest comes to visit every day. Because of the severed neck, the bending knees, the lips trying to form a name, the mad rush towards the earth to hide oneself in a "My God, my God!"

And each time the opposition of the man who does not desire this facility and wants to chew over all his fear. He dies without a word, his eyes full of tears.

The little woman seen by Marcel. "Her husband did not know how to do it. One day she told me: 'With my husband it's never like that.'"

The battle of Charleroi seen by Marcel.

"We Zouaves they'ld put us like that as sharpshooters. The major said 'Charge.' And we went down, it was like a gorge with trees. They told us to charge. There was no one in front of us. Then we marched, we marched ahead like that. And then all at once machine-guns began to fire on us. All of us fell, one on top of the other. There were so many dead and wounded that in the bottom of the gorge there was so much blood that you could have crossed with a *pastera*.* Then there were some who cried 'Mother'—it was frightful."

—O Marcel, what a lot of medals you have, where did you get all that?

—Where did I get all that? In the war, of course.

—How in the war?

—Do you want me to bring you the certificates in which it is written down? Do you want me to make you read? What do you think?

The "certificates" are brought.

The "certificates" concern the whole regiment to which Marcel belonged.

Marcel. We're not well off, but we eat well. You see, my grandson, he eats more than his father. His father needs a pound of bread, he needs a kilo. And spread on the bread! And sardines! Sometimes when he's finished he says "yum, yum," and begins again.

July

For women, the unbearable nature of the loveless tenderness that a man can give them.

For the man, a bitter sweetness.

August

On the road to Paris: this fever which throbs in my temples, the strange and sudden abandonment of the world and mankind. Struggle against one's body. On my bench, in the wind, empty and hollow inside, I thought all the time of K. Mansfield, of that long, painfully tender story of a struggle against illness. What awaits me in the Alps, together with solitude and the idea that I am there to cure myself, is the *consciousness* of my illness.

* Translator's note: a wooden trough used for kneading bread.

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To go all the way is not only to endure, but also to let oneself drift. I need to feel my body inasmuch as it is the feeling of things that are beyond me. I sometimes need to write things, which I partly fail to seize, but which for that very reason demonstrate that within myself which is stronger than me.

August—Tenderness and emotion caused by Paris. The cats, the children, the people's lack of restraint. The grey colours of the sky, a great pageant of stones and water.

Arles, August '37

Every day he plunged into the mountains and returned silent, his hair full of grass and covered with a whole day's scratches. And each time there was the same victory without seduction. He wore down little by little the resistance of this hostile country. He succeeded in becoming like those round white clouds behind the solitary pine-trees standing on a ridge, like those fields of pinkish willow-herbs, service-trees, and campanulas. He made himself belong to this rocky, aromatic world. Once arrived on the far-off peak, before the sudden revelation of the vast landscape it was not the tranquillity of love that he felt, but a kind of inner treaty which he concluded with this alien nature, the truce that intervenes between two harsh wild faces, the intimacy of two opponents and not the ease of two friends.

August '37

Every time I hear a political speech or read the writings of our leaders, I am frightened at having heard nothing for years which gives a human sound. They are always the same words telling the same lies. And in the fact that men put up with them, that the people's anger has not yet broken these puppets, I see the proof that men attribute no importance to their government, and that they play, yes truly, they play with a whole part of their life and of their so-called vital interests.

Thursday 9th

Pisa, and its men sleeping before the Duomo. The Campo Santo, its straight lines, cypresses at the four corners. One understands the quarrels of the 15th and 16th century. Here every town counts with its face and its profound truth.

There is no other life than that whose solitude was marked by my steps along the Arno. That too which disturbed me in the train coming down to Florence. Those women's faces —so serious—suddenly carried away by laughter. One above all, with a long nose and proud mouth and laughing. In Pisa a long hour idling on the grass of the Piazza del Duomo. I drank at the fountains, and the water was rather warm, but so fluid. Going down to Florence, I lingered over the faces, I drank in smiles. Am I happy or unhappy? The question has little importance. I live with such passion.

Things, beings, await me, and, doubtless, I await them too and desire them with all my strength and my melancholy. But here I earn my life by means of silence and secrecy.

The miracle of not having to speak about oneself.

Gozzoli and the Old Testament. (Dress.)

The Santa Croce Giotto. The inward smile of St. Francis, lover of nature and of life. He justifies those who have a taste for happiness. A gentle, delicate light over Florence. The rain is waiting, swelling the sky. Entombment of Giottino: the grief of clenched teeth in Mary.

Florence. In the corner of each church displays of fat, shining flowers dripping with water, naïve.

Mostra Giottesca

Some time is necessary to realise that the faces of Florentine primitives are those one meets every day in the street. That is because we have lost the habit of seeing the basic elements of a face. We no longer look at our contemporaries, only taking from them what is useful for our own orientation (in every sense). The primitives do not deform, they "realise."

In the cloister of the dead at the Santissima Annunziata, a grey sky full of clouds, severe architecture, but nothing speaks of death. There are funerary paving stones and commemorative tablets, so and so was a loving father and a tender husband; this other a skilful businessman at the same time as the best of husbands; a young wife, a model of all the virtues, spoke French and English *"si commo el nativo."* (All created duties for themselves, and children to-day play at leapfrog on the flagstones that are intended to commemorate their virtues.) Over there a young wife was the only hope of her family, *"ma la gioia e pellegrina sulla terra."* But nothing of all that convinces me. Almost all of them, according to the inscriptions, were resigned—doubtless because they accepted their other duties. I shall not

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resign myself. I shall protest to the end with all my silence. There is no question of saying "must." It is my revolt which is right, and I must follow step by step that joy which is as a pilgrim upon earth.

The clouds pile up over the cloister, and little by little night darkens the flagstones where the morality is inscribed with which one endows the dead. If I had to write a book of morality here, it would have a hundred pages and ninety-nine would be blank. On the last I would write: "I only know one duty, and it is that of loving." And as to the rest, I say *no*. I say *no* with all my strength. The flagstones tell me that it is useless, and that life is like *"col sol levante col sol cadente."* But I do not see that uselessness takes away anything from my revolt, and I feel strongly that it adds something to it.

I was thinking of all that, seated on the ground, with my back to a column, and children were laughing and playing. A priest smiled at me. Women looked at me curiously. In the church the organ was playing softly, and the warm colour of its pattern reappeared sometimes behind the shouts of the children. Death! Continuing in this way, I should end by dying happily. I should have devoured all my hopes.

Fiesole

We lead a life which is difficult to live. We do not always succeed in adjusting our actions to the vision of things which we hold. (And the colour of my fate, when I think I half see it, behold it fleeing before my glance.) We toil and struggle to re-conquer our loneliness. But one day the earth wears its primitive, naïve smile. At that moment it is as if struggles and life were all at once erased within us. Millions of eyes have looked on this landscape, and for me it is like the world's first smile. It puts me beside myself in the deepest sense of the word. It assures me that, apart from my love, everything is useless, and that even my love, if it is not innocent and without an object, has no worth for me. It refuses me a personality and makes my suffering without echo. The world is beautiful, and everything is there. Its great truth, which it teaches patiently, is that the spirit is nothing nor even the heart. And that the stone heated by the sun or the cypress which the open sky enlarges confine the only world where "to be right" takes on a meaning: nature without men. This world annihilates me. It carries me to the limit. Without anger it denies me. And I, consenting and vanquished, I move towards a wisdom where everything is already conquered—if tears did not start to my eyes and if this great poetic cry which swells my heart did not make me forget the world's truth.

The smell of bay-trees which one meets at the corner of every street in Fiesole.

September 15th

In the cloister of San Francesco at Fiesole, a small courtyard bordered by arcades, swollen with red flowers, with sun and black and yellow bees. In the corner a green watering-can. Everywhere the buzzing of flies. Baked by the heat the little garden steams gently. I am seated on the ground, and I think of those Franciscans whose cells I saw a few moments ago, whose inspirations I am seeing now, and I feel certain that, if they are right, they are right along with myself. Behind the wall on which I am leaning, I know that there is the hill sloping towards the town, and this offering of all Florence and its cypresses. But it is as though this splendour of the world were the justification of these men. I put all my pride into thinking that it is also mine and that of all men of my race—who know that a final degree of poverty always rejoins luxury and the world's wealth. If they strip themselves, it is for a larger life (and not for another life). That is the only meaning I would agree to find in the word "destitution." "To be naked" always retains a meaning of physical liberty, and this harmony of the hand and flowers, this loving pact between the earth and man freed from mankind, ah! I would surely be a convert to it were it not already my religion.

To-day I feel free with respect to my past and what I have lost. I desire only this stringency and this enclosure—this lucid and patient fervour. And I wish only to hold my life between my hands like the hot bread which is pressed and kneaded, in imitation of these men who knew how to contain their life between flowers and columns. And so also of those long nights in the train where one can speak to oneself and prepare oneself to live, oneself in the presence of oneself, and this admirable patience in taking up ideas again, in stopping them in their flight, then in advancing once more. To lick one's life like barley-sugar, to form it, sharpen it, in short to love it, as one looks for the word, the image, the final phrase, that which concludes, which stops dead, with which we can start and which,

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henceforward, will form the whole colour of our glance. I can easily stop there, find at last the end of an unruly and overworked life. This presence of myself to myself, my endeavour is to carry it to the end, to maintain it before all the aspects of my life—even at the price of loneliness which I know now is so difficult to bear. Not to yield: everything is in that. Not to consent, not to betray. All my violence helps me to it, and at the place to which it carries me my love meets me and with it the frenzied passion for life which composes the meaning of my days.

Every time that one (that I) yields to one's vanities, every time that one thinks and lives in order to "show off" one commits treason. Every time it has always been the great misfortune of wishing to "show off" which has diminished me in comparison with the truth. It is not necessary to give oneself up to others but only to those one loves. For then it is no longer giving oneself up in order to show off but only in order to give. There is much more strength in a man who only shows off when he has to. To go on to the end is to know how to keep one's secret. I have suffered from being alone, but because I have kept my secret, I have conquered the suffering of being alone. And to-day I know no greater fame than to live alone and unknown. Writing, my deepest joy! To consent to the world and to enjoyment—but only in destitution. I should be unworthy to love the beaches' nakedness if I did not know how to remain naked before myself. For the first time the meaning of the word happiness does not seem equivocal. It is almost the opposite of what is meant by the ordinary "I am happy."

A certain continuity in despair ends by producing joy. And the same men, who, at San Francesco, live facing the red flowers, keep in their cells the death's-head that feeds their meditations. Florence at their window and death on the table. For myself, if I feel that I am at a turning-point in my life, it is not because of what I have gained, but because of what I have lost. I feel myself in possession of unbounded, profound strength. It is thanks to it that I must live as I see fit. If to-day finds me so far removed from everything, it is because I have no other strength than to love and to admire. Life with a face of tears and sunshine, life without salt and hot stone, life as I love it and understand it, it seems to me that, in caressing it, all my strength of despair and love will be combined. To-day is not like a halt between yes and no. But it is yes and it is no. No and revolt against everything which is not tears and the sun. Yes to my life whose promise to come I feel for the first time. The end of a burning disorderly year and Italy: the uncertainty of the future, but total freedom with regard to my past and myself. There is my poverty and my only wealth. It is as if I began the game again; neither happier nor unhappier. But with consciousness of my strength, the scorn of my vanity, and this lucid fever which constrains me when I face my destiny.

September 15, '37

UNTIL THESE last days I lived with the idea that one must do something in life, and more exactly that, being poor, one had to earn one's living, have a position, settle down. And I must believe that this idea, which I do not yet dare to call a prejudice, was deeply rooted in me, since it lasted despite my ironies and my last words on the subject. And then, once appointed to Bel Abbès, faced by the finality of settling down in this way, everything suddenly flowed back. I refused it, counting my security as nothing, doubtless, in comparison with my chances of real life. I recoiled before the dismal enervation of that existence. If I had survived the first days, I would certainly have acquiesced. But there was the danger. I was afraid, afraid of solitude and finality. To-day I could not say whether having rejected that life, having closed to myself everything that is called "the future," still remaining in uncertainty and poverty, was strength or weakness. But at least I know that, if there is a conflict, it is for something which was worth it. Unless looking closer.... No. What caused me to flee was, doubtless, not so much feeling myself settled as feeling myself settled in something ugly.

Now, am I capable of what others call "serious matters"? Am I lazy? I do not think so, and I have proved it to myself. But has one the right to refuse toil on the grounds that one does not like it? I think that idleness only breaks up those who lack vitality. And, if I were lacking in it, there would only remain one solution for me.

October 7th

ON THE ROADS above Blida night like milk and sweetness, with its grace and its meditation. Morning over the mountain with its close-cropped hair ruffled by meadow-

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saffrons—the icy streams—the shadow and the sun—my body which consents and then refuses. The concentrated effort of walking, the air in one's lungs like a red-hot iron or sharpened razor—totally given to this attention and this excelling which strive to triumph over the slope —like knowledge of itself by the body. The body, the true path of culture, shows us our limitations.

VILLAGES grouped around natural points and each living its own life. Men dressed in long, white clothes, whose simple, exact gestures are outlined against the continual blue of the sky. The little paths bordered by Barbary fig-trees, olive-trees, carob-trees, and jujube-trees. On them one passes men with donkeys laden with olives. The faces are brown and the eyes clear. And from the man to the tree, from the gesture to the mountain, there is born a kind of acquiescence which is at the same time pathetic and joyful. Greece? No, Kabylia. And it is as if all at once, centuries away, the whole of Hellas transported between the sea and the mountains were born again and its antique splendour, hardly accentuated in its idleness and in its respect for fate by having the East for neighbour.

October 18

In the month of September the carob-trees spread a smell of love over the whole of Algeria, and it is as if the entire land were taking its ease after having given itself to the sun, its stomach wet with a seed perfumed by almonds.

On the Sidi-Brahim road after the rain the smell of love comes down from the carob-trees heavy and oppressive bearing down with all its weight of water. Then, the sun sucking up all the water, in freshly bright colours, the smell of love becomes light, hardly apparent to the nostrils. And it is like a mistress with whom one goes out into the street, after a whole stifling afternoon, and who looks at you, shoulder to shoulder, amid the lights and the crowd.

Politics and the fate of men are shaped by men without an ideal and without greatness. Those who have greatness in them do not take part in politics. And so with everything. But now it is a question of creating a new man within oneself. It is a question of men of action being also men of ideals and poets being industrialists. It is a question of living one's dreams—of acting them. Before we gave up the idea or destroyed ourselves at it. There must be no destruction and no renunciation.

We have no time to be ourselves. We have only the time to be happy.

December

A man who has the sense of play-acting is always happy in the society of women. Women are a good public.

February '38

The revolutionary spirit consists entirely in a protest by man against man's condition. In this sense it is, in different forms, the only eternal theme of art and religion. A revolution is always made against the Gods—beginning with that of Prometheus. It is a claim of man against his destiny, for which tyrants and bourgeois policemen are only excuses.

And probably this spirit can be captured in its historical act. But all the feeling of Malraux is necessary not to yield at that moment to the will to prove something. It is simpler to find it in its essence and its destiny. On these grounds, a work of art recounting the conquest of happiness would be a revolutionary work.

To find the immoderate within moderation.

April '38

THE PART of sordidness and wretchedness in the condition of a man working and in a civilisation based on men working.

But it is a question of holding on and not letting go. The natural reaction is always to scatter oneself outside work, to create around oneself facile admiration, a public, an excuse for cowardice and make-believe (most homes are created for that). Another inevitable reaction is phrase-making. Moreover, all this can go together, if one adds physical indolence, neglect of the body and slackening of the will.

First it is a question of keeping silent—of suppressing the public and knowing how to judge oneself. Of balancing an attentive care for the body with an attentive consciousness of life. Of dropping all pretensions and applying oneself to a double task of liberation—with regard to money and with regard to one's own vanity and cowardice. To live in order. Two years are not too many in a life to reflect about a single point. All previous states must be liquidated, and all one's strength used, first to forget nothing, then to learn patiently.

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At that price there is one chance in ten of escaping the most sordid and wretched of conditions: that of the man who works.

May

THE OLD WOMAN dying in the old people's home. Her friend, the friend she has made in three years, weeping "because she has nothing any more." The attendant of the small mortuary who is a Parisian and who lives there with his wife. "Who would have told them that at the age of 74 he would end in an old people's home at Marengo?" His son has a position. They came from Paris. The daughter-in-law did not want them. Scenes. The old man ended by "raising his hand to her." His son put them in the old people's home. The gravedigger who was the friend of the dead woman. Sometimes in the evening they went to the village. The little old man who insisted on following the cortège to the church and the cemetery (2 km.). As he is disabled, he cannot keep up the pace and walks 20 metres behind. But he knows the countryside and takes short-cuts which allow him to rejoin the cortège two or three times until he falls behind again.

The Moorish nurse who nails down the coffin has a canker on her nose and wears a perpetual bandage.

The friends of the dead woman: little old mythomaniacs. Everything was fine in the past. One to another: "Your daughter has not written to you?"—"No"—"She could at least remember that she has a mother."

The other is dead—as a sign and a warning to all.

THERE IS MUCH talk just now of the dignity of labour, of its necessity. M. Gignoux especially has very definite opinions on the subject....

But it is a trick. There is no dignity of labour except in work freely accepted. Only idleness is a moral value because it can serve to judge men. It is only deadly for the mediocre. That is its lesson and its greatness. Work, on the contrary, crushes men equally. It founds no judgment. It puts into action a metaphysic of humiliation. The best do not survive it in the form of slavery now given to it by respectable society....

I propose that the classic formula should be turned round and that work should be made a fruit of idleness. There is dignity of labour in the little barrels made on Sunday. Here work meets play, and play tied to technique touches the work of art and the whole of creation....

I know people who become ecstatic or indignant. What! My workmen earn 40 francs a day....

The end of the month when the mother says with an encouraging smile: "This evening we'll drink coffee with milk. From time to time it makes a change...."

June

AT THE CINEMA the little woman from Oran with her husband weeps hot tears at the hero's misfortunes. Her husband begs her to stop. In the middle of the tears: Look, she says, let me make the most of it.

TO WRITE, always falling a little short in one's expression (rather than passing beyond). No chattering in any case.

The "real" experience of solitude is one of the least literary experiences which exist—a thousand leagues away from the literary idea one constructs of solitude.

Cf. the degrading part of all suffering. Not to allow oneself to drift emptily. To try to conquer and "fill up" time—not to lose it.

THE ONLY POSSIBLE freedom is a freedom with respect to death. The truly free man is he who, accepting death as such, at the same time accepts its consequences—that is, the reversal of all life's traditional values. The "everything is permitted" of Ivan Karamazov is the only expression of coherent freedom. But one must explore the phrase in depth.

SOME OF MY purest joys are connected with Jeanne. She often used to say to me: "You are an idiot." That was her word, a word she spoke laughing, but it was always at the moment when she loved me best. We both came from poor families. She lived a few streets beyond mine, on the central road. Neither she nor I ever went out of this district, to which everything led us back. And in her home, as in mine, there was the same dreariness and the same sordid life. Our meeting was a way of escaping all that. And yet now, at this hour when I turn back towards her child's tired face, through so many years, I understand that we did not escape from that life of wretchedness and, that, to tell the truth, it was loving one another in the very heart of that shadow which gave us so much emotion that nothing can repay.

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I believe that I suffered a good deal when I lost her. But nevertheless, I had no sensation of revolt. It is because I have never been completely at my ease in the midst of possession. It always seems to me more natural to have regrets. And, although I see clearly into myself, I have never been able to prevent myself from believing Jeanne to be more within me at a moment like to-day than she was when she stood a little on tip-toe to put her arms round my neck. I no longer know how I met her. But I know that I used to go to see her at her home. And that her father and mother laughed to see us. Her father was a railway-worker, and, when he was at home, one always saw him seated in a corner, thoughtfully looking out of the window, his vast hands flat on his thighs. Her mother was always occupied with the house-work. And Jeanne too, but, seeing her light and laughing, I no longer thought of her as working. She was of average height, but she seemed small to me. And because I felt that she was so slight and so frail, my heart tightened a little when I saw her cross the road in front of the lorries. I realise now that she was probably not intelligent. But at the time I did not dream of asking myself whether she was or not. She had a way peculiar to herself of playing at being angry which used to swell my heart with a rapture full of tears. And that secret gesture, by which she turned back towards me and threw herself into my arms when I begged her to forgive me, how, so long afterwards, should it not touch once again this heart closed upon so many things? To-day I no longer know if I desired her. I know that everything was confused. I only know that everything that disturbed me was resolved into tenderness. If I desired her, I forgot it on the first day when, in the corridor of her flat, she gave me her mouth to thank me for a little brooch I had given her. With her hair fastened back, her crooked mouth with rather big teeth, her clear eyes and her straight nose, she seemed to me that evening like a child whom I had put into the world for her kisses and her tenderness. And I had that impression for a long time, helped by Jeanne who always called me her "big friend."

We had strange pleasures together. When we were engaged, I was twenty-two and she eighteen years old. But what thrilled our hearts with serious and joyful love was the official character of the thing. And that Jeanne should be invited to my home, that mama should kiss her and say to her "My little girl," these were so many rather ridiculous pleasures which we did not seek to hide. But Jeanne's memory is connected for me with an impression which to-day seems to me inexpressible. I still find it again, and it is enough for me to be melancholy and to meet, at a few minutes' interval, a woman's face which touches me and a bright shop-window to recover, with a truth that hurts, Jeanne's face upturned towards me and saying "How lovely it is." It was at the time of the holidays. And the shops of our district spared neither lights nor decorations. We used to stop in front of the cake-shops. The chocolate set pieces, the rocks of gold and silver-paper, the snow-flakes in absorbent cotton wool, the gilded plates and the cakes in rainbow colours—everything enraptured us. I was a little ashamed of it. But I could not bridle the joy which filled me and which made Jeanne's eyes sparkle.

To-day, if I try to analyse that strange emotion, I see many things in it. Of course, that joy came to me in the first place from Jeanne—from her perfume and her hand gripping my wrist, from the *moues* I expected. But also that sudden brilliance of shops in a district which was usually so dark, the hurried air of the passers-by loaded with purchases, the joy of the children in the street—everything helped to take us out of our solitary world. The silver-paper of those chocolates was the sign that a confused but noisy and golden time was opening for simple hearts, and Jeanne and I pressed a little closer together. Perhaps confusedly we felt at that moment the strange happiness of the man who sees his life in harmony with himself. Ordinarily we bore the magical desert of our love through a world in which love no longer had any part. And on those days it seemed to us that the flame which arose within us when our hands were linked was the same as that which danced in the shop-windows, in the hearts of the workmen turning towards their children and in the depth of the pure icy December sky.

On the Absurd?

THERE is only one case in which despair is pure. It is that of the man condemned to death (if I may be allowed a little evocation). You could ask a man in despair from love if he wants to be guillotined the next day and he would refuse. Because of the horror of the punishment? Yes; but the horror is created by the certainty—rather by the mathematical

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element which makes up that certainty. Here the Absurd is perfectly clear. It is the opposite of irrationality. It has all the marks of the obvious. What is irrational, what would be irrational is the fleeting moribund hope that it will end and that this death can be avoided. But not the absurd. The obvious is that his neck is going to be cut in two while his mind is lucid—while the whole of his lucidity even is concentrated on the fact that his neck is going to be cut in two.

Kirilov is right. To commit suicide is to prove one's freedom. And the problem of one's freedom has a simple solution. Men have the illusion of being free. Those who are condemned to death have not that illusion. The whole problem is in the reality of that illusion.

BEFORE: "This heart, this small noise which has accompanied me for such a long time, how can one imagine it ending, how can one imagine it above all at the very instant. . . ."

"Ah! Jail, the paradise of jail."

(The mother: "And now they give him back to me. . . . See what they've done to him. . . . They give him back to me in two pieces.")

WAR has broken out. Where is the war? Apart from the news which one must believe and posters which one must read, where can we find the signs of the absurd event? It is not in this blue sky above the blue sea, in the chirping of cicadas, in the cypresses on the hills. It is not this youthful leaping of light in the streets of Algiers.

We want to believe in it. We look for its face, and it is refused to us. The world alone is king with its wonderful features.

To have lived in the hatred of this beast, to have it in front of one and not to know how to recognise it. So few things have changed. Later, doubtless, there will come the mud, the blood, and the vast disgust. But to-day we feel that the beginning of wars is like the beginning of peace: the world and the heart do not know them.

THEY HAVE ALL committed treason, those who urged resistance and those who spoke of peace. They are there as tame and more guilty than the others. And the individual has never been more alone before the machine which manufactures lies. He can still feel scorn and struggle with his scorn. If he has not the right to draw aside and vent his scorn, he retains that of judging. Nothing can come out of the human, the crowd. The treason was to think the contrary. We die alone. All will die alone. Let the solitary man at least retain the power of his scorn and of choosing that part of the frightful trial which serves his own greatness.

To accept the trial and all that it implies. But swear only to accomplish the most noble gestures in the least noble of tasks. And the basic element of nobility (true nobility, that of the heart) is deep scorn, courage, and indifference.

IT IS ALWAYS VAIN to want to hold oneself apart, even from the imbecility and the cruelty of others. One cannot say "I don't know about it." One collaborates or one fights it. Nothing is less excusable than war and the appeal to national hatreds. But war once present, it is vain and cowardly to draw aside from it on the grounds that one is not responsible. The ivory towers have fallen. Complacency is forbidden for oneself and for others.

It is impossible and immoral to judge an event from outside. It is at the heart of this absurd misfortune that one keeps the right to despise it.

An individual's reaction has no importance in itself. It can be of some use, but justifies nothing. To desire, through dilettantism, to hover above things and to separate oneself from one's surroundings is to make a derisory use of freedom. That is why it was necessary for me to try to serve. And if they do not want me, I must accept the position of the despised civilian. In both cases my judgment can remain absolute and my disgust without reserve. In both cases I shall be in the middle of the war and I have the right to judge it. To judge it and act.

Absurd characters

CALIGULA. The sword and the dagger.

"I think that they did not altogether understand me the day before yesterday when I felled the sacrificer with the mallet with which he was going to slaughter the heifer. Yet it was very simple. For once I wanted to change the order of things—really just to see. What I saw is that nothing was changed. A little amazement and fright among the spectators. As to the rest, the sun went down at the same hour. I concluded that changing the order of things was a matter of no importance.

But why should not the sun rise in the west one day?"

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Id. (Ptolemy.) "I caused him to be killed because there was no reason for him to produce a finer cloak than mine. Absolutely there was no reason. Naturally, there was no reason either for my cloak to be finer. But he was not conscious of it and, since I was the only one to see the matter clearly it is normal that I should have the advantage."

March

What does this sudden awakening mean—in this dark room—with the noises of a town which is suddenly strange. And everything is strange to me, everything, without a being of my own, without a place to close this wound. What am I doing here, what do these gestures, these smiles mean? I do not belong here—nor elsewhere either. And the world is nothing but an unknown landscape where my heart no longer finds any stay. Stranger, who can know what this word means.

Stranger, confess that everything is strange to me.

Now that everything is clear, wait and save nothing. Work at least in such a way as to complete at once silence and creation. All the rest, all the rest, whatever happens, is indifferent.

THE HATEFUL SIDE of Paris: the tenderness, the sentiment, the frightful sentimentality which sees as pretty what is beautiful and finds the pretty beautiful. The tenderness and the despair of these changing skies, of the shining roofs, of this ceaseless rain.

The exciting side; the terrible loneliness. As remedy for life in society: the big city. Henceforward it is the only practicable desert. The body has no longer any glamour. It is covered, hidden under shapeless skins. There is only the soul, the soul with all its excesses, its drunkennesses, its intemperances of whimpering emotion and the rest. But the soul also with its only greatness: silent loneliness. When one sees Paris from on top of the Butte like a monstrous mist beneath the rain, a shapeless grey swelling of the earth, if one then turns back towards the Calvary of St. Pierre de Montmartre, one feels the kinship of a country, an art, and a religion. All the lines of these stones shiver, all the crucified or flagellated bodies fill the soul with the same distracted, defiled emotion as the town itself.

But, on the other hand, the soul is never right and here less than elsewhere. For the finest faces it has given to this religion, which is so preoccupied with the soul, are hewn in stone in the image of flesh. And if this god touches you, it is by his human face. Strange limitation of the human condition which makes it impossible for it to emerge from humanity, which gives the body's appearance to those of its symbols that wish to deny the body. They deny it, but it gives them its glamour. The body alone is generous. We feel that this Roman legionary is alive because of his extraordinary nose or his humped back, this Pilate because of his expression of ostentatious boredom which the stone has preserved for centuries.

In this respect Christianity has understood the body. And, if it has touched us so deeply, it is by its God made man. But its truth and its greatness stop at the cross, and at the moment when he shrieks his abandonment. Tear out the last pages of the Gospel, and a human religion, a cult of solitude and greatness is proposed to us. Certainly its bitterness makes it unbearable. But there is its truth and the falsehood of all the rest.

Whence it comes that to know how to remain alone in Paris for a year in a poor room teaches a man more than a hundred literary salons and forty years of experience of *"la vie parisienne."* ... It is a harsh, frightful, sometimes tormenting thing, and always so near madness. But in this neighbourhood a man's quality must temper and confirm itself—or perish. But, if it perishes, it is because it was not strong enough to live.

The liberating plague

A HAPPY TOWN. People live according to different systems. The plague: reduces all the systems. But they die all the same. Doubly useless. A philosopher writes "an anthology of insignificant actions." From this viewpoint he will keep a plague journal. (Another journal but from the pathetic point of view. A Professor of Latin-Greek. He understands that he had never understood Thucydides and Lucretius until then.) His favourite phrase: "In all probability": "The tram company has only been able to get 760 workers instead of 2,130. In all probability the plague is responsible for this."

A young priest loses his faith before the black pus that issues from the sores. He carries back his oils. "If I escape it...." But he does not escape it. Everything must be paid for.

They carry off the bodies in the trams. Whole

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series of carriages full of flowers and dead people go along by the sea. At the same time they put off the conductors: the travellers no longer pay anything.

The firm "Ransdoc—SVP" gives information on the telephone. "200 victims to-day, sir. We will charge you two francs on your telephone account." "Impossible, sir, no more biers for four days. See the Tramway company. We will charge you...." The firm advertises on the wireless: "Do you want to know the daily, weekly, monthly number of plague victims? Ask Ransdoc—five telephone lines: 353:91, etc."

The town is closed. They die in a shut-in space, huddled together. One gentleman, however, who does not abandon his habits. He continues to dress for dinner. One by one the members of his family disappear from the table. He dies at table, still dressed for dinner. As the maid says: "It is always something gained. There is no need to dress him." They no longer bury them, they throw them into the sea. But there are too many; it is like a monstrous foam on the blue sea.

A man loves a woman and he reads on her face the signs of the plague. He will never love her so much. But she has never disgusted him so much. There is a conflict within him. But it is always the body that triumphs. Disgust wins. He takes her by a hand, drags her out of the bed, into the room, the hall, the corridor of the building, two small streets, then the main street. He leaves her in front of a sewer. "After all, there are others."

At the end the most insignificant character decides to speak: "In one sense, he says, it is a scourge."

DUNES in front of the sea—the luke-warm dawn breaking and naked bodies facing the first waves which are still dark and bitter. The water is heavy to carry. The body soaks itself in it once again and runs on the beach in the first rays of sunlight. All summer mornings on beaches have the air of being the first mornings of the world. All summer evenings take on an aspect of the world's solemn ending. The evenings over the sea were without moderation. The days of sun on the dunes were crushing. At two o'clock in the afternoon a hundred metres walk on the burning sand produces drunkenness. Soon one will fall down. This sun is murderous. In the morning the beauty of brown bodies on the golden dunes. The terrible innocence of these games and this nakedness in the leaping light.

At night the moon makes the dunes white. A little before, the evening emphasises all the colours, deepens them and makes them more violent. The sea is ultramarine, the road red, clotted blood, the beach yellow. Everything disappears with the green sun, and the dunes stream with moonlight. Nights of unmeasured happiness beneath a rain of stars. Is what we press against us a body or the warm night? And that night of storm when the lightnings ran along the dunes, paling and placing upon the sand or in the eyes orange or whitish lights. These are unforgettable nuptials. To be able to write: I have been happy for eight days.

WE MUST PAY and dirty ourselves with abject human suffering. The filthy, revolting, slimy world of pain.

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Two Poems by *W. S. Merwin*

To My Brother Hanson

b. Jan. 28, 1926 *d. Jan.* 28, 1926

My elder,
Born into death like a message into a bottle,
The tide
Keeps coming in empty on the only shore,
Maybe it has lovers but it has few friends,
It is never still but it keeps its counsel, and

If I address you whose curious stars
Climbed to the tops of their houses and froze,
It is in hope of no
Answer, but as so often, merely
For want of another, for
I have seen catastrophe taking root in the mirror,
And why waste my words there?

Yes, now the roads themselves are shattered
As though they had fallen from a height, and the sky
Is cracked like varnish. Hard to believe,
Our family tree
Seems to be making its mark everywhere.
I carry my head high
On a pike that shall be nameless.

Even so, we had to give up honour entirely,
But I do what I can. I am patient
With the woes of the cupboards, and God knows—
I keep the good word close to hand like a ticket.
I feed the wounded lights in their cages.
I wake up at night on the penultimate stroke, and with
My eyes still shut I remember to turn the thorn
In the breast of the bird of darkness.
I listen to the painful song
Dropping away into sleep.
Blood
Is supposed to be thicker. You were supposed to be there
When the habits closed in pushing
Their smiles in front of them, when I was filled
With something else, like a thermometer,
When the moment of departure, standing
On one leg like a sleeping stork, by the doorway,
Put down the other foot and opened its eye.

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I
Got away this time for a while. I've come
Again to the whetted edge of myself where I
Can hear the hollow waves breaking like
Bottles in the dark. What about it? Listen, I've

Had enough of this. Is there nobody
Else in the family
To take care of the tree, to nurse the mirror,
To fix up a bite for hope when the old thing
Comes to the door,
To say to the pans of the balance
Rise up and walk?

Now and Again

Now that summer is lying with a stone for a lantern
You would think we could keep our thoughts
On the eyes of the living,

Those refugees,

Webs without spiders, needs without choice,
Lakes behind grids but without maps,
Into which nothing keeps dropping like a stone

Even our own,

Even the heart, that closed eye,
Has had its glimpses,
So that the marbled lid winced and fluttered.

You would think we would know the present when it came,
And would remember what we knew,

And would recognise its fish-eyed children, able
To stare through tears forever,
Not knowing them for sorrow and their own.

When you consider how learning happens
You would think once might be enough.
You would suppose such pain would become knowledge
And such knowledge would be wisdom
And such wisdom would stay with us.
Each time
The leaves hesitate but finally they fall.

The stars that came with us this far have gone back.
The wings of the migrants wake into autumn, and through
The hammered leaves the walnuts
Drop to the road and open:
Here is the small brain of our extinct summer.
Already it remembers nothing.

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William Sansom

La Dolce Acquavita

*Letter from a Roman Feast in Bath**

Aquam foras, vinum intro

IN A SPACIOUS PART of one of the halls of the Pump Room at Bath, on the nippy night of June 1st, a number of gentlemen were changing their clothes.

Surrounded by pegs and hangers, they stood in white tennis shorts and tee-shirts while servants in scarlet cloaks and soft leather boots wrapped them in lengths of purple cloth, inserting finally in each man's shoulder a large and silvery nappy-pin.

It was nearly ten p.m. Strange hour for this earnest air of the sports changing-room! A grave gritting of the teeth before the event, no playfulness . . . the dandy reserved Englishman, with his tradition of the best tailors in the world, with his military and horsey ancestors, was engaged in the important business of fancy-dress; and with the national acrobatic of making himself as presentable as possible, of showing-off without showing it, of escaping from yet remaining himself, of conforming and non-conforming at the same time.

The occasion was *Ludi Sulis*, a Roman Feast to be held in the great open-air Roman Bath at Bath, the old Spa dropping for the night its pseudonym borrowed from the later Belgae and becoming again *Acquae Sulis* (aed. A.D. 54). Part of the annual Bath Festival. Tickets Four Guineas each. Togas to be worn by gentlemen, Stoles for the ladies. Steeped dormice, flamingoes' brains, Roman sausages, boar, swan, peacock, and stuffed pastry-birds for the eating. Falernian to drink. Hundreds of scarlet cushions "made by volunteers from wealthy families in the area." Dancers, fifty slaves, and a hymn to Sul-Minerva specially composed in a disjunct octave scale for voices, lyre, and pipes.

THUS A FEW ITEMS from the publicity hand-out. The heart faltered. In England? Memories came of village pageants, of Britannia in ankle-socks, of Drake in dyed plus-fours caught up above the nyloned knee. And how would the English sense of frolic comport with wreaths of laurel and such heady hymns as that proposed? Reading the programme-scroll handed to each guest, well-printed in violet Roman CAPS., the heart took another plunge. Among apposite Latin verses and informed detail of the phases of the feast (*Gustatio, Fercula, Mensae secundae* and all) this quite adult screed could not forbear a sudden Upper Fifth titter like: "WE DID NOT ASK (the guests) TO RECLINE; THIS, THOUGH SOUNDING COMFORTABLE ENOUGH, WAS FOUND, AFTER PROLONGED EXPERIMENT, NOT TO BE!".

And on went another nappy-pin and another patrician was turned out—wearing a camera. And another, moustached, puffing a pipe. While through the door, in the corridor, passing ladies in long white nighties clung to their little fur clouts, May-out or not. A further glance at the publicity hand-out shows that we shall not be expected to *eat* the dormice, which will be displayed on a special "Horror Table": we shall be given such as Foie de Gras (*sic*). Aïe, we came down for a good time, and so had better laugh with than at; and nobody's

* With illustrations by the author.

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going to do nothing at four guineas a head, all four hundred tickets sold. So take that sneer off your huge beaked nose, Sansomus, more of that us, less of the evil I.

And incline an ear to the next tee-shirted sportsman accepting the toga:

"These all the togs you've got?"

"They're all the same, sir."

"Then pin me up better, boy. I want them toger than this."

A sly smile in his eyes. Hopeful. And now there enters a bare-foot slave in a short grey chiton and carrying a tray not of Falernian but of good hard aperitifs. He presents these with tutored servile grace, bending slightly at the knees. Hopefuller. Followed in XXX seconds by another. Dangerous stuff, hope—remember your ludimanship. But what's that? No nappy-pins left? None for a poor scribe, who thus must lose one hand, or else his sense of shame, throughout the night? No matter! With Hippocleidan carelessness, the one-armed penster plunges out into the massing purple togas and white dresses, gold fillets and green laurel, ears alerted to where outside in the street an interesting roar resounds. Quick looksee. A crowd of ordinary citizens has collected: and in its middle, youths and maidens dressed in skins and daubed with woad. Waving banners: BAN THE SWORD and ROMANS GO HOME! The Ancient British! Essaying with raised fists and curdling roars each sauntering group of Roman gentry arriving already changed from their villas. Stirring sight indeed, Bath Technical College students, seeth of youth.

AND NOW FROM OVER the dark pavement skirting the Gothic abbey the sounds of martial tread, of clanking—and from the alley stride three immense helmeted figures, praetorians or aristocrats in full armour, paludamenta, loricae, the lot. They look exactly real. And despite the care and accuracy of their two-millennia-old uniforms, these big purposeful festive gentlemen carry with them an air of muscled and armoured strength little different from any modern tin-hatted and big-booted military or police. Appallingly, with their lordly brush-aside of the crowd, they are contemporary with any age.

A clue to what was in store. For as more and more guests arrived it became plain that the majority had taken the trouble to get themselves up with surprising authenticity and imagination. Later, I heard that even hairs had been cut, moustaches shaved off. And many a lady must have plumped down a further guinea for a suitably oppidan head-style. Of course, it was a theme dear to the English heart. We do, after all, kind of own the Romans. Apart from having them here for so many centuries, we have all entertained them more recently at school. Familiarity breeds familiarity. We have their number. And on this night the amount of wan-faced fellows who still wore collar and tie and trousers could be counted on the thumbs. No, the whole scene soon assumed a good homogeneous reality: cameras and pipes receded to become almost invisible pimples, like disregardable tourists at a real fiesta.

"Poppaea dear—you've remembered the after-slave lotion?"—such irrepressibles, funny at the time, echoed as we descended to the lower level of the Great Bath itself—floodlit, laurel-draped, magnificent. Open to the night sky, the green water gently steaming, the grey and ancient pavements and piers engraved in floody dream-light, buff modern Doric additions softened and beautified; and the whole of this spattered with the purple and plum togas of the men, with the white stolae of the women, and with those wealthy scarlet cushions—the four hundred humans were minimised like a packed planting of bright petunias against the green, the grey, and the dark night above. The immense old bath—whose water alone is nearly four cricket pitches long, and add a couple more for walking space—looked indeed beautiful. It usually does. One of the æsthetic successes of the plastic age is properly operated flood-lighting: candles and torches might be preferred, but that is another kind of thing—electric flood-lighting has its especial magic, and here on water and stone, and in the adjoining excavations where stuffed lions, a human leg, tiger cubs, and a white peacock stared out from among draped laurel-groves, the artificiality of this lighting trapped these mysterious sitting-out arenas in a stasis real as a dream. Live planted flowers and a very bandy goose were the only unreal elements.

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So IT CAME towards eleven o'clock, ten-forty-five by the stars, and the first Roman and his lady fell in the bath (yet with dignity, no beachnik splash-play). At eleven the food and wine were served. For the eye now nothing but Romans, packed Roman purple and white, touches of gold, green wreaths, heavy jewelled clasps, coloured armour, and the pale blue short chiton of a slave-girl kneeling with a plate of antipasto. (When, later, one of these slaves knelt at my own feet a little too long for vanity's comfort, I shooed—and received the plea: "Please, I'm only resting." This was hard fact. These voluntarily disenfranchised youngsters were literally on the run behind scenes. Never again shall I view with the old affront the picture of an elderly ambassador worming on slow belly across the floor to the potentate's throne. He is simply resting.)

Now fingers dabbled with snails, eggs, sausages, asparagus, tunny, and so on; fists broke Roman loaves baked after a Pompeian pattern; mouths lapped at small earthenware cups of Falernian wine—rough, not of Opimius's vintage, and soon supplanted by easier if less authentic bottles. While over at the other end of the bath bourgeoned a honey-yellow blaze and the sound of singing—the chorus with their hymn, youth of both sexes dressed in sudden yellow, led by a witchy-looking lady in a gold pagoda hat derived from the Villa of Mysteries and waving a staff tufted with magic emblems.

NOW A SUPERIOR long-gowned slave strolled by strewing us with rose-petals. Roast boar and brown legs of swan were served. Male slaves ceaselessly refilled wine-cups from their pitchers. Wreaths fell askew, Romans began to swell Neronically, boiled, red-faced, and ladies took on more the look of hetaerae. Splash of wine, plash of water, steam, and the hotter hypocausts sizzling away to broadcast, now and then, sudden soggy zephyrs of wet warm air.

And the Hymn to Sul Minerva slowly approached. A moving melody, somehow both familiar and strange, both grave and gay, with a religiously proper, pagan yearning. (And oddly an echo of Britten in the music—*Sammy's Bath?*)

In the bath itself two slave-girls had boarded a small black boat piled with purple grapes, and now floated gracefully across the steaming green. "In! Out! In! Out!" roared a Roman Sea-Captain too nearby. And as the Hymn drew nearer and the singers into sight, the brighter sparks began to let off their big damp squibs: "Ho, Polonius—I prithee mark me the one on the left!" "Forsooth, Cæsar, a comely wench!" "Lead me to the vomitar-y, Mar-y." But to be fair, there was surprisingly little of this throughout the evening: most people, possibly elevated by the magnificence of the scene, seemed more intent on acting with grace and drinking hard with a ceaseless, sober will.

AND WHO WERE THEY, these guests? Mostly from the West Country. And who Sul-Minerva, for whom this hymn was danced? She-he was a deity probably fused from a Celtic sun-god Sul and the imported Latin Minerva. A temple to her (him?) was the second building in Roman Bath, the baths being the first and only other architecture of importance in what was a major watering-place but no splendid provincial centre. There remains from the pediment of the temple a great circular effigy in bas-relief of, possibly, Sul-Minerva. It is a beautifully carved male head with a flowing British moustache and snakes and hair writhing gorgonesque all around—an arresting fine-eyed creature, reminiscent of the late Albert Einstein caught off his dimension.

As in a wistful phrase Bryan Little describes the Roman Empire "With a Northern frontier from the Solway to Armenia, Italians were simply too few to go round"—so one may take it that the main clients for the baths were Romanised Britons, many with ruddy hair and white limbs and long moustaches not unlike those of the present guests to-night. Full circle: though probably there was never here the purple and the richness of such a night as this. The Romans, of course, arrived in rough British villages much as Messrs. Marks and Spencer might at the present—bringing glitter and modern ease, new wonders such as central heating and paved roads, the vine and the tile and piped water: so that after the first fighting, and

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apart from pressed labour, they might largely have been welcomed.

Squatting on these ancient Roman stones with snail and wine-cup, there was time to reflect on the very odd mixture of accuracy and anachronism in this whole situation. For instance, here we were set confoundingly in an 18th-century English spa noted for an architecture derived through Palladio from the Roman Vitruvius. Again, we contemporary diners, correctly old-British but in too correctly metropolitan Roman togs, sat among the ruined rounded bases of the original columns—in the artlight like piles of giant grey baps—and among original piers and pavements now very worn. But exactly because of this worn look these things were much more real to us, with our associations of antiquity, than would be the best authenticated, polished and unchipped stone that a film studio might contrive—for those sets that really look more like fake luxus hotels than what is intended. Anyway, after two hundred years' tread, in the middle and best heyday of the ancient baths, the pavements would already be pretty worn? And then another thing—how extraordinary it was that, after the first alert, we found it not at all strange to see these togaed British smoking cigarettes, an almost invisible gesture. Though a few other present-day body movements could be spotted immediately—after the fashion of the nonchalant stride of American actors dressed up as Romans in films.

American film actors all move like cowboys, since the American habit and myth remains still largely cowboy-pioneer—giving us the long-legged stroll, the easy lean against any old wall (the corral fence of the open spaceman, or any bar, as witness the off-duty movements of the American military), the gun-point frankness and a host of ancillary cultures such as the prevalence to-day of hill-billy notations in popular jazz, stronger even than slave-negro and dirge-Jewish forms. America has made such a rich and tremendous industrial pounce forward in so short a time that it is difficult to believe how, in the 'seventies and 'eighties, when cities like London began to know the telephone and even the electric iron, there were still daily shootings in small towns of the American West. America has achieved much—but it cannot wear the toga: and when cowboy Cæsar comes strolling across the scene, every movement weighted with holster-heavy hips and booted feet and wide-swung lassoo-loving arms, his ancestry cannot be doubted.

One might have expected some similar default in these dressed-up guests from our own more restricted West. But, curiously, no. Everybody seemed to move in a stupendously authentic way which still worries me.

The clue may be our double-faced English excitation for fancy-dress. Not for nothing do we, as a nation, sit about with paper hats on our heads round about Christmas. Other Europeans may manage their travesties with more elegance, or with greater thoroughness, like the Bruges canalmen who appear from top to toe in their wives' underclothes for several days each year. But the English seem to approach the matter with their own brand of attentive seriousness, of dedicated gravity.

First, we want to make certain we are not laughed at. Ridicule is abhorrent. Secondly, the English are fastidiously conscious of their personal appearance—and particularly what message it conveys to the critical eye of other English, even if the message is "I don't give a damn." Even the traditional Englishman's reticence may partly be due to a consciousness of his appearance: he turns himself out as this or that type, according to a button here, a stitch there, and that is that, much can be noted, little need be said: conformity and latitude are there, written in the serge. Observe the "ordinary" undandified business man faced with the choice of three paper hats—he takes a fearful long time over it. And thus with these Romans to-night: few really great imaginative shakes, but most of them seriously conforming, and gifted thus by an extra gravity of carriage that bore them towards a likeness of how we imagine the ancients might have moved.

The hymn, and its chorus, now arrived; and with it further associative trouble. For authentic and melodious as the music was, the dancing chiton has been spoiled forever by sentimental callisthenics, by Art-Craft, by Alma Tadema. Impossible not to feel the prude echo of poker-

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work. And this emphasised the one real chink in the armour of this feast. It is, I suppose, understandable that there was no overt copulation among the guests: but there was equally no air at all of erotic licence—even in the sense of the immemorial magistrates' phrase, kiss-and-cuddle. Also the ladies, though carefully and imaginatively attired, naturally wore long white dresses of a classic cut: and these too have long ago been sacrificed on the palette of academic art, they are never now free from the horrid chastity of a plaster muse. And the slave-girls themselves, advertised as wearing proper Augustan bikinis, were redressed by a frown from the Festival authorities. Bikinis are naughty, not in keeping, keep them out. So these students, who for months had practised swimming with trays, had to be chitonned up at the last moment and kept mostly to Grundy's mother earth. Some, though, gamely dived in: to swim with bunches of grapes held high like the heads of paddling purple poodles. Nevertheless the guests, though decent to a t, could be relied on for eventual high spirits of other kinds—they fell in, boarded the boat, fell in from this, and pelted each other with apples across the water. And then a real half-naked high-diver appeared, loin-clothed against floodlights and the night sky. Godlike he dived into flaming petrol—and the resident goldfish darted away, possibly to bump their heads on an apple as they came up at the other end.

And then, a few minutes after this inflammatory dive and all in a second's time, the whole Roman mirage burst like a bubble.

The burster? Nero and his Gladiators, a three-piece combo of piano and two electric guitars. At the first chords—*Entry of the Gladiators*, played with a cool slow beat—everybody, senators, ladies, slaves, began to jive. Over a second, it all became like the Piazza San Marco, a jazz-blown mix-up now accepted as a way of life. The two electric-guitar "gladiators" matched it with their dress: obviously taken from designs taken from strip cartoons, half-Roman and half-Spacemen, loricae bellying round them like Dunlop tyres. It depends, as ever, which tailor you go to.

So they danced. Two bands. Rex and His Romans in dinner-jackets. More wine. And one of the togaed, belaurelled Civic Topmen of Bath led a conga-chain of these debased orgiasts joyfully round the building—"Carth-age" substituted for "Cong-a." Others popped through the window into the Jacobean King's Bath, where the water was hotter (it springs at 120°) —and there, with fifty bobbing heads and now the flesh of near-naked limbs, the scene succeeded in looking uneasily like a woodcut of a mediæval bath-house.

And later, later it was all over. The Baths emptied. A tired flotsam of red apples blushed on the lucent green water, as if a grocer's *sándalo* had passed. Last and lonely lay a single young couple side by side, not interlaced, on the mattress-ticking of an orphan of an old divan bed they had dragged from Sul knows where, watery babies in a wood of Doric columns.

Was it worth it? With little doubt, yes. And was it a *good* thing? Here we face the bitter question of public frivolity in an anxious age—no more a private frolic, but frolic as reported in the Press and in the tone of the popular Gossip Column, where Knightsbridge is all swizzle-sticks and Chelsea champagne, the page of the pursed and drooling lips. There seems to be some inexplicable connection between champagne and slum clearance. In fact, the millions who gather to live in a metropolis do not only do it for economic reasons, but because *something is going on*, somewhere near, somebody else's something. A vicarious pop of life warms the searching heart. But the lighted window and the circling dancers, the left-out lonely feeling? That is more a problem for the young—only the young really suffer from other people's balls. And they, anyway, are stuffed with hope.

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ART

Graham Sutherland's Religious Subjects

By Douglas Cooper

In September 1944, Graham Sutherland was invited by Canon Walter Hussey, now Dean of Chichester, to paint an *Agony in the Garden* for a wall in the south transept of St. Matthew's Church in Northampton. Instinctively he hesitated before accepting, because Sutherland felt that present-day artists "have got out of the habit of working for a specific place and for a patron, and this gives rise to complexes and psychological inhibitions." At the same time, encouraged by his experiences as a War Artist, Sutherland realised that he was not temperamentally averse to commissions, provided he could retain a degree of personal control, particularly in regard to the choice of subject. He could not deny that, as an artist, he had profited from working for the War Artists Committee, because the challenge of having to adapt himself and his pictorial conceptions to a given subject had proved a salutary discipline. Yet for various reasons he had no inclination at this time to undertake an *Agony*. On the other hand, partly as a result of feelings roused in him by what he had seen of the war, Sutherland did want to attempt a *Crucifixion*. He therefore proposed this alternative subject and his suggestion was accepted.

Perhaps it seems surprising to find Sutherland embarking on a religious subject at all. It is certainly strange that, in his first religious painting, he should have wanted to tackle not just the difficult problem of representing a naked human body, which hitherto he had not attempted, but in particular the body of Christ expressing by its contortions the utmost degree of pathos and anguish. But Sutherland, be it noted, harbours a tortured soul and a passionate temperament beneath a seemingly tranquil appearance. He is also a conscientious and resourceful artist and has never been afraid of branching out in a new direction. What is more important, Sutherland is a convinced Christian and a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. Also he recognises that his personal philosophy, his general view of the world, and hence his artistic inspiration, are profoundly coloured by the mysteries of religious experience. That this is so becomes abundantly clear if we consider what he said a few years ago about the significance that the Crucifixion had for himself as a pictorial subject:

> The Crucifixion idea interested me because it has a duality which has always fascinated me. It is the most tragic of all themes, yet inherent in it is the promise of salvation. It is the symbol of the precarious balanced moment, the hair's-breadth between black and white. It is that moment when the sky seems superbly blue—and when one feels it *is* only blue in that superb way because at any moment it could be black—there is the other side of the mirror—and on that point of balance one may fall into great gloom or rise to great happiness.

In other words, Sutherland's view is that, for all its visible horror and underlying threat of extinction, the Crucifixion carries a message of hope: that the flesh can suffer and perish matters little, because the spirit within, fortified by tribulation, can rise phoenix-like to far greater heights of achievement. Such a view is traditional and orthodox, but Sutherland, being a modern artist and feeling acutely about this theme in relation to his own time, wanted to give his picture an appearance of actuality. And this raised the stylistic difficulty of devising a *Crucifixion* which would acknowledge the traditional iconography, without being pseudo-traditional in style, would belong to the 20th century and yet would still be acceptable to the Church.

Over the last 200 years the once harmonious relationship between the Christian Church, of whatever denomination, and the creative artist has developed into an uncomfortable stalemate. The Church, fearful of the creative artist's potential non-conformism, and running away no less from naturalism than from symbolical

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abstractions,[1] progressively took refuge behind the saccharine *bondieuseries* which desecrate almost every religious building one enters. Artists, therefore, even those with faith, looked less and less to the Church for employment, because they were made to feel that within its domain they would not be allowed to treat the Christian iconography according to their own feelings. (The refusal by the *curé* of Nizon in 1888 of Gauguin's *Vision after the Sermon* is a typical example.) Thus the two have gradually learnt to live and do without each other, thereby cutting off religious art from successive stylistic developments and bringing about a fatal division between a current and communally shared repertory of images and a personal æsthetic. A Matisse embarking to-day on the decoration of a nuns' chapel at Vence or a Sutherland committing himself to paint a *Crucifixion* for an English parish church must therefore be prepared to do far more preliminary thinking than a Fra Angelico, a Tintoretto, a Rubens, or even a Goya had to do in similar circumstances. They must first decide whether they will dare to leap the barriers and invent a contemporary stylistic formula for traditional Christian subjects, thereby perhaps giving them renewed life and actuality, or whether they feel obliged to try to reconcile their own vision with an accepted formula in the hope of being able to achieve an up-to-date compromise. Matisse, whose outlook was pagan—or at any rate that of an unbeliever—rather than Christian, refused to sacrifice his artistic independence and chose the first method; Sutherland, a believer, chose the second.

SUTHERLAND spent over a year pondering on how to represent the Crucifixion before he actually began to paint. During this time he made notes and several exploratory drawings without arriving at what seemed to him an acceptable solution. From the start he had to reckon with what he has called "self-imposed restrictions," but it was not long before he discovered also that the setting for his painting in the church was "only moderately sympathetic." Unforeseen factors, personal as well as material, therefore continually intervened to force him to modify his original conception. But he felt strongly about the subject and was not prepared to be hurried.

Sutherland's vision of the crucified Christ was, as I have already said, inspired in part by his emotional reaction to the war and its consequences. Then, one day, he received a booklet containing lurid photographs of massacred corpses and semi-bestial, starving survivors found by the liberating Allied armies in the concentration camps of Nazi Germany (Auschwitz, Belsen, and Buchenwald). Not only was Sutherland intensely moved by the sight of these photographs, but also they provided him with a clue to the sort of image for which he was groping, because instinctively they evoked memories of the emaciated and outraged body of Christ in *Crucifixions* by Grünewald. Thus the form that Sutherland ultimately gave to his own figure of the crucified Christ was precipitated by a curious correspondence between a contemporary image and a much earlier portrayal. It would, nevertheless, be false to suggest that the impact for Sutherland's *Crucifixion* was provided exclusively by either Grünewald or Belsen.

More than six months elapsed before Sutherland settled down to executing this commission. During this time he accomplished a vital stage in his own artistic evolution. Sutherland was constantly preoccupied with the theme of the Crucifixion, but one day, not long after seeing the photographs, he went for a country walk and experienced what one can only call an artistic revelation. "When one goes for a walk," he has written, "there is everything around one, but one reacts to certain things only, as in response to some personal need of the nerves." Now in Sutherland's thoughts there often recurred "the idea of thorns and wounds made by thorns" because he had come to regard the Crown of Thorns as the quintessential symbol of the cruelty involved in the act of crucifixion. All of a sudden he found himself beginning "to notice thorn bushes and the structure of thorns which pierced the air in all directions, their points establishing limits of aerial space." Then, as his practice is, Sutherland began to make drawings of thorn bushes, but as he did so he realised—and it is a striking example of the workings of his anthropomorphic vision—that "a curious change took place. While preserving their normal life in space, the thorns rearranged themselves and became something else—a sort of paraphrase of a *Crucifixion* or a crucified head."

At an early stage, then, Sutherland temporarily sublimated his conception of the Crucifixion in a succession of *Thorn Trees* and *Thorn Heads* whose writhings and prickings imagina-

[1] The same is not true of its attitude to modern architecture, and many famous architects of the *avant-garde*—Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, Oskar Niemeyer, Marcel Breuer, for example—have designed religious buildings in the last thirty years. Can the explanation be that the traditional requirements of ritual are more easily reconciled with a personal æsthetic and that whereas the Christian Church will allow a new décor for its age-old ceremonies it will not tolerate a rejuvenation of its age-old imagery?

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tively evoke the flagellation and painful indignities to which Christ's body was submitted. But while these thorn bushes became in one sense private symbols, they did not lose their real identity, because they remain natural growths which have also fascinated the artist by virtue of some curious beauty that he has found there. To scan these *Thorns* in search of human features or to look for a double image built up in the manner of an Arcimboldo is therefore pointless. Some of the thorn formations which Sutherland discovered served him as pictorial metaphors to conjure up the contortions of an agonised human head. Five years later, however, he returned to these *motifs* and transformed them into a series of *Thorn Heads* in which the pictorial metaphor has more verisimilitude and is presented in the guise of a monstrance. Thereby Sutherland consummated pictorially his imaginative progression, for he had turned the fragment of nature into a cult object.

BUT THERE IS ANOTHER ASPECT of these *Thorns* which has to be considered: the role they played in Sutherland's transition from being a painter of nature to a painter of man. As in other respects his approach was devious and oblique.

Sutherland once described his *Thorn Trees* and *Thorn Heads* as "'stand-ins' for a Crucifixion and a crucified head." That is to say they are figurative equivocations which have been substituted for a real thing. As "presences" which evoke the apparatus and sensations of cruelty they are certainly effective. Particular interest attaches, however, to these *Thorns* because they are among the first examples of a substitution procedure which Sutherland has frequently employed in the post-war years. Yet we must not regard them simply as evasions, because in fact they served a vital purpose in the gradual evolution of the *Crucifixion* itself. When Sutherland saw that these growths looked more fearsome by contrast with a benign setting of blue sky and green grass—and this was how he painted them—he was inspired to break with tradition and make his own version of the *Crucifixion* "more powerfully horrifying" by painting it in full sunlight against a blue sky with a feeling of warmth. Unfortunately, he was never able to carry out this project because he sensed that it would conflict with the internal structure and decoration of the church itself, and eventually therefore he had to resign himself to accepting as a background "a bluish royal purple traditionally a death colour." Nevertheless, we are free to discover a hint of the scene as he originally conceived it in Sutherland's *Thorn* substitutes.

Having, as it were, worked through this vein of cruelty, Sutherland turned to the crucial problem of the figure on the cross. Would the solution he arrived at be realistic and figurative? Or schematic and invented? He made exploratory drawings and sketches of various kinds. But as he progressed, Sutherland realised that if he were ever to achieve the poignantly expressive and generally intelligible image which he envisaged he would have to opt for some form of realism.[2] He could not help feeling that the consequences of detaching himself too much, for art's sake, from the reality of the subject might be a sort of sign-language decipherable only by a few and without the power to communicate or inspire great emotions.[3] As a result, he decided to paint what Sir Kenneth Clark has called a "corporeal" *Crucifixion*.

AFTER A LONG PERIOD of gestation Sutherland's immense *Crucifixion* was at last finished in the autumn of 1946. It proved to be a sincere and powerful representation of the event, rigorously composed on the basis of a series of repeated rectangles, aggressive in its starkness and awe-inspiring in its effect. Indeed, only one other professing Christian artist of this century, Rouault, has handled this great theme with as much skill and real feeling, though apart from the fact that both artists have shown more concern for its mystical and emotional potentialities than with stylistic invention their conceptions are totally different. There is no doubt that, for Sutherland, the struggle to find an appropriate idiom for a

[2] From a letter to the author: "I did also do a number of 'essays' more schematic, as an exercise, and some of the drawings which exist might give evidence of my thoughts in that direction. . . . I would have liked to make a more 'detached' less naturalistic rendering. But two things deterred me: (1) I felt, rightly or wrongly, that since I was designing for a Christian *'culte'* the final form must be immediately intelligible and within the tradition. (2) I felt that certain overtones might be lacking if my rendering approached a technical detachment."

[3] In his *Thoughts on Painting*, this is further explained: "I think that to-day the time has come to do more than to be content to put a line round our reactions. By that I mean that the tendency has been to modify the forms of reality emotionally and intellectually, and to keep them in fact non-optical—or rather, optical only in the sense that observation and reaction have produced a kind of visual shorthand, which intellectually and sensibly refers one back to their prototype in life, as in Picasso's *Guernica*." A classic example of this procedure, of course, is the *Stations of the Cross* panel by Matisse in the chapel at Vence, which post-dates Sutherland's *Crucifixion* by three years.

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meaningful modern *Crucifixion* was more considerable than for Rouault, who never gave a thought to modernism. This accounts for the uncertainty and clumsinesses apparent here and there in Sutherland's handling. Against this, however, one must set the fact that his *Crucifixion* is an intense and poignant image of suffering which is made the more telling by the almost tangible presence of the figure.[4] The wide outspread arms and the open hands with clutching fingers create a terrible feeling of pathos, while the way in which the weight of the sagging body tears at the shoulders and ribs fills us with horror.[5] The Cross itself—the instrument of torture—is of unusually sturdy build and seems to break and devour the emaciated body of Christ, while we ourselves, spectators or worshippers, are made silent witnesses of this ghastly scene in place of the conventional figures of the Magdalen and St. John. Owing to its assertive presence, and to the flattened spaceless background against which it is displayed, we cannot pass by nor get round this *Crucifixion*. We must look, and yet we cannot approach too close for, as the artist explains, it has been roped off to keep us at a respectful distance. The corporeal reality of the figure is troubling, the symbolic Xs chalked on the wall by some unknown hand bring the scene almost into our own ambience, we feel that this might be an individual tragedy which has occurred in our midst. Yet Sutherland has also succeeded in removing the scene outside of definable time and space so that he has made of it a universal monitory symbol. At one moment we feel personally involved, at the next overawed. That is Sutherland's achievement.

WHILE WORKING on the *Crucifixion*, Sutherland essayed other related New Testament subjects, notably a *Deposition* and a *Christ Carrying the Cross*, a composition of which he made a second more elaborate version in 1953. Like the *Crucifixion*, both are strongly expressionistic in idiom, though neither has comparable merits as a painting nor seems to be as strongly felt. At the moment of writing, Sutherland is working on two more religious pictures, both recently commissioned: a *Noli Me Tangere* (1960) for the Chapel of St. Mary Magdalen in Chichester Cathedral, and a second *Crucifixion* (1960–61) for St. Aidan's Church, Acton. Thus the painting of scriptural themes—and Sutherland is no less emotionally drawn to the Old Testament than to the New—though a peripatetic occupation, has not lost its fascination for him after one great attempt and will surely continue to figure as part of his work. For Sutherland is now interested in the pictorial possibilities of action, in the transference of feeling and the interchange of forms which occur when figures impinge upon one another. Also, he feels particularly drawn towards scenes whose mythological or doctrinal import has a direct relevance to ourselves and to the world of to-day.

There remains one last religious work of art which must be mentioned, namely the vast (72 by 40 feet) tapestry for the new Cathedral at Coventry, the design for which Sutherland has worked on and revised more than once since 1952. This, too, was a commission, but for once the artist had no say regarding the choice of subject—*Christ in Glory in the Tetramorph*—and had to accept the requirements of the Chapter of the Cathedral.

Again Sutherland had to decide whether to invent his own iconography and idiom or to accept a traditional formula, though on this occasion the problem was less acute since he had to weigh decorative considerations equally with the need to create a majestic, dominating image. In the event, Sutherland had recourse to an established convention, although he has taken certain personal liberties in its interpretation. His solemn and imposing figure of Christ, for example, immobile, silent and watching, owes its conception in part to Byzantine models, but also in part to Egyptian royal figures of the 4th and 5th Dynasties. (From a letter to the author: "After much thought I felt I wanted to do a large figure like a Buddha or one of the

[4] I have deliberately refrained from comparing the Sutherland with Picasso's great and moving *modern* image of the *Crucifixion* (1930) because this is totally different (though no less valid) in kind. Picasso has distorted and made use of the Christian iconography not with devotional intentions but as a private symbolism to express some interior and emotional drama of his own, *vide* A. H. Barr, *Picasso: Fifty Years of His Art*, New York (1946). This painting and several drawings for it were, of course, known to Sutherland from reproductions.

[5] Some critics see a "face" in the upper part of Christ's body and have read into this "apparition" a vitally expressive symbolical meaning, *e.g.*, E. Sackville-West (1955): "Because the eyes of Christ are shut and the face adroop, the vigilance of the figure is established elsewhere—in the 'face' formed by the nipples, the nose-like shape of the rib shadows, and the construction of the abdomen." Also, R. Melville: "And then there is the most remarkable effect of all. . . . It is the looming forth of a grave animal face from the torso, and in this depiction of the steady, unblinking gaze of the flesh amidst its own disturbances he brings The Crucifixion into the orbit of his innate predilections."

Sutherland denies the existence of the "face," which anyway would not accord with his intentions, and regards such statements as nonsensical.

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Egyptian figures in the Valley of the Kings.") And this element of inspiration from the Eastern world is further maintained in the mandorla and the framework with compartments for the symbols of the four Evangelists. "I had seen Egyptian 'mummy' pictures," Sutherland writes, "bound by tape to the coffined figures and I set out to make boxes round the central figure bound to it, as it were, by brass tape. Out of these, and against an ambiguous background of scaffolding, break the four beasts." Other innovations on the part of the artist are the introduction on the right of the patron Saint of the Church, St. Michael, overcoming the Devil; the small figure of Man between the feet of Christ, and beneath that a Chalice and Serpent; also the Crucifixion panel at the base, which contains the Weeping Sun and the Moon as well as a waiting bier behind the Cross. In general the design follows a Romanesque pattern, although the realism with which the figures are treated is modern rather than traditional.

But at this stage it is impossible to judge the decorative or devotional value of the tapestry, for its conception is monumental and no one can tell what effect it will ultimately make until it has been carried out on the vast scale which is intended. In the last resort, everything will depend on the proportions of the different parts of the design having been correctly judged, on the telling properties and harmony of the colours, and on the ability of the whole to impose its majestic presence across the great interior space of the Cathedral. But however it turns out, no one can deny the courage of a contemporary artist who has tackled such an exceptional and ambitious project in a medium rarely used to-day and with the technicalities of which he was not at the time familiar.

For the First Bird at Dawn

Sing on, unpublished one, O unpolluted throat,
Delicately broaching those depths that silently

Gathered nightlong, filling, brimming:
Released now in these pure, deliberately upwelling notes.

Heartspring that nightlong
Thought through accumulated thought drilled, rasping;

My throat parching for its voice as I stumbled,
Toiling through the mind's blackness, across the blinding page.

Harry Fainlight

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NOTES & TOPICS

A Forest Named the Heart

THE GREAT Bengali poet, Rabindranath Tagore, the centenary of whose birth is celebrated this year, is one of those rare figures in history who seem to contain within themselves the aspirations, yearnings, and contradictions of a whole generation. More even than this, in Tagore's case, for his eighty years of life permitted him to span more than one generation. To a significant extent, India's struggle against the West in the field of ideas, and against oppression by the British in the political field, are reflected in the life and work of Tagore. What is perhaps even more important is that now, twenty years after his death, and when his beloved India has emerged from the grey night of foreign rule, the problems that tortured him are still the same and men are still searching for the solutions. The continuing significance of Tagore lies in the fact that before his death he had already arrived at some of the answers.

Tagore grew to maturity in the climate of the three great revolutionary movements of modern India—the religious movement of the Brahmo Samaj, the Bengali literary renaissance whose leading figure was Bankimchandra Chatterji, and the Nationalist movement which finally led to independence.

The Brahmo Samaj was founded in 1828 by Ram Mohun Roy and the poet's grandfather, Dwarkanath Tagore. Basically, it was an organised reaction by the Bengali middle classes against the threat of intense missionary activity by evangelical Christians. Part of the assumption that Christianity represented a better faith and a better civilisation was based upon the "evil" practices of Hinduism—widow-burning and infanticide. To Charles Grant, a leading evangelical writing in 1792, India was something like the cities of the plain, inhabited by

> a race of men lamentably degenerate and base . . . retaining a feeble sense of moral obligation . . . governed by malevolent and licentious passions . . . and sunk in misery by their vices.

Ram Mohun, who visited Europe, and knew English, Greek, and Hebrew as well as Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabic, returned to Bengal with the belief that a compromise might be made, that behind the externals of Hindu practice lay a core of thought which was both moral and rational and which could come together with the moral rationalism of the West. His main contribution was to show the way to a reconciliation of political aims—Western in direction and inspiration—with traditional Hindu thought; to show, in fact, that it was possible to agitate for political democracy in Western terms without ceasing to be an Indian. The Brahmo Samaj was founded with the intention of purging Hinduism of its idolatry and evil practices. For nearly seventy years the Brahmos stimulated Bengali intellectual life, awakened the Hindu conscience and made it defend itself against Western ideas by refusing to accept the inferiority of Indian thought.

AT THE SAME time as the beginning of the Brahmo movement, and emerging from the same source, a second reaction to the West was taking place, short-lived as a movement but continuing in its inspiration. Founded under the influence of the half-caste poet Henry Louis Vivian Derozio, its roots lay oddly in the ideas of Rousseau and the works of Shelley and Byron. It despised all religion and espoused reform, and staged attacks upon superstition and orthodoxy—by recklessly hurling beef-bones into Hindu houses, and shouting "We have eaten Mussulman bread!" The main effect of the movement lay in its radical belief in intellectual freedom. The twining of this strand with that of the Brahmos gave to Bengal a period of immense and fertile intellectual activity, and helped make the Bengali renaissance a milestone along the road to freedom.

The intellectual ferment into which Rabindranath was born was characterised by a literary revolution in Bengal. Such poets as Michael Madhusudhan Dutt, the "Milton of Bengal," and Nabinchandra Sen, the "Byron," revolutionised vernacular poetry, while Bankimchandra Chatterji—who might well be called the "Bengali Scott"—with his literary journal *Bangadarsan* (Bengal Review), as Rabindranath later wrote, "took the Bengali heart by storm." In the review there appeared, serially, Bankim's novels of Bengali life. They gave to the Bengali language a new dynamism which Rabindranath was to make his own.

In the hothouse of idea and example, Rabindranath's poetry blossomed; it was not even stunted by his being sent to school at Brighton. As early as 1877, when only sixteen years old, he was writing in the magazine *Bharati*, in an essay called "The Hope and Despair of Bengalis," of the interdependence of East and West, of the possibility of a new civilisation being made out of mutual fertilisation. This

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belief he never changed. So, too, he was beginning to feel that great compassion that is so characteristic of his thought. It is essentially the compassion of love which seeks to contain suffering by absorbing it. It is because the cries of Rabindranath seem to echo all the suffering that ever was that he has become an Indian, and not just a Bengali, poet. In *Prabhatasangita* (Morning Songs), published in 1884, are the lines:

> *There is a vast forest named the Heart,*
> *Limitless on all sides—*
> *Here I lost my way.*

Rabindranath never found his way out of the forest of the heart—probably he had no wish to —and even under the shocks of the 20th century he never hardened his own.

By the 1880s, two schools of thought had emerged from the furnace of the preceding twenty years. One, anxious for a sense of national pride, had begun to believe that the Hindus were the source of all civilisation, that Europe had borrowed everything—language, science, thought, and religion—from the "Aryans." To this, Rabindranath reacted courageously, criticising his own people rather than attacking others. One of the Englishman's stock jokes about India was that of the "mild Bengali," but no empire-builder or imperial poet has ever been more bitingly satirical than Bengal's own poet. "Come on," he shouts to the heroes whose battleground was the newspaper. "Come on, fill up your quires of paper! That is the way to learn to fight! Always keep pen and ink handy." In *Heroes of Bengal*, the student who knows all about everything is pinned to the specimen board.

> In a side-room of the house Bhulu Babu is memorising multiplication tables in a loud voice. We two brothers are leaning against a chair in great bliss, with a history in our hands. On the table a kerosene lamp is burning. We have read three chapters. Dada is an MA, I a BA. As we read, the oil gets used up. Wisdom sprouts in our brains, as we learn how the hero Cromwell tumbled his king's head down, as a boy with the blow of a stick sends ripe mangoes flying.

In another part of the forest of the heart, Rabindranath was getting to know ordinary people and their lives, and expanding the area of his compassion. In the short stories collected under the title *Galpa Guchcha* (Bunches of Tales), the petty griefs and joys of the peasant take on a special drama. In English translation they appear sentimental, their tenderness seems to be of the *bergère* school, blotting out reality by romanticising it—as Gandhi was later to do for the untouchables by calling them *harijans*, "the children of God." But in the original Bengali this is not so. No one has evoked the Indian countryside in such a way and with such passionate patriotism.

BUT A NEW REVOLUTION was in the making as the 19th century drew to a close. More and more, the leaders of Indian thought were demanding something above the security and peace that British rule gave to them. The work of Tagore had much to do with this, and it was in Bengal that unrest was to be converted into a positive revolution.

Tagore was not a Nationalist in the narrow sense which the word has now acquired. He believed in freedom and the right of people to control their own destiny, he distrusted organisation, he wanted to get rid of an alien government because he felt that the best of India was obsessed with the *idea* of government. He was a patriot and not a politician. The main advantage of political freedom, he believed, was that it would provide the opportunity to do away with social injustices.

In *Signs of Progress*, Tagore pours scorn on those who ape the Westerner by wearing his clothes, on the "patriots" who make their fiery (and empty) speeches in English, as well as upon those who see everything modern, in science or politics, hidden in the ancient Hindu scriptures. Tagore looked for something greater, something that is still being looked for to-day—it has not been found—the unity of India. "I seemed choked for breath," he wrote in 1916...

> ...in the hideous nightmare of our present time, meaningless in its petty ambitions of poverty, and felt in me the struggle of my motherhood for awakening in spiritual emancipation. Our endeavours after political emancipation seemed to me unreal to the core, and pitifully feeble in their utter helplessness. I felt that it is a blessing of providence that begging should be an unprofitable profession, and that only to him that hath shall be given. I said to myself that we must seek for our own inheritance, and with it buy our true place in the world.

He turned to somewhere where that unity might cease to be a dream, a calm centre in the chaos of unrest and agitation where the spirit of India might be found. From this emerged the "university" of Santiniketan, in which education would be a blossoming of personality and not the babu-ised memory tests of the Western-style foundations.

TAGORE'S VIEWS on education have a practical bearing on contemporary problems in India, for they are concerned with the question of what sort of educational ideal is most suitable for India's needs. He puts them together in a little book, *The Centre of Indian*

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Culture, first published in 1919. To-day, as then, there is much controversy over the present system of education, and ideas of educational reform are usually European in pattern. "The mischief is," wrote Tagore, "that as soon as the idea of a university enters our minds, the idea of a Cambridge university, Oxford university, and a host of other European universities rushes in at the same time and fills the whole space. We then imagine that our salvation lies in a selection of the best points of each, patched together in an eclectic perfection. We forget that European universities are living organic parts of the life of Europe." From the Western system of education in India had come a dead burden of learning unrelated to the country's culture. Western-style education, Tagore went on, was much too expensive, using costly buildings and furniture; "to make the paraphernalia of an Education so expensive that education itself becomes difficult of attainment would be like squandering all one's money in buying money-bags." Educational institutes should be humble, gradually growing as they satisfied the special needs of *Indian* culture.

Tagore then turned to the problem of language. English "inevitably tends to turn our mind for its source of inspiration towards the West... a foreign language, like foreign soil, may be good for pot culture but not for the cultivation which is widely and permanently necessary for the maintenance of life." Regional languages should be the medium of instruction. On the general level, Tagore advocated what Gandhi was later to call "basic education," the taking of education back to the village, making it a part of life; "the centre of culture... must cultivate land, breed cattle, to feed itself and its students; it must produce all necessaries... calling science to its aid. Its very existence should depend upon the success of its industrial ventures carried out on the co-operative principle which will unite teachers and students in a living and active bond of necessity...." These ideas Tagore put into practice at Santiniketan.

MEANWHILE, THE WORLD was becoming darker. In the horrors of the first World War, Rabindranath saw the hell of Nationalism, that the martyrdom of centuries was not yet over. British rule was becoming more remote and impersonal, like an engine of torture. Britain, to whom he had looked for a refreshing stream, seemed just as barbarous as the other nations locked on the battlefields of Europe. In a series of lectures given during a world tour in 1917, and later published (in English) under the title of *Nationalism*, he showed how the preoccupation of Nationalism leads only to the destruction of the spirit.

> In our mythology we have the legend that the man who performs penances for attaining immortality has to meet with temptations sent by Indra, the Lord of the Immortals. If he is lured by them he is lost. The West has been striving for centuries after its goal of immortality. Indra has sent her the temptation to try her. It is the gorgeous temptation of wealth. She has accepted it, and her civilisation of humanity has lost its path in the wilderness of machinery.

The temptations were now presented to Indians because of British rule.

Soon came rioting in the Punjab and the massacre at Amritsar to confirm his fears that the sickness of the world had entered the soul of the British. He renounced the knighthood that had been conferred upon him in 1915. Nationalist violence appalled him. He could not, in his compassion, associate himself with Congress. To Gandhi, who advised him to use the *charka* (spinning-wheel) for half an hour a day, he replied: "Why not eight-and-a-half hours if it will help the country?" Did Gandhi believe that freedom would be won by spinning? If so, it was not worth winning.

Just three months before his death in 1941, with the memory of the terror and violence that had characterised the struggle for freedom, and in the shadow of an even more frightening and destructive war, he wrote an address on the occasion of his eightieth birthday. The poet's faith in the greatness and goodness of man had been shaken. His hope had always been "that the springs of civilisation would issue out of the heart of Europe" to meet that of India. But all he saw was death, and India set upon the same road because its leaders wanted Western-style freedom. He still had faith, however, that even if Europe had failed, India might still be saved, that a new dawn might break. He died, this giant, the poet whose songs live on in the mouths of the peasants he loved, the Nobel prize-winner the world scarcely knew, the artist whose paintings are still astonishingly "modern," lost in a dark part of the forest of the heart, yet still not without hope.

> Perhaps that dawn will come from this horizon, from the East where the sun rises. A day will come when vanquished Man will retrace his path of conquest, despite all barriers, to win back his lost heritage.

In this centenary year, when so many formal tributes will be paid to his memory, perhaps those in India who have not wholly given in to the temptations of Indra may listen to what Tagore has to say.

Michael Edwardes

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Class and Politics

Another Look at the British Electorate — By MARK ABRAMS

AT THE beginning of last year *Socialist Commentary* commissioned me to carry out a sample survey among the British electorate so as

> to establish those attitudes and social values which have led the electorate to turn away steadily from the Labour Party over the past ten years and to reject it decisively at the latest General Election....

In an explanatory enquiry of this kind there is but a single useful way of collecting information. One must start by setting out precise hypotheses and then test each of them by asking the people being studied various clear-cut questions under controlled conditions. One such hypothesis was to the effect that

> many voters identified the realisation of their material ambitions and their social aspirations—especially aspirations for their children—with the success of the Conservative Party.

In examining a society such as ours where for many generations acute and widespread awareness of social status has shaped religion, politics, and education, and where for almost a whole generation opportunities for upward social mobility have been available on a realistic basis to a sizeable minority, it was inevitable that this hypothesis should be related to class concepts. The analysis of the data seemed to justify this move, and I concluded that

> upgrading oneself is one of the most important characteristics which in the working class separates non-Labour from Labour supporters.

THE SURVEY WAS ATTACKED VIOLENTLY by Ralph Samuel in the September–October issue of *New Left Review*, but this conclusion in particular offended him, so that after quoting the sentence he added: "Now if there is one thing his statistics do *not* show, it is surely this." This seemed to me to show an obtuse reaction both to the survey findings and to some of the main facts of British political life over the past sixty years. Accordingly, I should like to go back to the survey material and examine the relationships between "class" and "political attitudes" once more.*

ON THE BASIS of occupation we can divide the British electorate into two broad groups: one-third are white-collared workers who, with their wives, constitute a general middle class. The remaining 67 per cent are manual workers (*e.g.*, carpenters, coal miners, electrical fitters, railway porters, shop assistants, farm workers, bus drivers), and these with their wives can be regarded as a general working class.

In the first three post-war General Elections (1945, 1950, 1951) there was a high degree of stability in class voting (class being used here in the occupational sense just described). In these three Elections slightly under 20 per cent of middle-class voters (in fact, 19 per cent) supported the Labour Party, and slightly over 60 per cent of working-class voters (in fact, 62 per cent) supported the Labour Party. With support of these proportions from the two main social

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* Mr. Samuel also objected strongly to my use of a functional theory of attitudes. I had said (in the May issue of ENCOUNTER) that "a man holds an opinion because holding it serves certain functions in his life; *one* of these functions is to help him establish his identity." Mr. Samuel (and Mrs. Wayland Young in her letter to *Socialist Commentary*) ignored the word I have here underlined. If he would like a fuller statement I would refer him to Professor Daniel Katz: "At the psychological level the reasons for holding or for changing attitudes are found in the functions they perform for the individual, specifically the functions of adjustment, ego defence, value expression, and knowledge." (*The Functional Approach to the Study of Attitudes*, 1960.) These attitudes spring in part from rational considerations, in part from irrational considerations. Mr. Samuel considered this approach "cynical" and a natural consequence of my connection with advertising and market research. Possibly; but I know of no other acceptable theory as to why people hold the attitudes they do.

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groups Labour was able to attract about as many votes as were given to the Conservatives.

As a pattern of support, however, it was inevitably precarious. It meant that 13 per cent of all Labour votes came from the middle class, and 87 per cent from the working class. The former were a small deviant part of a group overwhelmingly "anti-Labour" by tradition and self-interest, and therefore liable to dwindle under neighbour pressures as the Conservatives moved towards a more liberal policy in home affairs, and showed themselves able and willing to maintain "full employment" and the whole essential structure of the "Welfare State."

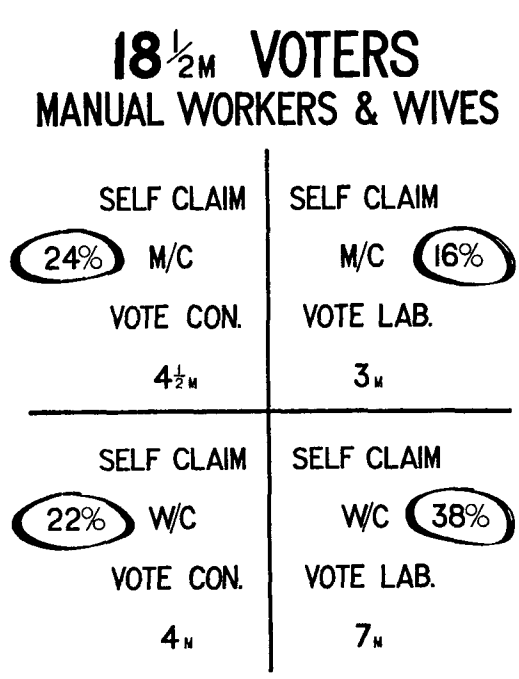
The second source of Labour votes—the 87 per cent coming from the working class—contained other possible dangers for the Labour Party. It stamped the Party as overwhelmingly a working-class party—and this could be a handicap in a society such as ours, which has always been highly class-conscious, and which has long been distinguished by a widespread aspiration, ranging from the monarchy to the proletariat, to appear "respectable solid middle class" or to seem closely affiliated with it.

Moreover, although the Labour Party drew such a large proportion of its 1945–51 votes from the working class, its support from this group was far from solid. Throughout these three elections one-third of manual working-class votes went to Conservative candidates, and, indeed, this segment of the working class provided the Conservatives with nearly half (47 per cent) of all the votes they polled. Clearly it would be unreasonable to regard these working-class Conservatives as a deviant minority. Once a minority reaches such proportions it stands a reasonable chance of growing some day into a majority.

AT THE 1959 GENERAL ELECTION it would seem (on the basis of pre-election sample surveys) that, while the general structure and pattern of voting remained constant, there were small marginal changes which were sufficient to cut Labour support, as compared with 1951, by one and three-quarter million votes. Broadly, what happened over the decade was that the already slight middle-class vote for Labour fell still further; and, secondly, and more importantly, the considerable minority of manual workers not voting Labour expanded a little more.

For a Party so heavily dependent on the votes of manual workers for its electoral strength, it is this second development which is the more crucial. Those seriously concerned with the long-term ability of the Labour Party to win General Elections on a socialist programme must start their thinking with an analysis and understanding of this shifting balance of working-class votes. The findings of the *Socialist Commentary* survey* made possible at least a start on this task.

AS WE HAVE SEEN: when on an occupational basis the electorate is divided into two groups—middle class and working class—we find that three-quarters of the former vote Conservative, and nearly two-thirds of the latter vote Labour. This is such a very high degree of association between Class and Politics that in-



evitably this relationship must be the starting point of any enquiry. And this, in fact, was what we did in the survey. We examined the possibility that working-class men and women who vote Conservative (or don't vote Labour) are people who, in spite of their occupations (which objectively would put them in the working class), in fact see themselves as part of the middle class, and accordingly they vote the way most middle-class people vote, *i.e.*, for the Conservatives.

The total sample contained slightly under five hundred working-class men and women—defined as "working class" either because of their own occupation or the occupation of the chief earner in the family. They were spread throughout fifty Parliamentary constituencies in Great Britain, from Glasgow to Plymouth and from Pontypridd to Dartford. By industry, trade union membership, sex, age, and member-

* Reprinted in *Must Labour Lose?* (Penguin, 1960).

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ship of employer-run superannuation scheme they matched the total adult working-class population of the whole of Great Britain.* To each of them we put this question:

> The people of this country are sometimes put into these five classes. Which one would you say you belong to? Upper middle class, middle class, lower middle class, skilled working class, labouring working class?

The answers were striking. Precisely 40 per cent of these manual workers described themselves as middle class, only 56 per cent said they were working class and the remaining 4 per cent were unable or unwilling to consider themselves part of any class group. At a first glance at these figures one might be tempted to jump to the conclusion that the relationship is obvious: working-class Conservatives are those manual workers and their wives who consider themselves to be middle class. When, however, we asked people about the Party they supported, we found that the position is much more complicated. We found, for example, that among manual workers there are many who rate themselves as "middle class" but still vote Labour; and, at the same time, there are many who vote Conservative but insist that they are "working class."

In fact, within the British working class, when one discusses class and politics, not two, but four sub-groups emerge (in addition to the 14 per cent who neither choose a class nor support one of the two main parties):

(1) Those who describe themselves as "working class" and support Labour; they constitute nearly one-third of all manual workers and their wives (32 per cent).
(2) Those who describe themselves as "middle class" and support the Conservatives; they form just over one-fifth of all manual workers (22 per cent).
(3) Those who describe themselves as "working class" and support the Conservatives; they amount to slightly under one-fifth of all manual workers (18 per cent).
(4) Those who describe themselves as "middle class" and continue to support the Labour Party; they constitute one-seventh (14 per cent) of all manual workers and their families.

In the light of current trends it is not extravagant to suggest that the future electoral success of the Labour Party will be determined by the last of these four groups—that is, those manual workers who have come to regard themselves as middle class and yet remain loyal to the Labour Party. Because of present-day changes in industrial technology, the growth of service occupations, improved housing, the growing ownership of durable consumer goods, and, above all, the extension of higher education for the children of manual workers, it is inevitable that more and more manual workers will come to regard themselves as middle class. To-day some of these people—at least one-third—are able to take this shift in their self-perceived social status in their stride, and to prefer Labour as the Party which comes closest to expressing their social and political values. If, at the next General Election, this ratio can be raised from one-third to one-half (or, better still, two-thirds), then a Labour victory would seem to be almost certain. But before we consider this possibility any further, let us turn back to the original survey and see how each of these four sections of the working class dealt with the various questions put to them and designed to elicit their political values.

IN ONE of these questions we presented people with a list of sixteen political aims, asked them to indicate for each one which political party was most likely to implement it, and then to go over the list and pick out from the sixteen aims which four seemed to them most important for a good political party. It is the second part of this question which to me seems most revealing as a guide to attitudes and values. In dealing with it the four sections of the working class gave strikingly different answers. Before considering them I must repeat that the samples, although closely representative of all manual workers, were small; and further that the selection had to be made from the sixteen aims set out in our list. (I believe that the sixteen formed a reasonably comprehensive coverage of current political issues, and that if the list had been lengthened the disadvantages would have exceeded the advantages.)

First, let us take a look at the replies of the *whole* sample of manual workers and their wives. The five desiderata for an ideal political

* One of Mr. Samuel's most persistent criticisms sprang from his ignorance of elementary statistical theory ("the sample of 724 people, while it would pass muster for the study of a local community, can scarcely stand as representative for the country as a whole"—*New Left Review*, September, p. 4). The margin of statistical error attaching to a sample of 724 is precisely the same irrespective of the size of the population sampled; it makes no difference whether it is 50,000 or 50,000,000. In this particular survey the weakness of a small sample springs entirely from the fact that in examining sections of the sample one is dealing with very small numbers. My justification for examining these sections is that the differences between them are often considerable and that these differences are highly suggestive and sustain a logical and coherent analysis of the total material.

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party receiving most support were (in descending order of support):

Would do most for world peace—47 per cent.
Would really work to prevent a nuclear war—45 per cent.
Would make the country more prosperous—41 per cent.
Is out to raise the standard of living of ordinary people—35 per cent.
Believes in fair treatment for all races and creeds—29 per cent.

The four to which least importance was attached (again in descending order of importance) were:

Would try to abolish class differences—15 per cent.
Really respects British traditions—14 per cent.
Is most satisfying for the man with ideals—7 per cent.
Is out to help the underdog—5 per cent.

In very broad terms all four sub-sections of the working class gave this pattern of responses; but there were a few sharp differences, and these differences are, I believe, highly significant for any fruitful analysis of contemporary political loyalties. Let us take each of the sub-sections in turn.

1. Manual workers who describe themselves as "working class" and who support the Labour Party ("Materialists of the Left"):

These people currently provide the Labour Party with 70 per cent of its total working-class support. They are, in other words, the people who steadily provide the Labour Party with anything up to 9 million votes at a General Election.

How do they compare with the remaining 30 per cent of working-class Labour supporters who describe themselves as "middle class"? To begin with, this substantial majority of the Party, compared with the minority, places much more emphasis on having a Party which will make the country more prosperous, and much less emphasis on one which stands for fair treatment for all races and creeds and which seeks to abolish class differences. In short, this majority of working-class Labour supporters are well above the rest in looking for a Party which will deliver material well-being, and much below the rest in their concern for some of the distinctive moral purposes of the Labour Party. Evidence from other surveys suggests that they embrace, among others, the sort of Labour voter who generally is not interested in foreign affairs, who approved of the Government's Suez campaign, who strike to enforce colour bars in industry, and who provide most of the *"don't know"* replies in most sample surveys concerned with measuring attitudes and information. When asked why they vote Labour their answers usually go no further than the assertion that "Labour is the best Party for people like us."

As far as I know we have no precise information about changes in the number of such Labour supporters. It is highly probable, however, that the changing technology of industry will inevitably reduce their numbers over the next decade. Even so, on any realistic assumptions about the economy one must conclude that they will long continue to provide Labour with a majority of its working-class supporters. By themselves, however, they can never in the future ensure a Labour victory at a General Election.

2. Manual workers who describe themselves as "working class" and who support the Conservatives ("Altruists of the Right"):

These people, one-sixth of all manual workers, are a distinctive minority—they support the Parties of their "social betters," while insisting on their own position at the bottom of the social ladder. Compared with their neighbours, we find that in defining the ideal political party they attach much more importance to one with a "united team of top leaders," which is concerned with the "nation as a whole" (rather than with any particular class), and which "respects British traditions." Compared with their neighbours they are not interested in a Party which stands for the ordinary working class and which aims to raise the standard of living of *ordinary* people. Almost certainly we have here the heirs of Bagehot's "deferential orders," convinced that working-class people are incapable of governing the country with the disinterestedness typical of middle- and upper-class people, and equally convinced that the well-being of their betters is the best safeguard of the interests of *ordinary* people.

Working-class people with this outlook are to be found in all age-groups and among both sexes; but, by and large, they are more likely to be elderly, to be women and, when employed, to be in semi-domestic service occupations (*e.g.*, directors' chauffeurs). It seems unlikely that their numbers will diminish over the next few years, and therefore they will continue to make a substantial contribution to the total Conservative vote.

3. Manual workers who describe themselves as "middle class" and who support the Conservatives ("Materialists of the Right"):

These people constitute over one-fifth of all manual workers and provide the Conservative Party with nearly one-third of all their electoral support. Compared with other manual workers who describe themselves as middle class, but who support Labour, these people attach much greater importance to a Party which would make the country more prosperous, has a united

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team of top leaders, and has a clear-cut policy. They are much less interested in a Party which would raise the standard of living of ordinary people, would pursue fair treatment for all races and all creeds, and would extend the welfare services.

4. Manual workers who describe themselves as "middle class" and support Labour ("Altruists of the Left"):

Currently these people provide the Labour Party with one-quarter of the support they receive from the total electorate. Compared with the rest of the working class, their political attitudes are in many ways highly distinctive. For example, compared with all other sections of the working class, both Labour and non-Labour, they, in defining the ideal Party, attach much *less* importance to one which sets out to make the country more prosperous, and which would provide more chances for the person who wants to better himself. Compared with the rest of the working class, they put much *more* importance on a Party concerned with fair treatment for all races and creeds. (Here they differ not only from working-class Conservatives but also from other working-class Labour supporters.) They look, more than others, for a Party which will extend the welfare services, try to abolish class differences, and, above all, will stand primarily for the working class. This last desideratum may seem surprising coming from people who although working class by occupation have described themselves as middle class. Against the background of Labour Party history, however, it is far from surprising. It has always been a Party *for* the working class as well as a Party *of* the working class, and much of its local leadership in the past has come from relatively prosperous skilled craftsmen who felt that their comparative material success primarily provided them with additional responsibilities for securing the well-being of less fortunate workers.

WHAT CHANGES CAN WE EXPECT in the dimensions of this section, *i.e.*, manual workers who feel themselves to be "middle class" and yet support Labour. As we have seen they are part (34 per cent) of a much larger body of manual workers who describe themselves as middle class. What, if any, are the distinctive features of this larger body which disassociates itself from the working class?

First, a little more than half of them (54 per cent) are skilled workmen and their wives; among their neighbours the proportion is a little lower (48 per cent).

Next, over half (57 per cent) are women; among the rest the ratio is precisely half (50 per cent).

Again, almost half (49 per cent) say they are very satisfied with their jobs; among the rest the ratio is appreciably lower at 41 per cent.

Again, compared with their neighbours, a slightly higher proportion own a car (19 per cent as against 15 per cent), a refrigerator (18 per cent as against 13 per cent), and the house they live in (28 per cent as against 25 per cent).

In age-composition, there is no difference between the two groups. In fact, not until we turn to consider the children of the working class are we able to pinpoint a decisive difference between self-styled middle-class manual workers and self-styled working-class manual workers. Of the former's children, nearly 40 per cent are either at a grammar school or in white-collar jobs—while only 22 per cent of the latter's children are in these circumstances. This—their children's access to higher education and to white-collar jobs—would seem to be the essential and over-riding stimulus that leads manual workers and their wives (particularly the latter) to regard themselves as members of "the middle class."

Are we likely to have more or less of such people in the coming years? Undoubtedly there will be more. Almost certainly material standards of living will continue to rise for most people, and, more importantly, the proportion of all working-class parents with children receiving higher education or entering white-collar jobs will expand steadily. In other words, we can expect a growing proportion of all manual workers to consider themselves members of the middle class. What conclusions should be drawn by the sensible Labour politician?

He would do well to start by facing the fact that among manual workers and their wives "materialists of the Left" hold some views in common with "materialists of the Right." The former vote Labour and the latter vote Conservative, but both groups, in defining a good political party, are agreed in attaching most importance to a party which would make the country more prosperous, would do most for world peace, and would do most to prevent nuclear war; lower down the scale of attractions their agreement extends to the equal weight they give to a party which would give more chances to the person who wants to better himself. In other words, they see eye to eye in their emphasis on peace and material prosperity. What separates the two groups, however, is that "materialists of the Left" find much more to attract them in a party which stands mainly for the working class and is out to raise the standard of living of ordinary people. Should they cease to be preoccupied with their working-class status and cease to regard themselves as part of the "ordinary people" then they are liable to move closer to the position of the

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"materialists of the Right." General social trends are, in fact, likely to lead them to make this shift. What might hold them back from making the complete transition and becoming Conservative supporters would be their present comparatively high concern (high as compared with the views of Right materialists) to support a party which believes in fair treatment for all races and creeds and which would extend the welfare services and help the underdog.

In short, present-day materialists of the Left can be held as loyal Labour supporters, despite increasing affluence and increasing educational opportunities for working-class children, on certain conditions. These are that Labour establishes its uniqueness as a political party on the following grounds: that it is not a one-class party; that it welcomes greater prosperity for all; that it is able to ensure this prosperity; that it is urgently concerned to help the underprivileged irrespective of their class affiliations; and that it opposes racial discrimination. Obviously it must also convince these materialists that it can, far more effectively than the Conservatives, provide the country with a government that will help to ensure world peace. Almost all these appeals are, in fact, those which are of most importance to those manual workers who already consider themselves to be middle class and yet vote Labour; their difference from those describing themselves as working class consists largely of a greater emphasis on moral ends and less concern with more prosperity.

A SUCCESSFUL POLICY along these lines, however, would merely enable the Labour Party to hold its present strength. For victory it would need some gains from manual workers who regard themselves as middle class and currently turn towards the Conservatives. The road to their support would seem to be through two main additions to the policies for Labour already described: the Labour Party must put much greater emphasis on its readiness and ability to make the country more prosperous; and, secondly, it must produce solid evidence that the party has a team of top leaders united behind these policies. In these two additions there is nothing alien to the programme of a socialist party; on the contrary, they should be an integral part of it.

Further Observations on Mrs. Huxley

By Edward Shils

THERE ARE many points at which Mrs. Huxley and I are in agreement. On the important issues on which we disagree, I hold to my side of the disagreement with much respect and sympathy for her apprehensions, so passionate and sombre, about the future of Africa. But points of agreement and sympathy notwithstanding, the differences between her standpoint and mine are fundamental ones. Our differences are not exclusively about the facts of life in the new states of Africa; they derive, rather, from divergent ethical postulates. Mrs. Huxley is against the "liberals," while I think that, whatever the oddities of those Europeans who argued and acted on behalf of African freedom, they were on the right side morally. Mrs. Huxley is basically concerned with rendering judgment on past deeds; I am more concerned with the assignment of responsibility for the future.

THIS DISAGREEMENT ABOUT FUNDAMENTALS is manifest in our disagreement about the moral value of African freedom. Mrs. Huxley says that I have misunderstood her attitude, since she believes that "colonialism in Africa is a dead duck." This leaves us in disagreement. One may acknowledge the death of a duck and still mourn for it. I do not go so far as to say that Mrs. Huxley mourns for colonialism, but she also does not show that she regards African freedom as a phenomenon claiming her moral affirmation. What I criticised in Mrs. Huxley's article was her reluctance to acknowledge, not the inevitability or the present existence of African freedom, but its legitimacy according to universally avowable moral standards. She does not deny this legitimacy explicitly; but at the same time, she says not a word, either in her article or in her rejoinder, in approval of the principle of African self-government. Even if Mrs. Huxley were to reply that she takes its desirability for granted, her silence, in the face of my own extended argument for it, seems to me to show that I am not battering against an open door.

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For Mrs. Huxley, African freedom seems to be at best a morally neutral fact. I regard it as a great moral advance, like the improvement of the welfare and status of the working classes, or the improvement in the status of women, or the improvement in the treatment of children. African freedom is, in fact, a part of the growth in moral equality—unique in world history and the great achievement of modern times. It is part of the general extension to the whole human race of the dignity which was, for hundreds of years, reserved for an "establishment," an invisible aristocratic republic, of white adult males of the middle and upper classes of the Western societies. The advent of African freedom, with all its difficulties, requires something more affirmative than the simple acknowledgment of its inevitability.

THE VISIBLE CENTRE of Mrs. Huxley's argument is the matter-of-fact proposition that the prospects of a decent African modernity which would be "humane, liberal, open and socially and economically progressive" are most unpromising. To her earlier analysis of the irrepressibility of indigenous and retrograde tradition, she now adds the qualifying clause that Africa will become modern in the sense that China, Russia, Indonesia, and Yugoslavia are modern, but not modern in my sense of the term. To this, I reply that the modernity of Russia, China, and Yugoslavia is a tyrannically deformed manifestation of potentialities which are inherent in the process of modernisation. And if Africa has a good chance to become modern in this deformed and contorted way, it also has a chance to become more humanely, more fully, modern.

Modernity is not just an advanced technology with a complex division of labour, nor is it merely a relatively higher standard of living; it is not just a bureaucracy recruited and organised on relatively rational principles. Modernity is an opening up of the creative powers of ordinary people; it involves an appreciation of their rights and potentialities as individuals, of their capacities for expression, for happiness, for knowledge.

The countries which Mrs. Huxley cites as indicative of a probable African path are not modern countries[1]; they are all repressive and tyrannical—Yugoslavia perhaps less than Russia and China, Russia less than China; but they are all tyrannies none the less. They have, to varying degrees, modernised their technology and especially their technology of mass-communication; they have been very successful in persuading many educated persons in the West who ought to know better that they are fully modern countries, free, liberal, and democratic; but in reality, they maintain themselves by suppressing, often very crudely and cruelly, the tendency towards openness and liberality that is necessarily associated with the growth of education and the improvement of the material conditions of the mass of the population.

Of course, Mrs. Huxley might be correct in her prediction that the new African states will follow this path of partial modernisation to its end. They might become tyrannical oligarchies with relatively efficient administration and a technology more advanced than what they have at present, with more productive economies, and with a more inclusive system of education. But the chances are probably as great that they will become more fully modern, because the processes that will make it possible for them to become partially so will also make it equally likely that they will become more fully—and that means more liberally—modern. The higher education which they will have to institute in order to create the requisite supply of secondary-school and university teachers and administrative and technical experts also creates, willy-nilly, the possibility of a better modernity. Modern higher education, if it is conducted reasonably well—as it is being conducted in the new universities and colleges of English-speaking Africa—is not going to produce only dull sticks, time-servers, and pliant technicians. If the intelligently and responsibly critical are not swamped by time-servers and are not left in discouragement and isolation, they will be a powerful force for a good society.

Under the guidance of some of their indigenous traditions and through the inspiration of the available Communist models, the élites of the new states of Africa can become as capable as any other of arresting their opponents, of suspecting subversion when there is only constitutional disagreement, and of mistaking a coerced conformity for enthusiastic assent. Such opposition parties as exist are capable of all the exasperating obstruction and petty carpings of oppositions anywhere. None the less, Africa does have an advantage over China, Yugoslavia, and Russia, in the sense that most of its élites have no doctrines which commit them to tyranny. Most of them are neither Bolshevik, Fascist, nor even Kemalist in principle; the imperatives of "the African personality" are sufficiently multi-faced and

[1] There is no point to discussing Indonesia as a modern society. It is scarcely a society at all, as a result of its ecological scatter, the miserable provision made by the Dutch for education, the chaos left behind by the Japanese and at the end of the war by the Dutch during their brief re-occupations, and, finally, the incompetence of the Indonesian political élite.

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ambiguous to permit considerable measures of democracy and liberalism even if they do not demand them. The African élites, and those in their circles of liberal inclination, also have another advantage which they perhaps do not regard as such and which they sometimes would like to refuse. They are quick to react to enlightened and liberal opinion in the metropolis —the opinion that aided them in their quest for independence and which Mrs. Huxley deplores and from which she wishes to dissociate herself.

Beyond the internal stresses which she thinks would lead Africa off the path of liberal modernity, Mrs. Huxley sees two important factors arising out of Africa's relations in the wider world and helping to establish coercive oligarchy as its main governmental form. These are, first, the attractiveness of the Communist model, which ostensibly fits African needs and "has the advantage of apparent freedom from . . . colonialist 'taint.'" The other is the "strength of racial hatred felt towards the white ex-colonialists and not *all* dissipated by political freedom."

Neither of these factors is quite as she depicts it. It is true that the Communist countries are courting Africans very energetically; it is also true that, in the generation of young and callow students, their aspirations are met by a very receptive disposition. As the Communists press on with their courtship, offering Africans more favours, flattering them, indulging them, they will very likely generate disillusionment. Like most people, Africans enjoy flattery, but they are also suspicious of it. They have a sense for genuineness which is affronted by gross flattery and the interestedness of the motives which impel it. I do not say that this uneasiness in the presence of flattery will counteract its seductions or that it will outweigh the ostensibly rational fittingness of the Communist model to African conditions. It is, however, a factor which has to be borne in mind in estimating the chances for modern democratic régimes in Africa, and it is not negligible.

About the African hatred of the white West: there is, as always, much truth in what Mrs. Huxley says. Africans, like Asians and any once-colonised people—people cast into the shadowed peripheries of a powerful metropolitan culture —often do hate the "white" societies and culture of the West. But they do not only hate them; they admire them at least as much. They are deeply attached in spite of all ambivalence. Their attachment might have in it some trace of the "Mannoni-syndrome," but they also admire important features of Western society and culture for very respectable reasons. They do not admire them just because the West once ruled in Africa and because the only way to get on with the alien ruler was to placate him by imitation.[2] Africans are attached to the better sides of the West because it embodies values to which they have become profoundly attached —personal liberty, privacy, a chance to take a critical attitude towards things, a chance to make one's own individual way, a chance to enjoy some more sophisticated pleasures in personal relationships and in culture. They did not learn these values from books alone, and they certainly did not learn them by imitation. They learned them by experience and by contrast with the more restrictive atmosphere in which they grew up. Of course, the values are not all they see in life, and their lives would be too narrow if they were. None the less, they constitute the strands of a tough tie, a tie tough enough to endure personal slights and collective insults as well as the power of their loyalty to their own indigenous traditions.

Not all Africans share this attachment, and Mrs. Huxley is right when she emphasises that many Africans do not wish for a society which is "liberal, humanitarian, open and economically and socially progressive." Some are indifferent to it and others are absolutely adverse to it. But Mrs. Huxley recognises that there are these others—and they are not always obscure or without influence in their societies. It is our responsibility to support them in whatever way we can, not because they might support the West against the Communist countries, but simply because we owe it to the universal moral standards to which we profess to be loyal.[3]

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[2] It was not, as a matter of fact, the best way of pleasing the white ruler, who often expressed contempt for the educated native and preferred the "old-fashioned fellow" in the bush.

[3] Mrs. Huxley, being more pessimistic than I am about Africa—and I am no more a wild optimist about Africa than I am about anything else in this world—thinks that I do not see the alternatives with enough discrimination. She thinks that I see only the alternatives of colonialism or of decent more or less democratic liberal progressive African States. Of course I don't. I did indicate that Africa might become a "continent of oligarchies, self-righteously repressive and mixing some ambitious efficiency with much slovenliness." I am, however, much more concerned to strengthen the chances of a liberal Africa than I am to vindicate my arguments of three months ago.

It is, therefore, not to defend my own conception of the alternatives open to Africa, but to trouble the meretricious good consciences of African oligarchs and their friends in the West, that I wish to take sharp exception to Mrs. Huxley's notion that the only way for the new states to avoid disaggregation is to follow the Ghanaian path towards "some form of personal and/or one-party dictatorship." There is no convincing evidence that the unity of Ghana was really threatened

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THE AFRICANS might or might not get a good modern society. The fears of Mrs. Huxley and the hopes of Mr. Hodgkin might well be realised. The chances of emergence of this modern society in Africa will be largely set by what happens in their own countries and in their own continent. Their progress is, however partly, dependent on economic assistance, on technical aid, and on educational co-operation from abroad. For this reason, and because they are so responsive to what is said and happens abroad, it will also be sensibly affected by our own moral sentiments and convictions. It will be particularly affected by the cultivation and training which we give them in our own educational institutions and in those they build in their own countries, with or without our aid, and which they staff with the help of expatriates from our countries. The kind of aid we give them and the effect it has will be influenced by our beliefs about what kind of society the Africans wish, the kind of African society we would like to see, and what the Africans believe about our attitudes towards them and our conceptions of them.

If we believe, as Mrs. Huxley does, that Africans are doomed to an illiberal oligarchy, or, as Mr. Hodgkin seems to do, that they need such an oligarchy with populistic adornments for their own improvement, the kind of help they get from us will be different from what we should give them if we have other conceptions of their needs, desires, and possibilities. If we believe that at best the Africans are capable of only a mediocre oligarchy, making a bit of economic progress here and there, fit only to be hewers of wood and drawers of water, then the policies which we will follow will be different from those we will follow if we think that, in twenty-five or fifty or a hundred years, Africans will be able to develop genuinely modern societies, in which creativity will be given its opportunity, in which individuality can develop, and in which divergent conceptions of the common good will be freely canvassed and responsibly espoused and pursued.

BUT WHAT we do in co-operation with the Africans is not solely a function of our assessment of their present condition and their possibilities. It is a function too of our deepest moral attitudes towards the Africans and, above all, of the extent to which we assimilate the Africans into our imaginative universe as morally of the same substance as ourselves.

This brings me once more to my main difference with Mrs. Huxley. It is not that her analysis is implausible or incorrect. I do not challenge much of her observation about what Africa has been or is. To deny the understanding which her gifts of intelligence and imagination, and her years of residence, study, and travel, have conferred on her would be an egregious effrontery on my part of which I should not wish to be guilty. None the less, I contest her predictions for reasons which I gave two months ago and in the foregoing paragraphs: the apparently stable often collapses in an astonishingly short time; there is much attachment to liberal and humane values in Africa; African politicians are not doctrinaire; the Communist courtship is not unequivocal in its consequences.

In a deeper sense, however, I contest her predictions because the future of Africa is not just a matter of detached prediction. There is no fatality in anything in which we are engaged;

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before Dr. Nkrumah began his persecution of the Ashanti-based opposition party or that the unity of the country has been saved by his repressive measures. Indeed, it is reasonable to assert that tribalism will be less dangerous in countries which do not try to press every section of the society into a single and exclusive loyalty. Coercive "pulling together" will only breed bitterness and non-compliance.

There is a tendency, among those who have no confidence in the capacity of Africans to rule themselves in a reasonably liberal fashion, to welcome such actions as Dr. Nkrumah's as convincing evidence for their low opinion of African political capacities. Such occurrences are alleged to show that black men cannot rule themselves as well as white men; and they also serve to discomfit the "liberals" who hope that they can. The arguments are unpersuasive and the motives dubious. But these are unimportant. What is important is the effect of such arguments, which encourage and give good conscience to the suppressors of liberty and which dismay the liberal Africans, already afflicted with heavy enough burdens.

Mrs. Huxley's arguments are not too different from Mr. Thomas Hodgkin's, who, for other reasons, welcomes oligarchy in Africa. Mr. Hodgkin is one of those old-fashioned men who think it is good for other people to live under tyrannical régimes if they go under the false colours of peoples' democracies—apparently having learned nothing from the testimonials about the virtues of peoples' democracies delivered in Berlin in June 1953, and in Budapest and Warsaw in October 1956. Mr. Hodgkin condemns the African élites to go through those same disillusioning experiences and to learn for themselves that all the talk about people's democracy, mobilisation of the masses, etc., are simply terms of populistic cant designed to transfigure the harsh facts of tyranny.

The pressure towards repressive oligarchy is already strong enough within the new African states. It does not need the comforting support, delivered from such different standpoints, of Mr. Hodgkin and Mrs. Huxley.

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our own will, action, and demeanour are as important as what is inherited in determining the outcome of any situation which exists in the present.

This being so, the educated Africans are placed in the very centre of the scene. It is they who, more than any other Africans, contain, in themselves, the seed of a liberal African modernity. If it withers in them, it will not grow in another part of the African soil. At present, we intellectuals outside of Africa share the responsibility for the protection and cultivation of that seed. We share the responsibility in our connections with mature and already established African intellectuals as friends and colleagues—not just as objects of detached analysis and comment. Our responsibility towards them is especially great because they are few in number and are separated from their colleagues elsewhere in Africa and in the rest of the world, and because their institutions are new and in need of our co-operation. We share the responsibility particularly with regard to the younger generation of intellectuals still undergoing training in our institutions abroad or in their own countries, often under the guidance of our own pupils. As students, they read the books, journals, periodicals, and papers which we write; and they still are, and, I hope, only temporarily, dependent on us for the inspiration which will enable them to persist, discover, and create.

It therefore behoves us to root out of ourselves every trace of condescension and contempt —and to avoid equally the smarmy beslavering of the "spade-lovers" who are as obnoxious and contemptible as those who practise the former and opposite vices. We must incorporate the African intellectuals into our community, judging them by the same standards we use in judging ourselves and our fellow-countrymen and our colleagues in any country. When this community is formed by mutual attachments and devotion to common standards, differences of opinion can never shake the fraternal participation in a transcendant substance.[4]

I KNOW THAT I AM talking about something vague, but it is real none the less. I think that Mrs. Huxley does not share this fraternal participation. It is because she does not quite incorporate the African intellectuals into her image of the intellectual community as she conceives it that she has somehow failed to find the right idiom for talking of what she disapproves in what she also wishes well. She says, "to pull one's punches because people are black seems to me as wrong as to punch them on the nose for the same reason." She is right, but still... the metaphors raise sad questions in one's mind. More significantly, however, the antithesis is really irrelevant. Good and truthful criticism can be made in a context of affection; the former will be acceptable if the latter is clearly evident.

There is criticism from within and criticism from the outside. There is criticism which assumes the rational capacities of the criticised in a dialogue supported by affection; and there is criticism which is concerned to put the criticised in the wrong, to score points off them. Much of the criticism which Africans receive in the British popular press is of the latter sort and, although infinitely superior in understanding and knowledge to the criticism in the gutter press, so I felt was Mrs. Huxley's. Criticism of this sort, even when based on the deep knowledge which Mrs. Huxley possesses, is bound to offend the persons to whom it is directed, and to alienate them from the standards we would like to share with them.

MRS. HUXLEY'S conception of the two possibilities of criticism is integral to the other parts of her argument. She frequently appears to stand outside when looking at the present or future, instead of regarding herself, as she should, as a creative and influential part of what she contemplates. This becomes clear when she clarifies her attitude towards the liberals who came in for such a rough treatment in her original article. Mrs. Huxley, making her charges more specific now, asserts that the liberals, by their liberalism in the metropolis, accelerated the emancipation of Africa beyond the capacity of the Africans to carry it off effectively according to liberal standards.

Like nearly everything which Mrs. Huxley asserts, there is much truth in the proposition that the African states would now be better off if they had come to independence with a well-established African civil service, a high-grade corps of responsible parliamentary politicians, a

[4] When I wrote my objections against Mrs. Huxley's original article, I insisted that she took too disparaging an attitude towards the "graduates and been-to's." She wrote there, for instance, that "our universities are full of eager students preparing to return with the principles of democracy, trade unions, superannuation, logical positivism and nitrogenous fertilisers packed into their briefcases, and with any luck, a junior ministership awaiting them at the other end." This collocation of subjects seems derisive in intention.

I felt that much else in the original was touched with this tone, and the impression was not eradicated by the good will which she expressed at the very end of her article, and which she reiterates in her rejoinder to me.

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good educational system, some first-rate universities largely staffed by Africans. Of course, African countries—and any countries elsewhere in the world—would make better use of their freedom if they possessed a highly qualified civil service, an educated and civic-spirited electorate, a substantial reservoir of educated persons, etc. It is an unfortunate fact that most of the African countries—even Nigeria, which is the best situated—did not come into independence with this equipment. It is not the fault of Africans that they did not, it is not even the fault of the colonisers. It is certainly not the fault of the colonial officials, and it is outlandish to say that it is the fault of the liberals.

It is a product of the historical fact that when the European élites, and particularly the British, were of a mind to expand their dominions over foreign peoples, they were not at the same time of a mind to concern themselves about the welfare of the ordinary people in any country—not even in their own, and certainly not in Asia or Africa. Thus, at the height of imperial majesty, the native population was allowed to languish in this indigenous squalor, and little action was taken to prepare its members for sharing in the ruling of their own lives.

At about this time—in the second half, perhaps more precisely in the last quarter, of the 19th century—the great moral change which is one of the major achievements of Western civilisation began to extend itself from Britain to the Indian Empire. British liberalism, the humanitarian liberalism of Bentham and Mill, took a firm root in India. It was not as a result of the agitation of frivolous asses in Soho or of light-hearted dandies and blades from St. John's Wood or Hampstead that the noble liberalism already so strong in Britain found such a ready reception in India. The Indians wanted it, and for the worthiest motives.

The spirit of humanitarian liberalism moved by an entelechy of its own. It was the same moral process which made the Indians wish to rule themselves and which made the constantly growing sections of the British élite increasingly sceptical about the rightfulness of imposing an alien rule on peoples with whom they had no deep affinity. Once it became obvious that India had sooner or later to rule itself, it began to become almost equally apparent that Africans would also have to be allowed to do the same.

More should have been done earlier, in India and especially in Africa. Successive British governments after the Second World War have done much in Africa, but the result, although admirable, is still meagre in quantity. It surely would have been better if the "liberals" of fifty and twenty-five years ago had stressed the need for universities in colonial territories where they did not exist and for better ones where, as in India, they did exist, to a greater extent than they did. Had they done so, however, they would only have intensified the pressure for emancipation, rather than moderating it. The very actions which would have made for a better preparation for liberty would have fortified the insistence on it. So instead of a slowdown, there would have been an intensification.

Hence, whatever the insufficiency of the preparation for effective liberal self-government, once modern education had reached a certain point, which in India had been reached very early and in Africa by not later than the inter-war period, the demand for self-government—for liberal self-government—was a certainty. The demand in Asia and Africa was a part of the world-wide moral transformation, which goes on unceasingly, albeit unevenly. It was not an accidental "wind of change" which provided the force. It was something less mysterious, namely, a growing respect for the human qualities of human beings, of which modern liberal education is one of the chief manifestations and agents. Once it began, it created the demand for more and more of the same thing—for enlightenment, individuality, autonomy.

Thus the movement for sovereignty in Africa was a product of modern liberalism, of modern liberalism in the very best sense. When cranks and irresponsibles threw themselves into the movement, they were only adding their weight to the greater weight of enlightenment and to the self-expansive tendencies of individuality. The pace might have varied, but not the direction. In any case, what is done is done, and the pace at which the past yielded to the present can no longer be changed.

It is the present and the future that concern us. Until that future happens it is not inevitable. Whatever form it takes will be the result not only of what the dead and retired have done but of what the living and active do now and in the future. To repine for lost opportunities, although it has a melancholy and tender beauty, is an expression of indifference to the future. As long as we are alive, there is always hope; but if that hope is to be realised, we must begin by seeing ourselves as responsible agents and not merely as detached observers.

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On the Monarchy

A Reply to Malcolm Muggeridge — By HENRY FAIRLIE

I AM NOT at all sure that it is not the critics of the Monarchy who, alone in Britain today, exaggerate its importance.

I have a friend who cannot bear the sight of Princess Anne. Although he is otherwise a self-controlled person, a photograph of her, especially if she is giving that condescending little wave, or stir, which has become one of the inherited graces of the British Royal Family, moves him to a hysterical rage. I have known him spread out, on the floor in his office, every morning newspaper which carried a picture of her, and even send out his secretary for more, solely in order to feed his consuming indignation. I have seen his fingers quiver as he points at her haircut, his lips go pale as he rails at her coat, or her hat, even at her shoes. And this is a man who, from time to time, sees fit to lecture the British people for taking the Monarchy too seriously. Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge's article in the July issue of ENCOUNTER irresistibly reminded me of him. Obsession with the Monarchy is not all on one side.

There is, in some respects, a curiously impersonal quality about Mr. Muggeridge's argument, which makes me suspect it from the start. No member of the Royal Family is mentioned, except in passing; no action or word of any member of the Royal Family is ever given in illustration, or explanation, of a general point. *"The Queen and I,"* the article is entitled; but the Queen, at least, is conspicuously absent. Mr. Muggeridge may reply that he was discussing the institution or the system. But this, surely, is an inadequate answer when the institution and the system are so personal as the British Monarchy: it would, to take an analogy which seems appropriate to the occasion and the subject, be a curious article, of some five thousand words, which sought to explain the British turf without at least discreetly analysing the composition of the Jockey Club.

But there is a more serious objection to Mr. Muggeridge's impersonal argument than that. In Marc Bloch's testament, *Strange Defeat*, there occurs a passage which might profitably be taken to heart by every journalist, as well as every historian:

> I referred a while back to the "High Command." But scarcely had my pen left the words than the historian in me was shocked by their use. For the ABC of my trade consists in avoiding high-sounding abstract terms. Those who teach history should be continually concerned with the task of seeking the solid and the concrete behind the empty and the abstract. In other words, it is on men rather than functions that they should concentrate their attention.

Mr. Muggeridge speaks much of the perils of dreams. Abstractions also have their perils, and the impossibility of discovering, at any point in his article, against whom he is railing for what, leads one to suspect that he is obsessed with a figment of his own making, and not with anything which actually exists on this earth below.

IN THE *Spectator* of November 8th, 1957, I wrote an article, entitled *"Anatomy of Hysteria,"* in which I attempted to analyse the letters of abuse which Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge and Lord Altrincham had received during the preceding weeks, and I there expressed my horror at the hysteria which their criticisms of the Monarchy had provoked. I still shudder at the memory of those letters, the awfulness of which cannot be conveyed to anyone who did not read them. I have not the slightest doubt of the value of having about us the kind of critics of established institutions and conceptions, of whom Mr. Muggeridge is the most irrepressible and, on many occasions, the most stimulating. I take issue with him firmly, only because I think he is a long way off target, and that his obsessive criticisms of the Monarchy are a dangerous deflection of our minds from more serious subjects. It is, I would have thought, time that we had learned to live with the Monarchy, without, if I may so put it, always having to make a King Charles's Head of it.

MR. MUGGERIDGE'S main theme—it is one of his favourites, whatever he takes for his topic—is the absurd contrast between appearances and what he considers to be reality. "With all the appurtenances of supreme authority," he writes, "the Monarch has come to exercise none. Any rural district councillor, in practice, has more to say in the conduct of public affairs." Now, this is simply untrue, and

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Mr. Muggeridge must know it. (It is curious to recall that it is not very long since the main complaint of the critics of the Monarchy was that it exercised too much hidden authority: this was certainly the complaint made, until recently, of George V's behaviour during the constitutional crisis of 1931.) The fact is that the evidence available to us makes it clear that the Sovereign still exercises considerable power, even if this power commonly takes the form only of personal influence, is an expression only of the constitutional right to be consulted, to advise, and to warn.

There are several examples of the exercise of this personal influence in Sir Harold Nicolson's *Life of King George V*, and the little evidence available to us about the use of his position of influence by King George VI suggests that tradition and habit—to say nothing of hereditary streaks of character—combine strongly to ensure that the right to advise and to warn is not something which either the Sovereign or his Ministers take lightly. If anything, the present reign is likely to see a steady increase in the influence of the Sovereign. Mr. Muggeridge bashfully claims that he has no knowledge of the present members of the Royal Family. But I am sure that he does know that the present Queen is reputed to be a very strong-willed young woman, able and ready to make her views known and heeded, that she has, at worst, a strong streak of Hanoverian pig-headedness, and, at best, an unusual strength of character and clarity of purpose. This is of no little importance: even Lytton Strachey was, in the end, no match for the character of Queen Victoria, and this may well be the reason why Mr. Muggeridge chooses to ignore the known character of her great-great-granddaughter.

Of no less importance is the fact that the present Queen is likely to reign for a very long time: longer, perhaps, even than Queen Victoria. The length of Queen Victoria's reign, her accumulated experience, her growing personal ascendancy over Ministers who naturally stood in awe of so formidable an historical figure, her ascendancy even over the heads of foreign powers, even when they were not her own children or grandchildren: all these were an important reason for the exceptional influence which she came to exercise. There seems every possibility that the present Queen will increasingly come to occupy something of the same position. However much the facts of power may change, the influence of an experienced and knowing old woman, who had been at the head of her State for fifty years while heads of the U.S.A. or the U.S.S.R. or even the Chinese Republic had come and gone, could not count for nothing—even in the world which Mr. Muggeridge sometimes fearfully imagines will exist in 2002.

How do we expect this exceptional position of influence, which confers real personal power, to be used? Much, and the answer, again, is best given in personal terms, as George V interpreted his duties and, so far as we know, George VI also. George V had a strict and unerring understanding of the important conventions of the constitution: this proved to be of untold value during the crisis of January, 1924, when he resisted the most powerful pressures which were put on him to keep the Labour Party out of office. To his instinctive behaviour on that occasion we can, in part, attribute the development of the Labour Party within the Parliamentary system instead of outside it, at a time when Left-wing movements throughout Europe became émigré groups within their own countries.

Holding the ring—for this is what such conduct is—is not confined to strict constitutional questions. In Sir Harold Nicolson's biography, there are many examples of George V's anxiety that the dominant party or even interest should not, *so far as it was within his power to influence decisions*, ride roughshod over the rights of any of his people. Twice during the General Strike, for example, he spontaneously and effectively intervened to prevent the more extreme elements in the Conservative Government from unjustly or cruelly treating the strikers. Interventions of this kind cannot be ignored, and neither can their importance. It is no small thing, in an age of strong party government, to have excesses of party spirit rebuked by one to whom Ministers are constitutionally bound to listen; and that they do listen is apparent from all that we know of the Labour Governments of 1945–51, and the little that we know of the history of the Conservative Governments which have held office since then.

It is apt to make people uncomfortable to-day to talk of duty, especially of duty in high places. But no one can read the biographies of George V and George VI, which are not sycophantic, without realising that it was a simple, almost naïve, conception of their duty to their subjects, all their subjects, for it affected even George V's attitude to the Indian question, which inspired most of their actions, and certainly their actions at all critical moments. I state this as a cold fact, which no one who is not blinded by preconception can fail to recognise in the available evidence. It is equally apparent, from the available evidence, that the very simplicity of this conception of duty has normally had, and cannot fail normally to have, a softening and civilising influence on those engaged in the embittering struggle for power. There are ideas and conceptions, as Professor Butterfield has reminded us, which are none the

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less real merely because it is only thinking which has made them so.

MARC BLOCH'S ACCOUNT of the collapse of France is 1940 is, for the comparisons it affords, not irrelevant to the point I am trying to make. He there accuses the rulers and seducers of the French people before 1940 of showing "complete ignorance of the high nobility which lies unexpressed in the hearts of a people which, like ours, has behind it a long history of political action." It is not a sentimental, but a precise point which he makes: it is the length of a people's political tradition to which he draws our attention, and the failure of the inherent nobility of the French political tradition to find worthy expression before and during 1940. A similar nobility, inherent in the British political tradition, did find expression in 1940. It is a foolhardy man, surely, who believes that the contrast had nothing to do with the expression of the tradition through, not only the Monarchy as an institution, but also the personal characters and examples set by George V and George VI.

The ingraining of this tradition in the British Royal Family—and I cannot see how it could more surely be accomplished than by the passing on of a tradition within a family—seems to me of real value to the country. It is for this reason that most of the sentimental talk about the education of a modern Sovereign is so alarmingly irrelevant. Day by day, week by week, year by year, the Queen is invited, by her self-appointed advisers, to send her eldest child to a State school, to "bring him up like other children": advice which may be relevant to the education of a citizen, but not to the education of a constitutional Sovereign. There seems to be little doubt that the inculcation of the habits of mind and behaviour of a constitutional Sovereign has been successfully achieved in the cases of George V, George VI, and the present Queen. I see no reason why we should be prepared to barter the prospect of a first-class Sovereign for the certainty of yet another second-class citizen. It seems a mean exchange.

IT IS CURIOUS that Mr. Muggeridge, who is rightly anxious that people should adapt themselves to the realities of their changed positions, does not understand the role of the Monarchy in helping to make the uncomfortable facts of life acceptable. It is easy to laugh at the sight of the Labour Ministers of 1924, attired, a little ridiculously, in Court dress. But, except to a few irreconcilables of the Left, the pomp and the display were a small price to pay for the visible evidence that the Sovereign, the known repository of the nation's political experience, had accepted the Labour Party as his advisers, and had accepted them in the same manner and with the same marks of respect, given and received, as the representatives of either of the two established, middle-class, parties.

Nor do I understand how Mr. Muggeridge, and those who argue like him, can deny the value of the Monarchy in making even more difficult changes, not only popularly acceptable, but acceptable even to those most likely not to be reconciled to them. The transference of power in British territories since 1945 has been made considerably easier by the presence and actions, even by the courtesy, of the two reigning monarchs. Again, one may smile at the speed with which Mr. Nehru or even Archbishop Makarios is transformed from being one of Her Majesty's guests-in-prison into one of Her Majesty's guests at Buckingham Palace. But he seems to me someone ill-qualified to observe or comment on public affairs who denies the importance of such things. Those pictures of "The Queen and her Ministers," which are reproduced on the back page of *The Times* at every Commonwealth conference, are worth contemplating. One may, like Mr. Muggeridge, sometimes wryly observe that the number of Prime Ministers seems to increase in direct proportion as the number of territories directly subject to Her Majesty declines. But in the end, one must, if one is not jaundiced, admit that they are a notable tribute to the capacity of the British for accepting inevitable change. The acceptance of reality in Algeria might have been considerably easier for the *colons* and the Army, if there had been the symbol of an accepted Sovereign to emphasise the continuity which exists in all established societies in spite of actual change. It becomes less necessary to cry *Algerie Française*, or something like it, when the fiction of the headship of the Commonwealth makes visible the abiding connections which unite one society to another.

THE SYMBOLIC MEANING of the Monarchy is the most important and at the same time the most difficult and confusing of all its many aspects. What does the Monarchy mean to those who cherish it? This question must be answered with more than a little care for other people's needs and feelings. It may well be that the Monarchy is less necessary to the articulate than the inarticulate, to Mr. Muggeridge than Mrs. Mop. But I am not so sure of this. As I have said, Mr. Muggeridge seems to me to betray just as foolish an obsession with the Monarchy as the most bedazzled reader of *Woman* and *Woman's Own*. The value of the Monarchy to me, personally, seems to me to be of much the same order as its value to those less inclined to examine their own attitudes and

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their own motives. "We smile at the *Court Circular*; but remember how many people read the *Court Circular*!" says Bagehot in one of his more offensively, intellectually arrogant sentences. "Its use is not in what it says, but in those to whom it speaks." I do not deny that the Monarchy speaks directly and intelligibly to me.

If we are to believe Mr. Muggeridge, the Monarchy symbolises obsequiousness; sycophancy; snobbishness; class-consciousness; social mountaineering; dreamland; earthly pretensions; and circuses. It is obvious that all of these are commingled in the popular conception of the Monarchy, but I find this neither surprising nor, in itself, alarming. Obsequiousness, sycophancy, snobbishness, and the like, seem to me, unhappily, to be inevitable components of all human societies—I am not sure that they are not their lubrication; an oily mixture, I agree—and I object to them only when they corrupt or seriously interfere with the legitimate exercise of real power. If deference and snobbishness have to be, I am much more ready that they should be focused on the Monarchy than on those who hold effective power or effective wealth. It is far preferable that the vanities of ordinary men should find their outlet in deference to the Queen than, say, in deference to Mr. Cecil King. I agree that the weaknesses of human beings are often irritating, but we must learn to live with them.

But are we sure that it is obsequiousness, snobbishness, and the rest, for which, for most people, the Monarchy provides an outlet? No one will dispute that the nonsense which is written to-day about the Monarchy is frightening. But I wonder how much of sycophancy and snobbishness it cultivates. One of the remarkable facts is the way in which the present Queen has maintained her won position, above the gush and the mush which is poured out daily about the Monarchy. Let us try to be sensible about this, and discuss the Queen, which Mr. Muggeridge revealingly fails to do at any point in his article, as an ordinary person doing an important job. In the ten years of her reign, she has managed to divorce herself almost completely from the unwelcome clap-trap which is written about her. It is a notable personal achievement, comparable to that of her grandfather when he transformed the Monarchy into a genuinely popular institution.

There are habits of the Queen which I, like Mr. Muggeridge, find irritating. I must confess that I wish she did not always look happiest when looking a horse in the mouth. But a liking for horses and horse-racing seems to me an innocent enough relaxation, shared (although not by me) by a large number of people in the country. I have no desire to see any Sovereign of mine give up horse-racing for art galleries, or museums, or learned societies. I certainly do not wish to see the Monarchy attempt to give leadership in either the artistic or the intellectual life of the country. It would be a bore, for one thing; but it might even be an actual danger, setting standards in fields in which it was not competent to do so. At least, the Royal Family should know something about breeding, thus making its interest in bloodstock both relevant and even of some value to the nation. I am not sure that the country approves—I certainly do not—of the Germanic eagerness with which the Duke of Edinburgh tries to emulate the Prince Consort by giving us heavy intellectual instruction: if the Royal Family wishes to interfere in the arts or in intellectual pursuits, it should be confined, as in the case of Mr. Anthony Armstrong-Jones, to the designing of bird-cages.

Much of the criticism of the Monarchy, in fact, is a hidden plea to make it more important. This was, at the time, most obvious in Lord Altrincham's plea that the Queen and members of the Royal Family should begin to make speeches which were not just a collection of clichés. Shades of Pym and Hampden! Did we not execute one king, and boot out another, just to ensure that their successors would confine themselves to clichés in public? Not so long ago, when the dispute about National Service was at its height, the Duke of Edinburgh made a speech urging the value of an enforced period of training in the services; it was what might have been expected of a boy from Gordonstoun. The speech was, rightly, regarded as a direct intervention by the Monarchy in a major political issue, and the Duke of Edinburgh could well have been in serious trouble if it had not been for the restraint of the then Secretary of State for War, Mr. Emanuel Shinwell. We have fought a long battle, over the centuries, to confine the activity of the Monarchy within carefully defined and jealously watched limits. It is curious to see so many of the critics of the Monarchy inviting the Queen to break bounds and take a lead in matters which are not her direct concern.

It may be admitted that the Queen herself has behaved, during the past ten years, with great restraint, tact, dignity, and common-sense, but still be argued that the rest of the Royal Family, and the Court which surrounds it, encourage obsequiousness and snobbishness. I doubt whether this is true. The Duke of Edinburgh attracts the same kind of attention as does any clean-limbed film star, and he plays the role felicitously; Princess Margaret has, in the past, invited the same kind of curiosity as is normally given to Hollywood and Broadway stars: there

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has always hung about her the tempting hint of scandals to come; Mr. Anthony Armstrong-Jones has not been, and perhaps never will be, placed in the public mind; the Duke of Kent has supplied innocent, light-hearted relief; the Duke of Gloucester has affected everyone by his readiness to stand for hours in the pouring rain at Dover or Northolt, in order to welcome minor royalty from the Continent; the Lascelles brothers have offered some tame, off-beat, interest; the Queen Mother has, rightly, established herself as a very ordinary woman of rather more than ordinary charm, good to have around at stiff ceremonies. All of this seems to me harmless, even a little attractive, in so portentous an institution. I doubt very much whether more than a minority of people, and those would no doubt find their outlet elsewhere and probably in a less innocent way, see the members of the Royal Family in any more romantic light than that.

FOR THE LIFE OF ME, I cannot understand why people should not be allowed to enjoy a prettily-staged wedding, or even a pompously-staged funeral, without Mr. Muggeridge breathing fire and brimstone down their necks. Nor do I understand the objection to pageantry and ceremonial. *Trooping the Colour is a splendid* occasion, and considerably less dangerous than a Nuremberg rally, or even the annual parade in Red Square. There is not much to worry about when the main military display staged by a nation is a piece of ordinary drill, executed by a few colourfully-dressed soldiers on a small parade ground at the back of the Admiralty, especially when the occasion is as universal a one as the Monarch's birthday and, moreover, a birthday whose date is artificially fixed in the desperate hope of catching a fleeting moment of good weather. Mr. Dimbleby's revelation that the clock is held back so that the Queen may always arrive on the parade ground on the stroke of 11 a.m. is surely a piece of acceptable nonsense, rather than something to treat with huge solemnity.

IN THE SURVIVAL of the British Monarchy, we are faced with one of the most interesting social phenomena of the 20th century. It can be explained, and its value understood, only in terms which intellectual critics are inclined to reject out of hand. In a remarkable article published in the *Sociological Review* of December 1953, Professor Edward Shils and Mr. Michael Young tried to examine the meaning of the Coronation. They explained the "intellectualist" bias against the Monarchy by the fact that it

> has its roots in man's beliefs and sentiments about what he regards as sacred. The decline in the intensity of religious belief, especially in the educated classes, has produced an aversion towards all sentiments and practices associated with religion. They do not acknowledge the existence of these somewhat alarming sentiments within themselves and refuse to admit that these are at work in others.

They quoted Durkheim:

> There can be no society which does not feel the need of upholding and reaffirming at regular intervals the collective sentiments and the collective ideas which makes its unity and its personality

and argued that

> The Coronation is exactly this kind of ceremonial in which the society reaffirms the moral values which constitute it as a society.... The Coronation provided at one time and for practically the entire society such an intensive contact with the sacred that we believe we are justified in interpreting it as we have done in this essay, as a great act of national communion.

These are big words, and at times the argument of Shils and Young becomes too obscurantist even for me. They write, sometimes, as one would expect them to write: like an American sociologist and a member of the British Labour Party who, at the Coronation, had discovered the British Monarchy for the first time, and been stunned by it. They stand back in bewilderment at the police report that, contrary to all expectations, pick-pockets were not active in the crowds on Coronation Day. It is, I must confess, an arresting thought: that Fagin might have instructed his pupils to respect the crowning of a Queen.

In the *Spectator* article to which I have already referred, I said that the mistake by Mr. Muggeridge and Lord Altrincham was their failure to realise that

> the personal criticisms of the Queen were personal attacks on these millions of humdrum people, attacks on their security and their sense of importance. This was the real cause of the hysteria: it was an instinctive response to the threat of danger, real, deeply-felt, danger.

I am still convinced that this is true, and I see nothing either helpful or interesting in persistent attempts to undermine the cherished symbols by which most of us live. The Monarchy, for all its faults, and for all the nonsense which, hardly at its bidding, surrounds it, is as effective and harmless a symbol as any human society could find.

THE DANGER of the Monarchy to-day is that it is threatening to become the sole prop of the weak, the sole provider of emotional security,

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the sole cohesive force in society. A healthy society should provide people with other supports, other totems, to make their lives bearable and comprehensible. The trouble is not that the Monarchy is not doing its job: it clearly is. It is the rest of society that has broken down. This is why I regard the obsession of critics like Mr. Muggeridge as dangerous; they sublimate their dissatisfaction with British society as it exists to-day into an irrational hatred of the Monarchy, with the result that the real faults of our society, its materialism and not its snobbery, its lack of national purpose and not its class-consciousness, are never seriously examined. I despair of ever finding a moral critic of our society who will select the right target, when four young men in a satirical London revue can still take the Monarchy as one of their subjects. As Bernard Shaw said, it is a besetting sin of British radicals and socialists always to be attacking the apparent, rather than the real, evil.

A Reply from D. T. Suzuki

MR. ARTHUR KOESTLER'S article on *A Stink of Zen* [ENCOUNTER, October, 1960] was instructive, at least for me. I was again reminded of the difficulty of imparting the knowledge of Zen to Western people who have no such tradition in their cultural history. In fact, even those who are born in the midst of Zen tradition find it hard to come to a right understanding; many may think they have it, but they are often very far from the truth. When I see Europeans or Americans trying to write about Zen and missing the important points, I do not feel like blaming them; there are Eastern writers who claim to be followers of Zen who miss the same points. The fact of their being "of the East," or coming from the East, does not necessarily make them experts on or in Zen.

Western writers are generally confronted with the original Chinese and Japanese literature on Zen which they are expected to digest to the extent that they can comment on the subject. More important, to write on Zen requires a special knowledge which is based on personal experience and reflection over some years. Zen literature (paradoxically enough) fills up a library of a respectable size, and the study of it takes up a good part of one's life.

When Zen professes to be "above words," why then this amassing of literature? The human situation is full of contradictions. When we wish to say that no words are needed, more words are needed to prove it. We are so made and we cannot escape this fatality. Zen is not alone in this. Though Zen appeals to direct action, words are needed to explain why. So, says Asvaghosha, the great Buddhist philosopher, "A wedge is needed in order to extract another wedge, and words are required to prove the uselessness of words." Thus we go on for ever, and books after books are written for posterity's sake to fill more libraries. It was more than two thousand years ago that Confucius said, "I wish to be silent. What does Heaven say? Do not the four seasons go on and all the ten thousand things grow?" The drama of human existence is thus enacted till the end of the world, and we seem not only not to mind it but to enjoy it.

Lao-tzu, another great philosopher, is also blamed for writing or compiling the *Tao Tê Ching* where he says that "he who knows does not speak and he who does not, speaks." But it took Buddha to make the bold declaration quite in accordance with the spirit of Zen that "I have been talking and talking to you for the last forty-nine years but in truth I have not spoken a word." However bulky Zen literature might have become since its initiation in China over a thousand years ago (and in Japan about six hundred years ago), all Zen literature in the form of short sermons, letters, instructions, or occasional jottings penned by generations of the masters is, in fact, nothing less than a pile of waste paper to be consigned to fire. The main thing in relation to things of this nature in Zen is not to be taken as something more essential in the study of Zen. Plainly speaking, the point is that words (indeed, anything popularly regarded as "indispensable") are not to be overestimated beyond the real use for which they were produced. Symbolisation has its limits. Even "God" requires judicious handling.

APART FROM SUCH general statements there is something most characteristic of Zen which makes it a unique product of the Oriental mind, justifying its claim to be free from words or scriptures or any form of verbalism.

There is at least one thing which justifies Zen's claim to be emancipated from literary or

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linguistic entanglements; and there are no teachings, religious, philosophical, or moral, in the world history of thought that approaches Zen in this respect. By this I mean that Zen freely appeals to direct action such as slapping the face, kicking the chest, striking with a stick or anything that comes handy at the moment, or upsetting the chair on which one is sitting, or uttering a nonsensical cry. And the strange thing is that these acts of bodily violence achieve the end for which they are intended. There are innumerable examples where the recipients or sufferers feel so grateful to the masters for such ignominious treatment. This fact alone might prove that there is something in the teaching of Zen unique and full of significance.

Mr. Koestler remarks that Zen is declining in Japan. I agree with him. The masters are chiefly feeding themselves on the traditional pattern and have not much of originality in them. Mr. Koestler tells us about his meeting with the abbots of the Five Mountains in Kyoto.

> The abbots were delightful [he writes], but after two days of talking we felt discouraged and dejected. The one significant remark we got out of them was: "When you ask these logical questions we feel embarrassed."

Wonderful is the stupidity of those high-ranked abbots of Zen! Why did they not give Mr. Koestler Rinzai's *"Kahtz!"* or Tokusan's stick and chase him out of the temple? He would never have written the article in which Zen stinks altogether too much in the wrong way!

NOT BEING one of those Zen masters, deeply imbued in the traditional pattern, I follow my own method. There will be no kicking, no beating, no name-calling, but a "logical" presentation of Zen philosophy.

Mr. Koestler does not seem to think there is the possibility of thinking (or reasoning), not "indifferent to," but different from the "laws of contradiction and excluded middle" which is built on "the distinction between subject and object, between the act of perception and the thing perceived." According to the Zen way of reasoning which is not the Aristotelian form of logic, *"A"* is *"A"* because *"A"* is *"not-A,"* or *"A"* is at once *"A"* and *"not-A."* Zen tells us this from his own experience because experience or fact comes first and then follows the talking or thinking about it, and not the reverse. According to this form of logic, when one talks about *"A," "A"* is *"A"* just because of the presence of *"not-A." "A"* cannot be *"A"* all by itself, it always implies or presupposes *"not-A."* Subject is subject because of object, and vice-versa. The identification of *"A"* as *"A"* is possible only because of its being distinct from *"not-A." "A"* alone is non-existent. If it exists at all, it is in our thought which is always dichotomous. We posit it for the convenience of our utilitarian thinking.

Zen aims at getting into a world when this dichotomy has not yet started in our logic, because Reality can never be taken hold of when intellection begins. We must get into the realm where intellection has not yet been awakened. If we want to know the world, we must go into the time (logical time) when it has not yet been created, we must go even beyond God the Creator, that is, where the Godhead has not yet shown sign of motility. As long as Mr. Koestler clings to his logic of contradiction and excluded middle he can never interview the one who holds in his hands the undivided Nothingness (Godhead) of subject and object, of creator and the created, perceiver and the perceived, of good and evil. He cannot escape being tossed about by the eternally revolving wheel of transmigration. This is not the fault of the wheel. Mr. Koestler himself is to be blamed if he cannot extricate himself from the metaphysical entanglements or mental contortions which are his own creation.

I AM NOT LEARNED ENOUGH to say anything about Erasmus' comment on the Medieval schoolmen, but I can say this: If God had chosen to incarnate himself as a pumpkin, the pumpkin could surely work a miracle or be crucified. Does not the pumpkin grow on the pumpkin vine and not on the eggplant stems? Is this not a miracle? The pumpkin allows itself to be "crucified" or chopped up to pieces for human beings and even to be cooked alive in the boiling water. Is this not a self-sacrificing deed on the part of the pumpkin? The same can be said of the ass or of the flea. Are they not each and all incarnations of the Absolute? Are they not even the Absolute itself? I wonder if Mr. Koestler's "yardsticks of logic" apply to this form of reasoning?

Here, however, let me remind you of a great source of misinterpretation which I find so often repeated by Western writers as well as by Japanese commentators to the story of "Three pounds of flax." Most of them think that Tao-shan identifies the flax with the Absolute in the way God incarnates himself in the form of a pumpkin. Far from it; Zen, as I said before, is no advocate of dualism in any form. Zen does not permit the dichotomous conception of the Absolute and its incarnation or manifestation. The flax has nothing to do with the Absolute in the hands of Tao-shan. Nor has Tao-shan anything to do with the flax to be weighed as an independently differentiated object. Yet Tao-shan has the flax in his hands, and the flax is

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weighed as three pounds and sorted out on the matting. The sun rises in the morning, the moon waxes and wanes, flowers bloom in spring, bamboos grow straight and are evergreen. To understand all this, one is not to busy oneself with "explanations" or "definitions." The so-called natural or scientific or logical or analytical statements we can make about objects or phenomena can never exhaust themselves in letting us know what they are in themselves. They will always stand against us and demand an understanding in its truest sense.

The only way to realise this understanding is to plunge ourselves into the object itself and be one with it. Philosophers of Mr. Koestler's standing will laugh at me and declare here is another case of absurdity or ambiguity. They may say: how can a man as subject become one with object? I answer: this is applying your yardstick of logic where it does not avail.

WESTERNERS START with the distinction between subject and object. Zen goes beyond it, or wants us to see how they are before this distinction was introduced. The distinction is not "given"; it is our intellectual imposition. What is actually given goes beyond the dualism or is prior to it. Division implies identity. The latter comes first and to know the division the identity must be understood. Once divided, the process goes on infinitely and can never be exhausted. When we are once back to its source out of which flows the multitudinousity of things, we know everything. And we must remember that the source is not something we have left behind when division came about. There is no "time" involved here, nor is "space." Identification and differentiation are going on simultaneously, that is, in this "Here-Now" moment. To catch this moment constitutes *satori*, and you have Zen.

ONE WORD MORE. To comprehend Zen one must have a great inner urge to go beyond this limited, finite, anxiety-brewing life. The urge may come to one sometimes in the form of intellectual doubt. In this case, the "doubt" must take possession of one's whole being which finally becomes a non-being, and this non-being must be an actual experience and not a concept.

Lu-hsuan (Rikko), a contemporary of Nan-chuan P'u-yuan (Nansen Fugwan) (749–835), was a government dignitary versed in the lore of Taoism and Confucianism. He once quoted Seng Chao's words, "'Heaven and earth are of one substance with myself.' Is this not a most wonderful saying?" Nan-chuan being a Zen master did not try to discuss the matter with Lu-hsuan along the line of logic or metaphysics. He knew that was not only waste of time but far from the Zen way of looking at the universe or Reality. He simply called out *"O Officer!"* and pointing at the tree-peony in the courtyard just in bloom, quietly remarked, "People of the world look at the flower in a dreamy fashion." The flower is ordinarily seen as a mere physical or objective or dreamy something in bloom before us, but that is not the real flower, not Reality itself. Reality is the source of all things, and as such there is in it no distinction between this and that, subject and object, and yet here is where infinite possibilities are in store and always in readiness to come out of it. This secret chamber of creativity is dynamic, and being thus utterly elusive, it escapes our every effort to catch it by means of a concept. We give it all sorts of names but it cannot be found in them. We have Reality when the flower ceases to exist "objectively" and "I" as seer is obliterated. At this moment which may be called the moment of Emptiness, the flower sees me and I see the flower. There is no conceptualisation here in any sense.

IF YOU SAY this is too "empty" or "visionary" I will give another example that is more direct and personal.

When P'ei-hsiu (Haikyu), who later became prime minister, was still a local governor, he one day visited a monastery. The Abbot guided him from room to room. When they came upon one where the portraits of the former ecclesiastical dignitaries were hung, the governor pointing to one of the portraits asked the Abbot, "Whose picture is this?" The Abbot said, "The portrait of my predecessor who passed away recently." P'ei-hsiu pursued, "The portrait is here but where is the person?" But the Abbot failed to give an answer. Finally, it was proposed that a monk who recently joined the Brotherhood and who was engaged in cleaning the garden be brought in. When the gardener came before him, P'ei-hsiu again asked of him the same question, saying, "Will Your Reverence be good enough to answer a question which the others seem to be reluctant in giving me?" The monk said, "What is your question, Sir?" "Here is the portrait of the former abbot but where is the person?" The monk without hesitation called out loudly, "O Governor!" And the governor responded, "Yes, Your Reverence!" "There," exclaimed the monk, "is the person!" This satisfied the government officer. Later he became the pupil of this unpretentious gardener-monk whose name was Huang-po (*Obaku*).

The portrait is a concept and is far from being the living person himself who talks, works, and does all kinds of menial task. Philo-

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sophers and logicians are generally satisfied with the images that symbolise Reality. It is the Zen man who goes around performing deeds in this most original fashion. His creativity oozes out of every pore of his skin. He is "the most honoured individual in the whole world." He follows no pattern of tradition, he is his own master, and every behaviour of his is fresh and exhilarating. He is the real "aristocrat" of Meister Eckhart. He is the one who is behind all the stimulating writings produced by "Mr. Arthur Koestler" (who, unfortunately, seems not to be cognisant of "the stink" radiating from his own "Zen").

Daisetz T. Suzuki

[*Having presented Mr. Koestler (in his Tyrolean mountain retreat) with a copy of the above and an opportunity to reply, and having received as his final rejoinder a silence too deep for words, we take it in the true spirit of Zen that he has at last achieved* satori. *With this evidently happy outcome, the discussion is now closed.—Editors,* ENCOUNTER.]

London Commentary

Labour and the European Cause

By David Marquand

BELATEDLY, almost apologetically, the Government has decided to apply for membership of the Common Market. But its negotiations with the Six may fail; and even if they succeed, the resultant treaty may be turned down by Parliament or the country. The electorate is still uncertain: 40 per cent of it, according to the latest Gallup Poll are *"don't knows."* The Conservative Party is known to be divided, though in unknown proportions. Above all, the Labour Party is still sitting on the fence, wearing a particularly baleful version of its Mona Lisa smile.

Clearly this cannot last. Sooner or later, Labour must make up its mind. Equally clearly, its attitude will have a profound effect on the course of the negotiations, as well as on the country's reception of whatever agreement is finally reached. If the Government returns from the negotiations with a treaty unacceptable to the Labour Party, it could probably push the treaty through Parliament by calling on the loyalty of its followers, but it would undoubtedly risk losing the next election. The victory of an "anti-European" party in a British general election, even if Britain were safely in the Common Market, would make British membership worthless from the point of view of the Europeans themselves. Hence, the mere possibility that the Labour Party may in the end oppose going in to Europe is likely to make the Six less anxious to have us in.

That, in turn, makes the Government's task in the negotiations harder—which means that the end result of the negotiations is likely to be even less acceptable to the Labour Party. Like the paranoid whose persecution mania makes him so uncomfortable a neighbour that he is in fact persecuted, Labour's scepticism about the Common Market may produce a situation in which scepticism is justified. Britain's position in the negotiations with the Six is as follows. We are asking to join the Common Market, a flourishing organisation which can survive perfectly well without us, on condition that we are given safeguards for our farmers, for the Commonwealth, and for EFTA. None of these concessions is welcome to the Six. Hence we cannot reasonably expect to get them unless we make concessions in return.

ECONOMICALLY, HOWEVER, we have no concessions to offer. Economically, we are almost a liability; certainly not an asset. The only concessions we can make are political. Either we can commit ourselves, in resounding language, to the long-term goal of federal union, hoping to use the federalists of Brussels as our stick to beat de Gaulle—or we can make short-term foreign policy concessions in order to appease Paris and Bonn. With the Opposition glowering

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resentfully in its corner and muttering about "sovereignty," the Government would need considerable political courage to make a long-term federalist commitment, even if it wanted to. It may be forced, therefore, to make short-term foreign policy concessions instead; and judging by its attitude towards Berlin and Bizerta, that is exactly what it is doing. But this is bound to anger the Opposition still more. For reasons which I shall discuss below, the road to Rome would be a stony one for the Labour Party in any case. It will look even stonier if it can only be travelled at the price of not offending Dr. Adenauer.

Yet if the Labour Party were converted to the European cause, the position might even now be transformed. Instead of a shifty and potentially unreliable partner, forced by economic weakness into a shot-gun marriage, the Six might see us as an enthusiastic future member of a united Europe. Instead of sneaking into the Common Market by the grace of the European Right, we might put new heart into the European Left. Why, then, is the Labour Party so hesitant?

THE FIRST, though not the most important, reason is the need to maintain party unity. The Left is fairly solidly opposed to joining the Common Market, while the Centre and Right are uncertain. In these circumstances, any positive decision would be likely to divide the party. But British politics are, after all, party politics. No one who forgets that has any hope of translating his principles into practice. The ghosts of Peel, Joe Chamberlain, and Lloyd George are powerful reminders that intelligence and imagination are not enough—even when allied to courage and determination. Bonar Law and Attlee, on the other hand, have shown how much can be achieved by comparatively mediocre men, provided they keep their followers together. The leaders of the Labour Party have just emerged, bloody but victorious, from a protracted civil war. Thanks to the firmness of their allies in the unions, and to their own political courage, the Centre and Right of the party have inflicted a crushing defeat on the unilateralist Left. For the first time since Bevan's resignation in 1951, the Parliamentary party, a majority of the unions, and even a majority of the constituency rank-and-file are united behind their titular leader. Mr. Gaitskell and his lieutenants are at last in a position to make over the Labour Party in their image. They can hardly be expected to relish the prospect of endangering the position which they have only just captured, with such difficulty.

By an unusual coincidence, moreover, the course which is most likely to keep the Labour Party together is for once equally likely to pay electoral dividends. If the negotiations with the Six break down, the Government's policy will be in ruins and Labour will be well placed to pick up the pieces. If the negotiations succeed, and the Government brings back a treaty which is completely satisfactory from Britain's point of view, the Labour Party will be able to claim the credit for having stiffened our bargaining position. If the negotiations are only partly successful (which is, of course, the most probable outcome) the Labour Party will be able to make up its mind unhampered by embarrassing commitments. If it decides on outright opposition, it will be able to present itself as the champion of outraged patriotism. If it decides on grudging acceptance it will be able to pick up votes from disgruntled vested interests and castigate the Government's failure to secure better terms.

BUT THESE TACTICAL considerations are only part of the reason for Labour's doubts. A far more important reason is the nature of the Common Market itself, and the political character of its most powerful members. In last month's ENCOUNTER, Mr. Roy Jenkins mentioned the "anti-Adenauer and anti-de Gaulle undertones" which can be detected in Labour's suspicious attitude towards European unity. Mr. Jenkins seemed to find these undertones surprising, and even shocking. But there is nothing surprising in the fact that a Left-wing party dislikes the prospect of close association with two extremely Right-wing Governments. It is, of course, true that Britain is already closely associated with France and Germany by its membership of NATO. But NATO involves no loss of sovereignty in economic questions. The Common Market does. It may be true that nothing in the Rome treaty would prevent a Labour Government from carrying out further measures of nationalisation. But the section of the Labour Party to which Mr. Jenkins belongs does not want to carry out further measures of nationalisation. In practice, a Gaitskellite Labour Government would probably be able to follow the kind of economic policy it preferred, whether it belonged to the Common Market or not. But it is idle to deny that membership might create psychological obstacles to even the most moderate form of Socialism, though not legal ones.

In any case, the real objection to de Gaulle and Adenauer is not that their economic policies are un-Socialist (as a matter of fact, they are much less un-Socialist than Selwyn Lloyd's) but that their foreign policies are dangerous. For Adenauer, and probably for de Gaulle as well, the main point of the Common Market is that

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it ties West Germany firmly to the West and makes the division of Germany permanent. For France, the motive is obvious. A France of 45 millions can associate on fairly equal terms with a Germany of 53 millions; a Germany of 70 millions, on the other hand, is still an alarming prospect. Germany's motives are more obscure. One obvious consideration, however, is that a united Germany would have a "normal" Socialist majority, while the present federal Republic has a "normal" CDU majority. A more important reason is that Dr. Adenauer, for all his faults, is a "Westerner" and a democrat, with a long memory. When he was growing up, the corner stone of Bismarck's foreign policy was alliance with Tsarist Russia. After the first world war, this policy was revived at Rapallo. It was revived again in the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact. Three times in Adenauer's lifetime a united Germany has tried to play off East against West, each time with disastrous results for herself and for Europe. A united, neutral Germany, free of ties to East or West, would be sorely tempted to follow this classic German foreign policy. Who can say, looking at the record, that these fears are unjustified?

THE answer is that the Labour Party can—or at least that it does. The Labour Party believes (again with good reason) that the division of Germany is the greatest single cause of European instability. So long as Germany is divided, the Berlin problem will remain unsolved. It is inconceivable that the West Germans will willingly abandon Berlin. It is equally inconceivable that the Russians will ever abandon their ambition to squeeze the West out of it. The present Berlin crisis will probably, though not certainly, be resolved without war. But until Germany is united, the Berlin crisis will be waiting on ice, ready for serving whenever the Russians feel so inclined. But how can Germany be united if the Common Market continues in its present form? The Russians will not let East Germany free unless the united Germany she joins is unequivocally neutral. But full membership of the Common Market is hard to square with genuine neutrality—as Sweden has recently discovered. Most of the Common Market countries would still belong to NATO. How could they plan their budgetary policies in concert with a neutral Germany? Ultimately, the Common Market is supposed to lead to a united Europe. But would a united Europe be worth having if one of its members were obliged, by treaty, to follow a radically different foreign policy from the rest?

Moreover, and this is perhaps the most important objection to close association with Western Germany, so long as Germany is divided Western Germany is almost certain to remain obsessively anti-Communist—just as Eastern Germany is almost certain to remain the most Stalinist of the satellites. This is natural enough, and has nothing to do with any innate German wickedness. Most ordinary West Germans probably care little about the fate of the East; but they can hardly say so in public, or vote so in the polling booth. Like the Boston Irish, who are notoriously more patriotic than any citizens of the Irish Republic, West Germans have to pretend that they care about East Germany, even though they may not. One day these attitudes may change. But they are unlikely to for a long time to come. The desire for national unity and independence is not confined to Africans and Asians, and in a divided Germany it is bound to take the form of a passionate hatred for those responsible for division. But in the Labour Party, which sees Britain's proper role as a bridge between East and West, these German attitudes are equally bound to arouse apprehension and disgust.

FOR MOST MEMBERS of the Labour Party, however, the strongest emotional objection to the Common Market lies in Africa and Asia, not in Europe at all. Nothing is easier than to make fun of the Labour Party's curiously paternalistic attitude towards the uncommitted world, but when the joke is over, the fact remains. Rightly or wrongly, most members of the Labour Party believe that the future of mankind will be decided south of the Sahara; and that this country has a moral obligation to give aid and understanding to the undeveloped countries. In hard fact, of course, a bankrupt and stagnant Britain can do very little to help. The first necessity for an expansion of economic aid is an increased rate of growth in this country. But in the formation of political attitudes, even among Members of Parliament, emotional preferences are more important than hard facts. There is no doubt where the Labour Party's emotional preference lies: the undeveloped countries are "us," the 20th-century equivalent of the exploited industrial proletariat which the Labour Party was created to defend. De Gaulle and Adenauer, even Mollet and Brandt, are "them."

CAN THIS CLUSTER of attitudes be broken up? At this stage no one can tell. What does seem clear, however, is that Labour's attitude to the Government's negotiations with the Six will be strongly affected, and perhaps determined, by the Government's foreign and economic policies in general. If the Government continues to behave as though it values

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Adenauer's goodwill more highly than a negotiated settlement of the Berlin crisis, Labour's suspicions will become still more intense. If the Government's economic policy leads to a "show-down" with the unions, they may drop the attitude of benevolent neutrality expressed in the recent T.U.C. statement.

In the long run, of course, the unions stand to gain from British membership of the Common Market for the same reasons that the whole economy stands to gain. But if the unions have their backs to the wall in an industrial battle, they may be unable to see beyond the short run—and in the short run, joining the Common Market might weaken the unions' bargaining position at a time when they most needed to strengthen it. The "stiff breeze of competition," which the marketeers value so highly, has an ominous sound for union leaders who remember what industrial life was like in the days of laisser-faire. For many businessmen, after all, one of the main attractions of the Common Market is that it would, as they charmingly put it, "teach the unions the facts of life." So it might: but the unions themselves can hardly be expected to relish the prospect.

IN THE END, HOWEVER, Labour's attitude should be decided, not by weighing up the advantages and disadvantages of joining the Common Market, but by considering the alternative. The strongest argument for British membership is negative, not positive. If the Common Market did not exist it would certainly not be necessary for Britain to invent it. But the Common Market does exist; and it will continue to exist whatever Britain does. All the serious political objections to British membership rest on the assumption that Britain's political weight is a constant factor, which will remain unchanged whether she joins the Common Market or not. This assumption is simply not true. In absolute terms, of course, continued isolation from Europe will make no difference; relatively, however, it will make an increasing difference as time goes on. Potentially, the Common Market is a super-power almost on a level with Russia and the United States. The more cohesive it becomes, the more powerful it will grow. How and in whose interest is this growing power to be exercised? In the interests of Labour? In support of a foreign policy of brinkmanship or in support of a relaxation of tension? These are among the most important questions in world politics.... The one certainty is that if Britain does not join the Common Market, the Labour Party will have no share in answering them.

THESE are long-term prospects, but even in the short run the effects of not joining the Common Market are likely to be even more unpleasant than the effects of joining. If our negotiations with the Six fail, or if the treaty they produce is thrown out by Parliament, it is hard to see how we can avoid a severe economic crisis. Such a crisis would probably throw the Government out of office; and the Labour Party would find itself in power. But power in these circumstances would have a very bitter taste. The underlying malaise of the British economy can only be cured by a substantial increase in exports. If we do not join the Common Market it is hard to see how that increase can be secured. The Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer would find himself back in the dismal position once occupied by Sir Stafford Cripps. The Labour Foreign Secretary would find that he had to withdraw our troops from Europe and cut down our commitments to NATO. The Ministers of Health, Education and Pensions would find that there was no money in the kitty to pay for the welfare programmes they wished to carry out. The President of the Board of Trade would find himself slapping on import restrictions and physical controls, and engaged in a desperate search for foreign markets—perhaps in Eastern Europe. The Secretary for Commonwealth Relations would find himself turning down applications for economic aid, and watching his friends in Africa and Asia turn to other sources. The party as a whole would find that, instead of using power to escape from the image of austerity, the image had been fastened on more firmly than before.

A Socialist policy can be one of two sorts: confident, optimistic, and generous, or narrow and restrictive—fair shares in abundance, or equality of sacrifice. If we stay out of the Common Market, it will be the second kind of Socialism which has to be applied. Is that really the choice which the Labour Party wants to make?

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International Commentary

Germany, Russia and the West

By Sebastian Haffner

THE STORY of the so-called Berlin crisis to date—which is in reality a crisis of the alliance between Germany and the West—can be summed up in the following strip-cartoon dialogue:

KHRUSHCHEV (*suddenly*): Give me Berlin!

THE WESTERN ALLIES: No, no. Never.

KHRUSHCHEV: All right, then give me Germany.

THE ALLIES (*perplexed, humming and hawing a little*): Mhm, mhm.... All right.

We hear a great deal nowadays about the freedom of the West Berliners which we shall defend, if need be, even unto death. But it so happens that the freedom of the West Berliners is the one thing not at present directly under attack. We are not asked to surrender West Berlin. What we are asked is to join with the Russians in imposing permanent partition on Germany, or at least to give some token that we recognise the existing partition as legitimate and will stop opposing it. This token might take the form of subjecting our presence in West Berlin to East German conditions and our communications with West Berlin to East German controls. But what matters to the Russians is not the particular shape or form of our consent to German partition. What matters is the consent itself.

About this, the real issue, we hear nothing of resistance, nothing of "No, no, never," not even a plain, clear "No." We hear, on the part of the Western Governments, a certain amount of humming and hawing: on the part of Western public opinion, an increasing amount of voices advocating unconditional and relieved surrender, which in Britain has reached the proportions of a full-throated, loud, and cheerful chorus.

Since some of the advocacy of surrender on the real, the German, issue is based on the artful pretence that surrender on Germany is the most elegant form of defence of West Berlin, let it be said in parenthesis that it is of course nothing of the kind. Berlin—"West Berlin"—is a side issue in the present dispute, its immediate surrender is not demanded, and the attack on it is for the time being confined to indirect means. But of course Berlin—"West Berlin"—cannot in the long run stand once Germany has fallen. The bigger surrender sooner or later implies the lesser one. This is too obvious to need proof.

Moreover, on the local Berlin issue, since we are at it, all the tokens and instalments of surrender now demanded have already been made or offered, so that the heroics about defending "the freedom of the West Berliners" have even now acquired the ring of a somewhat hollow joke. What have been demanded in Berlin for the time being are three things:

(1) To end the unity and integrity of Berlin and its special Four-Power status, and free movement throughout the city, and swallow the annexation of the Soviet sector—"East Berlin"—by East Germany. All this has been turned into an accomplished fact by the *coup de main* of August 13, and the accomplished fact has been accepted by the Western Powers in the exact manner in which Hitler's week-end coups were accepted a quarter of a century ago.

(2) To deprive Berlin of the three functions which up to now formed its political *raison d'être*: viz., to act as a token of the Four-Power

SEBASTIAN HAFFNER *has been associated with* The Observer (*London*) *for some twenty years as a foreign editor and diplomatic analyst, recently as its Berlin correspondent. He has just resigned because of "political differences over the Berlin and German question." We have asked him for his personal interpretation of the present situation, and there will be a discussion of this in the next number, since his article draws attention to some of the complications which will beset what we believe to be a necessary negotiation on the Berlin problem.*

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obligation to re-unite Germany, as a refuge, and as a shop-window. Truncated and immured "West Berlin" has ceased to be any of that. It has instead been turned, in Willy Brandt's vivid phrase, into a ghetto of freedom. This has happened with full Western acquiescence.

(3) To whittle away the freedom even inside that ghetto by all kinds of qualifications and limitations; especially by the prohibition of free speech insofar as it offends or threatens to subvert the sensitive Communist régime in East Germany. This, too, has already been conceded in principle, both in Geneva 1959, and more recently by President Kennedy when he offered the Russians the suppression of "genuine irritants" in West Berlin. In this way, incidentally, the Western Allies may still easily become the jailers of "West Berlin" instead of its protectors —or, one should rather say, the ushers of the real jailer. But let that pass.

As I said before, Berlin is not the real issue at present. It is, for the Russians, the handle with which to winkle the Western Powers out of their alliance with Germany; for the Western Powers, the screen behind which to effect some quick scuttle in the real, the German issue.

BRITISH PUBLIC OPINION is now practically agreed that Mr. Khrushchev should have his way in having German division in some form or other internationally signed and sealed, and that in particular the existing East German State, which has just had to resort to the physical walling-in of its citizens in order to prevent them from running away from it, should be accepted by the Western Powers as legitimate, permanent, and sacrosanct. Some of those advocating this do so in a tone of regret, some in a tone of cheerful realism, some in one of undisguised glee. But I notice no clearly dissentient voice. The British Government has, at the time of writing (end of August) not yet shown its hand, but it rarely goes against an unanimous public opinion.

The other Western Governments have also not shown their hand yet. But with the possible exception of President de Gaulle, none seems inclined to take a firm stand on the issue or even to face and state the issue clearly. The impression one gets is one of deliberate evasion and obfuscation. Public opinion in America, France, and the other NATO countries appears to be left without official guidance and tends, though as yet in an uncertain and perhaps somewhat shamefaced manner, to follow the British lead.

The overall impression, therefore, is that of a Munich in the making. Its terms can already be clearly seen taking shape: recognition of German division, acceptance of East Germany (though perhaps without immediate *de jure* recognition), international legislation of the rape of East Berlin, a Russian guarantee for the unmolested presence and access of the Western garrisons in and to West Berlin for a certain period, in return for Western guarantees for the removal of "irritants" in West Berlin. Some particularly zealous commentators would like to add to this list a ceiling on German armaments and the recognition of the Oder-Neisse frontier, but these are gratuitous offers of things which the Russians have so far not asked for and which they may even disdain to accept. (Whether the Russians have a genuine interest in Western recognition of the Oder-Neisse frontier is most doubtful.)

In any case, if it comes about this settlement will, like the original Munich of 1938, be advertised as a triumph of Western statesmanship, a successful defence of Berlin, and, if necessary, as the salvation of peace—peace with honour, peace in our time. Again like the original Munich, it will be overwhelmingly popular in Britain, though I daresay some people will feel a little ashamed. In America and France there will be a more widespread unease, but it will pass. As for the Germans, they will be expected, like the Czechs in 1938, to be duly grateful, and many people will be genuinely surprised and indignant when they are not.

WHAT I DO NOT see anywhere in the press is the admission that a settlement of this kind will be a direct violation of the letter and the spirit of the alliance with Germany entered by the West in 1954—incidentally a British initiative—and will in effect amount to a tearing-up of that alliance. Nor have I found anybody asking himself what the likely consequences of this tearing-up will be, not so much for Germany (who cares for the Germans?), but for the West in general and for Britain in particular. But *some* consequences seem bound to follow. An event of this magnitude will hardly leave the international landscape as it was before.

The alliance between Germany and the West is embodied in the Paris Treaties of October, 1954. The Paris Treaties are made up of a somewhat untidy jumble of protocols and letters, dealing with a variety of subjects—the setting-up of WEU, Germany's accession to NATO, the restoration of her sovereignty and its qualifications, military and armament questions, guarantees for Berlin (which incidentally go far beyond the "freedom of the West Berliners"), etc. The central piece of the Treaty, however, is an exchange of letters in which the Western Governments and the German Government lay down their mutual obligations in the question of German unity.

These obligations are quite precise. Germany

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renounces force as a method of reunification. The three Western Powers in return pledge to make the cause of German reunification their own and pursue it by every diplomatic means; and more particularly commit themselves, pending reunification, not to recognise German division, but to treat the Government at Bonn as the only legitimate Government in Germany.

In short, the three Western Powers are in the Paris Treaties explicitly, unambiguously, and solemnly committed in writing to leave undone exactly that which they now apparently propose doing. They are of course free to treat these commitments as a scrap of paper and to tear them up, perhaps with the explanation that this is poetic justice because certain former German Governments also used to tear up treaties like scraps of paper (although it might be worth a moment's thought that these former German Governments came to a bad end, and exactly because of this habit). They should, however, at least know what they would be doing. They would not just wiggle out of some inconvenient clause more or less unnoticed by their partner, but they would tear the heart out of the Paris Treaties and bring the alliance with Germany to an end.

FOR FROM THE GERMAN point of view, these clauses are the purpose and justification of the alliance with the West. Without them, this alliance would become, from a national German point of view, meaningless and indeed suicidal. No nation can possibly agree to its own permanent division or remain allied with partners who over its head agree on such a division with a hostile third party. To expect such a thing from the Germans is no more realistic than to expect it from anybody else. This is so self-evident that it needs no proof or argument.

All the more astonishing that this obvious and inescapable implication is never clearly faced. The discussion about this policy ends where it should begin. As far as I know, not one of those journalists who advocate recognising German division has had the fairness and honesty towards his readers to say clearly: "What I advocate means (or even: may mean) throwing over the German alliance. Let us clearly recognise this and do it with our eyes open." Maybe then some of the readers would begin to wonder whether this was really the highest wisdom in the present world situation.

Especially if the imagined journalist were courageous and truth-loving enough to add this further statement: "Let us also face it that we shall, by acting as I propose us to act, most probably give the Germans a sense of betrayal and mortal insult, infuse them with a furious wish for revenge, and lay them wide open to any Russian offer which might minister to this wish. Let us clearly recognise this, too, and still do the deed with our eyes wide open." This statement, too, would hardly go beyond the obvious. In case anyone should doubt it, he has only to cast his mind back to the pre-history of the Paris Treaties in Germany.

THE PARIS TREATIES and the Western alliance embodied in them were accepted in Germany after the biggest national debate and crisis of conscience which the country went through since the years 1930–33. The Germans had to choose between a Russian offer of immediate national unity at the price of neutrality and isolation and a Western offer of partnership and alliance, but with unity deferred. It is still almost a miracle that they rejected the former offer and accepted the latter.

The Russian offer was contained in the famous Stalin note of March 10, 1952, and was maintained, even improved, and positively urged on the Germans by Moscow for almost three years. The Germans in the end, after much division and bitter heart-searching, rejected it and accepted the much less glittering Western offer instead, for a number of reasons. Not all of these reasons were, of course, selfless. Clearly the Germans speculated that by the addition of their own potential they would render the Western camp overwhelmingly strong in the long run, to their own gain no less than everybody else's.

The German decision was nevertheless overwhelmingly an act of magnanimity; this makes it so memorable and surprising. The Germans knew they were doing the West an immense favour: they were saving NATO, the basis of security for Britain, France, and the rest of Western Europe. For without the German contribution NATO was bound to remain a dead letter, and America was bound to drop it as a bad investment. They also knew they were paying heavily for doing the West this favour: they had to accept foreseeable Russian wrath, the unenviable position of a Western front-line country and potential battlefield, and, worst of all, the long postponement of that national unity which had been theirs for the asking had they taken the Russian option instead. The balance of advantage in this transaction lay clearly, at least for a longish initial period, on the Western, not the German side, and the Germans knew it and accepted it with their eyes open. All they sought and got in return was the Western pledge set out above: a simple pledge of comradeship and loyalty.

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If this is now repudiated at the first test the Germans will have been cheated indeed.

It is a matter of debate in Germany to this day whether the decision of 1952–55 was the right one. The indefinitely prolonged, and recently cruelly sharpened, sufferings of the East Germans weigh heavily in the other scale; and some of the original patriotic opposition is still alive. On the whole, the majority of German public opinion has nevertheless supported the Western option—though perhaps more with the head than with the heart—and the bulk of the dissenting minority has over the years more and more acquiesced in it. The Western-German alliance has, on the German side, worked far better than could originally be expected. The Germans, let us face it, have during the last six years been as good as gold. They have neither been shirking, half-hearted, and looking over their shoulder for renewed Russian blandishments, as they well might have been, nor have they been blustering, bellicose, pushing, neo-Nazi, "militarist and revanchist" as the Communist legend has it. They have been loyal, modest, tactful, dutiful, patient under the strain of hope deferred, and long-suffering in the face of many unjust and undeserved discourtesies.

IF ALL THIS should now be rewarded, at the first moderately serious test of Allied loyalty under pressure, by an eagerly contrived anti-German Munich, it would not need the eternal latent German capacity for *furor Teutonicus* to produce a reaction of extreme and violent bitterness. This reaction would set in at a moment when the Germans have just turned the corner and become a Power again.

What makes things worse are some of the arguments with which the proposed sell-out on Germany is supported in the British press. (Many articles in the British press nowadays give the impression that their authors think the Germans cannot read English.) One such argument is that the Germans themselves do not want reunification, from which they can only draw the conclusion that hitherto they have been too patient and too tactful about it. Another peculiar imputation which I have read is that the German Government would perhaps feel "secretly relieved" if the West and Russia between them sealed Germany's partition. This reminds one of the famous dictum that "the fox *likes* being hunted." Only in this case the fox can read.

Another argument which is bound to produce hatred with German readers is that "East Germany exists, has existed, and will continue to exist." This is exactly the reason why Britain, together with the other signatories of the Paris Treaties, has committed herself not to accept or recognise East Germany, but to use any diplomatic opportunity which time may offer to put an end to its illegitimate existence. If it did not exist, no such commitment would indeed have been necessary. By opting for the West and not for Russia in 1955, Germany consciously accepted the terribly wounding fact that a Communist puppet State would exist in East Germany for a good many years. In return for this sacrifice, the Western Powers accepted the obligation at least not to recognise this puppet State, but to work for German unity. If commentators now use the reason for this obligation as a reason for breaking it, it is really rather more than flesh and blood can be expected to bear.

Anyhow, the simplest experience of political psychology suffices to foresee that the German Munich now so loudly and so widely called for will, if it comes to pass, have the same effect on the Germans that the Czech Munich of 1938 had on the Czechs: that of turning the most touchingly loyal, if also most exposed and endangered, member of the Western alliance and community into its bitter and vindictive enemy. (The Czechs became the most useful and active collaborators of the Nazis from 1938 to 1945 and are the only really willing and loyal allies of the Russians in Eastern Europe now. They have been lost to the West.)

If this happened with a key Power like Germany, it would of course be an international revolution of the first magnitude. Germany is to-day, if not still the third, certainly the fourth Power on earth, and its separation from the West will be an event comparable only to the West's loss of China in 1949.

THE QUESTION is what consequences will this international landslide probably have. Obviously at this point we leave the firm ground of the safely predictable and embark on the sea of speculation. But in making so momentous a decision as that now advocated with so little detectable thought, it is good to risk a little sea voyage of this kind. If the authors of Munich in 1938 had had a slightly more speculative turn of mind, they might perhaps still not have avoided the second world war, but at least the awful and almost deadly surprise of the Soviet-German pact. It would admittedly have taken a chess-player's gift for political combination to see in advance that the Munich of 1938 carried within it the seeds of that pact. Rather less of this gift is needed to see that the German Munich now clamoured for will again bring about this deadly constellation. Indeed, this will be its most natural sequel, and many extremely unlikely and surprising things would have to

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happen to prevent it from materialising if the political consummation which some political commentators so ardently desire comes to pass.

From the German point of view, things are fairly clear. The mildest consequence which the Germans could draw would be to regard themselves only as freed from their pledge of "no violence for unity," to start a war or civil war of their own, and to confront the West—still formally their ally—with the choice of coming to their aid or letting the Russians advance to and beyond the Rhine. This, however, would be rather too sophisticated to happen in practice. Far more likely is that the Germans would, simply and not unreasonably, conclude that the West was both weak and treacherous and that the choice they had made in 1955 was now finally and bitterly proved to have been the wrong one. They would curse the day they made it, wish to goodness they had accepted Stalin's offer instead, and pray to heaven that it were repeated. They would quite understand that this time Russia would not again offer them unity for mere neutrality, which they have anyhow grown out of now, but only as the price of a change of alliances. Some of them would probably positively welcome such a change of alliances as the handiest means of revenge on their betrayers: There is no hatred like the hatred of betrayed love; *cf.* the Czechs.

Perhaps the West would rely on Dr. Adenauer to stand up for it even then. But Dr. Adenauer is 85; he has been politically—and perhaps even physically?—noticeably weakened by the events of this August; and he would not long survive the destruction of his life's work. One cannot rely on a man one is simultaneously destroying.

The only question is: Would the Russians make the offer? Here the advocates of a German Munich will put forward two hopeful speculations of their own. The first is that Mr. Khrushchev is a secret friend of the West who wants nothing better than a permanent settlement with America, Britain, and France at the expense of Germany, and that therefore the German Munich will this time really bring peace in our time. The second, slightly contradictory one, is that Mr. Khrushchev is a true world revolutionary who will never sacrifice a Communist régime like that of Herr Ulbricht in East Germany for the sake of a classical power-political deal with a capitalist Power like a restored and re-united Bismarckian, eastwards-orientated Germany. Moreover, people like to add at this point with a delighted little laugh, "he really hates the Germans."

I am in no position to refute either of these assumptions compellingly. I can only say that the first seems to me demented, and the second a little too simple. Mr. Khrushchev is certainly a true world revolutionary, but he is also a dialectician—in plain English: a wily old bird, who, unlike many of our Western statesman, looks beyond his first move to the second and third. He is also certainly emotionally anti-German (incidentally a rare occurrence among Russians), but this has not prevented him even in the past from starting odd little bouts of political flirtation with Dr. Adenauer now and then; and, come to think of that, Herr Ulbricht is a German too. To expect Mr. Khrushchev to refuse the plump eagle which is Germany for the mangy sparrow which is Herr Ulbricht's East Germany if the West offers him the exchange on a plate, merely from reasons of comradely sentimentality or anti-German prejudice, is banking rather high on the supposed romantic strain in the Soviet leader.

To speak seriously, I wonder whether any of those British leader writers who have dealt with the present crisis has taken the trouble to put himself mentally in Mr. Khrushchev's position and to ask himself why Mr. Khrushchev should be so eager to force the West by hook or crook into some recognition of East Germany: what is the ultimate advantage he can hope to reap from such a paper transaction? The advantage must be considerable, for he would hardly go to the brink of war for its sake otherwise.

He himself says that he wants everything nice and tidy before the German militarists get their atom bombs. But this makes no sense, because if the Germans are really so militaristic and bellicose as he paints them and if they really get their atom bombs, paper agreements about Western recognition of East Germany will not stop them taking it back by force one day. Austria was for twenty years recognised by the whole world, and the *Anschluss* expressly forbidden and renounced in several solemn treaties. This did not save Austria in 1938. What counts in these matters is power and will, not paper.

Clearly what makes the Allied recognition of East Germany so immensely valuable to Mr. Khrushchev cannot be the recognition as such, which adds nothing to East Germany's stability and security and little even to its prestige, but the repercussions of this recognition on the alliance between Germany and the West, which I have set out above—repercussions which Mr. Khrushchev undoubtedly has the intelligence to foresee, even if leader writers have not. The recognition of East Germany is nothing to Mr. Khrushchev, the consequent breach between Germany and the West is everything. Still a doubt? Consider this: Mr. Khrushchev has never lifted a finger to help Herr Ulbricht

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in his frantic, and hitherto unsuccessful, endeavours to get recognised by such countries as Guinea, Ghana, or even Cuba. Who recognises East Germany is a matter of total indifference to him—except in the case of the Western Powers, the allies of Germany. What interests him is their betrayal of the alliance with Germany, nothing else.

But, we must go on to ask, in which quarter, and in what way, can Mr. Khrushchev turn to book the Western-German breach once he has brought it about? Only—this answer seems to me compelling and inescapable—in Germany, and only by turning Germany round and changing her from an ally of the West into an ally of Russia. The three Western Powers will still, after their breach with Germany, be seen from Moscow as an opposing bloc, with which Mr. Khrushchev will continue to have many world-wide quarrels; and one of them, America, will inevitably continue to be the real, the ultimate enemy, the citadel of capitalism, which must be first isolated and then laid low. But Germany (with whom Moscow has no overseas quarrel whatever) will be cut loose and conveniently isolated, powerful enough to make a valuable ally but not powerful enough to stand alone, betrayed, bewildered, frightened, and angry, an enormous, juicy fruit ready at last for plucking. Once Germany is prised loose from the West, there is nothing but Ulbricht to stand between her and a Russian alliance: and Ulbricht, of course, becomes expendable for Russia in such a case. It would be imputing to Mr. Khrushchev an incredible and almost insulting degree of stupidity to believe that, having engineered at great risk the difficult feat of getting Germany betrayed by the West and thus separated from it, he would then leave her standing about in a corner unused (perhaps to satisfy some emotional want), instead of taking his winnings, turning her round and netting her in.

He is now, at this moment, in the process of demonstrating to her that she has only to expect blows from both sides as long as she sides with the West: angry blows from Russia, treacherous blows from the West. Once this demonstration has done its work, the time will obviously have come to demonstrate the opposite: to show that Germany can have all her heart's desire—unity, security, courteous treatment, why, perhaps even her Eastern pre-war frontiers or their equivalent—as soon as she sees the light and sides with the right people.

I repeat I cannot prove compellingly that this is Mr. Khrushchev's game to those who are determined to believe otherwise. All I can say is that if it is—and I can see no other that makes sense to me, given his present proceedings—he is at the moment receiving a fantastic amount of unpaid and unsolicited aid towards its success. Nor can I see what possible advantage Britain can expect to reap in return for this freely given aid, except perhaps the emotional satisfaction of German-baiting, which with some journalists seems lately to have become an *ersatz* for patriotism. But not all the new Munichеers are even German-baiters. What can drive them? Perhaps fear of war? Perhaps the lure of "peace in our time"? But can they really be that stupid? After all, they have the experience of the betrayals of Czechoslovakia in 1938 and of Poland in 1945. Did the former save the peace? Did the latter bring peace?

One cannot really assume that so many political writers and analysts have suddenly become unable to master the most primitive lessons of experience. Rather is one reluctantly driven to the suspicion that many of them are at the moment mentally incapacitated by an excess of fear. Certainly they often seem insufficiently collected nowadays to consider the implications of proposed actions—or even of their own words. The most august organs of our public opinion, for all their well-rehearsed routine manner of fine cool-headedness, are not in this summer of 1961 behaving like sober men in full control of their reasoning faculties. Rather they bring to the mind of the reader the picture of a scared man who, in his secret panic, is running straight into that from which he wants to run away.

Holden, Hodgkin, and Africa

A year after the disastrous coming to independence of the Congo Republic it is possible now to see how the events there have affected relations not only within Africa, but also between Africa and the Western Powers; and worst of all between Africa and the United Nations. That the situation in the Congo no longer looks ominous, and that it never got worse than it did (compared with Angola it almost never seems to have been all that bad in retrospect!), is due entirely to the role played by the U.N. Even if it could not do what it had set out to do, the U.N. stopped the Congo being engulfed by "cold war politics." It was a near thing, especially after the Russians had decided to ignore Security Council decisions last September; but the price that was paid for the U.N.'s mission has been its temporary loss of prestige in Asia and Africa. It is seen now not as an impartial and powerful arbiter to whom *small* nations can confidently entrust their fate, but as a mediator in the struggle between the two great

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blocs. Until the U.N. has been reformed to enable the smaller states to assume a more effective role in the U.N.'s mediating machinery, it would be unwise to expect it to retrieve the prestige that was lost in the course of its fierce determination to uphold respect for international authority without stooging to either the great blocs or to particular groups of African states. This is one of the dismal results of the Congo.

While it is important that the lessons of the Congo should be learned, it is no less important that we should be sure that they are the right lessons. Neither David Holden (in his admirably fair review of my book on the Congo*) nor Thomas Hodgkin (in his contribution to *What Future for Africa?**) seem to me to have drawn the right conclusions. Hodgkin, of course, was not writing directly about the Congo, but clearly what he was saying was related to the repercussions in Africa of that disaster. I will limit myself to discussing only a single aspect from what each of these contributors put forward.

"... Nobody," wrote Holden, "is going to save either the Congo or the U.N. by assuming that Africa can somehow be insulated from the Cold War. No insulating material exists that will serve that purpose."

And Thomas Hodgkin wrote (also in the June ENCOUNTER):

> Our profound ignorance of African history, our lack of comprehension of African attitudes to the contemporary situation, our remoteness from the ideals of revolutionary democracy, the distortions in thinking produced by our colonial mythology—these, I would suggest, are good reasons for doubting whether we are likely to have any sensible contributions to make to a discussion of the direction of social and political change in post-colonial Africa. Such questions are best left to Africans.

First take Mr. Holden's thesis. He offers no definition for the terms he uses in arguing that Africa cannot be "insulated" from the "Cold War." If all he means is that "cold war politics" are likely to intrude into African political situations, I agree. But he seems to be saying much more. There is a widely current view that Africa cannot escape being drawn into the struggle between the two great blocs; it will be compelled to take sides—either by different African countries being drawn into partisanship of either the West or the Communists; or that African political parties will compete with each other for the favour or support of Moscow, Peking, London, or Washington.

This view postulates the inevitability of African politics being polarised between West and East. It is this view which seems to me to be open to question. I am not saying that Africa will not be caught up between the two blocs; what I am saying is that it *need* not happen. There are two reasons for my view. The stronger is that the African leaders themselves do not want to become involved in the struggles of Europe, Asia, and America. This applies to virtually all the influential leaders, irrespective of whether they belong to one or other of the purely temporary camps—the Casablanca Powers or the Monrovia States; and irrespective of whether, like President Nasser or Premier Sékou Touré, they are thought of as relying too heavily on Moscow aid; or whether, like President Bourguiba and President Tubman, they are thought of as depending too readily on Western aid.

Non-alignment is a powerful new dimension in world politics. Attachment to this policy is not just a question of words or convenience; it expresses the deepest longings of the newly-independent African states, and of many of the Asian and Arab states as well. Also it expresses their truest self-interest. It is already possible to talk of the "non-aligned, neutralist states" as a new world *force*, provided one does not confuse this *force* with the idea of a third bloc. It is essentially a defensive reaction against being sucked into the vortex of "cold war politics." The dynamics of this new *force* must be understood if we are to avoid making the mistakes that have so readily been made in the past when African leaders, for reasons of temporary advantage, have accepted aid from one or other of the great blocs. President Nasser never had any intention of joining the Communist bloc when he reacted against Western maladroitness by accepting Russian military and economic aid. The mistake of treating him for a time as a lackey of Moscow was made because Western leadership had not yet learned to trust the innate good sense of African leaders, and because it failed to understand the capacity of these leaders to prevent their countries being caught up in the coils of the Communists. The same is true of Guinea.

The terrible mistake made by the Americans and the British in the Congo was their automatic assumption that the late Mr. Lumumba and his political heir, Mr. Antoine Gizenga, were "Reds" and "politically unreliable," because they were ready to accept the aid the Russians were willing to give them in crushing the Baluba revolt in south Kasai. Had the Western Powers not lost their nerve at that time, and if they had been willing to use the machinery of the United Nations to secure the withdrawal of Soviet military aid, they could have relied upon the wholehearted support of the African and Asian states to repeat their earlier triumph of getting an unanimous vote in the U.N. General Assembly. The subsequent story in the Congo might then have looked very different indeed; and the terrible harm done both to the prestige of the West and of the United Nations in Africa would undoubtedly have been avoided.

The second reason for believing it is possible to prevent Africa being plunged into "cold war politics" is that it is in the best interests of the West to respect and uphold the desire by African, and other, states to make their non-alignment real. There is, in fact, a common interest in achieving this result between Western and non-aligned states. In a fumbling way Western leadership is beginning to learn this lesson. If it has really learned it from its three experiences in the U.A.R., in Guinea, and in the Congo, we might already be

* ENCOUNTER, June 1961.

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well on our way towards securing the "insulation" which Mr. Holden suggests is impossible to achieve for Africa. By "insulation" I mean rendering the attempts at getting African states to line up with, or to commit themselves to one bloc or the other, ineffective. Finally, we should recognise that there is a world of difference between "competitive coexistence" between the great powers in Africa and "cold war politics." Failure to distinguish between these two operations often leads to misunderstanding.

TURNING TO THOMAS HODGKIN. Can it be that he was teasing? Valuing his work as I do I suspect this possibility. But it is the kind of teasing that is likely to appeal most to the worst kind of chauvinism that one finds among some Pan-Africanists. If one were to follow Hodgkin's advice literally it would amount to all non-Africans (however this term might be defined) voluntarily withholding their opinions or criticisms about events in Africa. On the same grounds one could argue that Africans should not express opinions about Asia, or Asians about Europe. What a strange world that would be.

While agreeing with Hodgkin that we are profoundly ignorant of African history, are Africans any better informed? Obviously they are not. A serious attempt is now being made to study African history; this attempt, like all similar ones, is not being confined to any one group of students. There are to-day (as is the case with Mr. Hodgkin himself) many Europeans who know more about certain aspects of African history than do any Africans. To pretend otherwise is merely being silly. How far will Hodgkin, on reflection, choose to defend his thesis that Europeans or Russians or Americans are, by virtue of their race, remote from "the ideals of revolutionary democracy"; or that we are necessarily suffering from distorted thinking produced by "our colonial mythology"? Many of us have never fallen for colonial myths; that is why there is such a strong anti-colonial and anti-imperialist tradition in the West. "Anti-imperialism" as Ghana's Minister, Mr. Kofi Baako said the other day, "has nothing to do with colour."

There are certain universal principles about social and political change which do not alter simply because they occur in Africa. The suggestion that there might be something peculiar about the way Africans react in dealing with their problems comes uncomfortably close to the kind of argument that Dr. Verwoerd advanced in justifying his theories about Bantu education; not that I wish to suggest there is the slightest parallel between Hodgkin's ideas and Dr. Verwoerd's. But it helps to show how dangerous it is to embrace the view, for whatever reason, that Africans should be placed in a category all of their own. It is a mischievous thesis, and I hope that on second thoughts Hodgkin will feel he has carried his remarkable argument too far; and that he will retract before the African chauvinists adopt this new kind of Hodgkinism as their petard and hoist him upon it as their only reward.

Colin Legum

An Apology

There has been an extraordinary run on the last few issues of ENCOUNTER, *with the result that they are now practically unobtainable. To the many readers whose orders we have had to refuse we express our sincere regrets. We realise that to them our sales manager must seem rather inept, but he feels that people who still won't place a regular order hardly give him a sporting chance. Anyway, up goes the print order again, 7,000 more than this time last year.*

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Here Lies Lower Binfield

On George Orwell — By JOHN WAIN

SIR RICHARD'S chatty, rather lightweight little book* has the merit of touching, in however skimming a fashion, the most important questions about George Orwell's life and work; I cannot pretend to think it a critical masterpiece, but I am grateful for the trains of thought it has suggested.

Much of the controversy about Orwell has concerned itself, and quite rightly, with the question, "What kind of a Socialist was he?" That he was a man of the Left, no one has ever denied; he wrote with a passionate, stinging pity of the sufferings of working people during the depression; he saw the struggle against Fascism as primarily a fight by the poor and oppressed to protect themselves against the hired bullies of the rich; he risked, and almost lost, his life fighting against Franco in Spain. Yes, he was Left. But not many conventional representatives of left-wing opinion have shown any eagerness to claim him as an ally. Some years ago, when I was very green about political attitudes and the swirling loyalties that surround them, I innocently lent several of Orwell's books to some neighbours of mine who were Socialists of the old-fashioned "progressive" Russophil kind, the sort of people who in 1950 were still busy whitewashing Stalin and blaming all international squabbles on the West. I thought, touchingly, that if they were "socialists" they would naturally enjoy Orwell, with his defence of the underdog, his dislike of big business and big bureaucracy, his suspicion of the bourgeoisie and admiration for the working class. When they returned the books with an angry and contemptuous dismissal, I was bewildered; not for some years did I learn, and then only gradually, how bitter was the hatred Orwell aroused among party-minded Communists and fellow-travellers. The most high-pitched abuse of Orwell has always come from these people; Raymond Williams, in *Culture and Society*, quotes, as an example, some writer in the *Marxist Quarterly*: "he... runs shrieking into the arms of the capitalist publishers with a couple of horror comics which bring him fame and fortune," and no doubt the files of such papers would yield a mountain of similar attacks.

The Marxists are right to dislike Orwell, since it is part of their creed that Left-wingers who don't agree with them are far more objectionable and dangerous than Right-wingers. (The reactionaries can simply be swept away, whereas the Socialists breed confusion, spread error, and generally mess up the neatly ruled page.) And whatever kind of Leftism Orwell held, it wasn't *their* kind.

HE WAS NOT a revolutionary. He had no hatred of the past, and no confidence that a golden millennium could be created by abrupt political action. Though mildly anti-clerical, he showed no vindictiveness towards religion or the churches. He gave it as his opinion in 1943 that "The major problem of our time is the decay of the belief in personal immortality;" to the orthodox Communist this decay, which is merely the overdue crumbling of an antique deception, could hardly present itself as a "problem."

Worse still—and this is where Orwell parts company not only with the doctrinaire Left-wing systems of the Continent, but with the *New Statesman*-reading progressives of N.W.3—he was anti-modern. He aligned himself with Socialism, which naturally tends to see the past as an evil, to be broken away from—naturally, since human history is, undeniably, largely a tale of cruelty, exploitation, and injustice. But where the average Socialist cannot wait to throw the past on the dung-heap, Orwell loved it, hankered for it, longingly re-created it in his mind. As an artist, his best passages—indeed, his only passages which have the genuine, unforced glow of imagination—flower from pure nos-

* *George Orwell. Fugitive from the Camp of Victory*. By RICHARD REES. Secker & Warburg, 18s.

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talgia. As a political thinker, he is at his most useful, and most zestful, when he is warning us of the hell we could so easily make for ourselves.

Orwell's distrust of the steel-and-concrete, streamlined, collectivised future is well known to everyone. ("A couple of horror comics.") It is this distrust, more than anything else, that explains the hatred felt for him by "progressives" with their money on the future and their heads full of Revolution.

Not that his own position was without its contradictions. He was Socialist enough not to want to return to a past that had so tranquilly accepted injustice and exploitation, regarded an artificial class system as an unquestionable act of God, and condemned the bulk of the people to brute labour. His official programme, so to speak, required him to set his face against 1910, and against the kind of people who wanted to put the clock back to 1910. The trouble was that, like most Puritans, he was deliciously drawn towards the very temptations he denounced. Boys' fiction, for instance, he declared in his famous essay of 1939 to be "sodden in the worst illusions of 1910." He wanted a new set of adventure weeklies, "as thrilling and lively as the *Hotspur* but with subject-matter and 'ideology' a little more up-to-date." That is, he wanted it with the official, businesslike, political part of his mind. Whether he would actually have taken pleasure in these stories with their up-to-date subject-matter and ideology, whether he would have thought them worth writing an affectionate essay about, is another question.

Or rather, it is not a question at all. We know quite well that Orwell's interest in a paper like the *Magnet*, however disapproving he felt it necessary to be, was a connoisseur's, indeed a lover's, interest. Witness his (would-be) satirical summary of "the mental world of the *Gem* and *Magnet*":

> The year is 1910—or 1940, but it is all the same. You are at Greyfriars, a rosy-cheeked boy of fourteen in posh tailor-made clothes, sitting down to tea in your study on the Remove passage after an exciting game of football which was won by an odd goal in the last half-minute. There is a cosy fire in the study, and outside the wind is whistling. The ivy clusters thickly round the old grey stones. The King is on his throne and the pound is worth a pound. Over in Europe the comic foreigners are jabbering and gesticulating, but the grim grey battleships of the British Fleet are steaming up the Channel and at the outposts of Empire the monocled Englishmen are holding the niggers at bay. Lord Mauleverer has just got another fiver and we are all settling down to a tremendous tea of sausages, sardines, crumpets, potted meat, jam and doughnuts. After tea we shall sit round the study fire having a good laugh at Billy Bunter and discussing the team for next week's match against Rookwood. Everything is safe, solid, and unquestionable. Everything will be the same for ever and ever. That approximately is the atmosphere.

This statement is intended as a reproof, and was in fact so taken by Frank Richards, the admirable author of the papers in question, who wrote a defence of his attitudes, couched in Harry Wharton's own prose style, in the next number of *Horizon* after Orwell's essay appeared. And yet there is a wistfulness, a note of love and longing, in Orwell's words that takes away all the sting of his rebuke. He knows, as a good Socialist and egalitarian, that society must move forward, that it is useless and indeed harmful to go on pretending that "the King is on his throne and the pound is worth a pound;" he sees that the Remove passage is just about to be dive-bombed by the *Luftwaffe*, and that Lord Mauleverer's potted meat and crumpets have been filched by an unjust economic system from the hungry children of coal-miners in Lancashire. All this being so, the 1910 mentality has to be left behind. And yet, and yet....

AND YET, if only it were possible to keep both! That is the cry, poignant and tragic because it is a cry for the unattainable, at the heart of Orwell's work. What he really wants is a world as innocent and simple as the world of Frank Richards, where nobody is afraid to be himself or to speak his mind, where nobody has to lie or cringe for the sake of staying alive, where the jerry-builder has not yet spoilt England's green pastures, and the slow, fish-delighting streams have not yet been poisoned with industrial waste. A paper like the *Magnet* achieves this vision by leaving out the darker side of the picture; it is, to that extent, a lie, something Orwell feels he must censure and oppose. But his ideal, the thing he would like to create, is a world similar to that of the *Magnet* but rooted in reality. He does not want to get away from 1910. He wants 1910 brought back, but in a cleaner and more honest form.

Orwell's Socialism was not, in short, a vision of the future. Hardly less than William Morris's, it nourished itself on the past. He saw no reason to believe that the future would bring any more freedom, any more justice, than the past had known; but he could see everywhere the signs of a new cruelty and sterility.

"All through the Christian ages," he writes towards the end of his essay on Dickens,

> and especially since the French Revolution, the Western world has been haunted by the idea of freedom and equality; it is only an *idea*, but it

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has penetrated to all ranks of society. The most atrocious injustices, cruelties, lies, snobberies exist everywhere, but there are not many people who can regard these things with the same indifference as, say, a Roman slave-owner. Even the millionaire suffers from a vague sense of guilt, like a dog eating a stolen leg of mutton. Nearly everyone, whatever his actual conduct may be, responds emotionally to the idea of human brotherhood. Dickens voiced a code which was and on the whole still is believed in, even by people who violate it.

It is this emotional response to the idea of human brotherhood that provides the sheet-anchor for Orwell's political Leftism. It is an anchor that bites not into the future but into the past. ("A code which was and on the whole still is believed in.") Orwell saw this kind of brotherly love as something that had come into the world with Christianity: hence his lack of the Communist's hatred of religion. And he saw it as something old-fashioned, which modern-minded people disliked and would probably try to root out. On the same page as the extract quoted above he says, "The common man is still living in the mental world of Dickens, but nearly every modern intellectual has gone over to some or other form of totalitarianism. From the Marxist or Fascist point of view, nearly all that Dickens stands for can be written off as 'bourgeois morality.'"

The important thing to notice there is that already, in 1939, Orwell was lumping together Fascism and Marxism as versions of totalitarian power-politics, united in their hostility to the idea of human brotherhood which he himself had made the main pillar of his faith. It is a rather mixed position, as perhaps any fully human position must be. He chides boys' fiction for being unrealistically rooted in 1910, while at the same time praising the British working class for not having moved into the modern age of Fascism and Marxism. The past, in short, is all right or not all right according to who invokes it. If Dickens, or Donald McGill, or *Helen's Babies*, keeps alive the precious spirit of tolerance and good-humour from the past, then that is all right. If Lord Camrose, and other magazine-publishing moguls, invoke the past in order to blind working-class boys to the kind of world they are growing up in, then that is not all right.

However that may be, Orwell's villains are always people who hate the past as an enemy. Winston Smith's first downward step from being a good Party Member, which is also his first upward step towards being fully human, is taken when he finds an old notebook with thick, enticing white paper, the sort of book that tempts one's hands to take a pen and write on its pages—and to write, not just anything, but

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words that have a deeply personal meaning. It is a brilliant touch of detail, and it is in keeping with Orwell's lifelong willingness to praise and defend small, independent private pleasures that keep a man's soul alive.

THROUGHOUT HIS WORK, the things Orwell represents as really enjoyable are all things that were better in 1910 than in our day—more plentiful, cheaper, simpler. He felt (and which of us has not, often, felt the same?) that the modern world is deliberately organised *against* the small, inexpensive, individual amusement that can be enjoyed quietly and in solitude.

> How many a time have I stood watching the toads mating, or a pair of hares having a boxing match in the young corn, and thought of all the important persons who would stop me enjoying this if they could. But luckily they can't. So long as you are not actually ill, hungry, frightened, or immured in a prison or a holiday camp, spring is still spring.

That extract gives the key to his work on its tragic side. His villains are those who, by whatever means, prevent their ordinary human brothers from enjoying life in a simple and spontaneous way. They make their victims ill, or hungry, or frightened; they immure them in prisons or holiday camps. No doubt Orwell would have admitted readily enough that a holiday camp is a much better place to be in than a prison, yet the juxtaposition of the two has a serious point. In the modern glass-and-concrete world, even the free are captives. The ordinary citizen has no more chance of enjoying himself in a quiet, uncomplicated, personal way than a convict in prison.

For these reasons I myself believe that Orwell's central book is *Coming Up For Air*, and that his most important character-creation is the hero of that book, George Bowling, the commercial traveller who plays truant for a few days from his job, his wife, and his epoch, to go back to his birthplace, the village of Lower Binfield.

WHO IS GEORGE BOWLING? On one level, the answer is plain and not very flattering to Orwell. Bowling is an obvious "construct," a figure designed and built up out of a series of components required by the fable. He is forty-five, because the time is the late 'thirties and he has to be able to remember the turn of the century. He is fat, cheerful, and brassy, because Orwell is very much concerned to insist that misgivings about the future of civilisation are not wholly, or even mainly, found among the intelligent and the cultivated. On the other hand, he has to have a smattering of knowledge, because some of the ground to be covered in the book is political and literary, so he is fitted out with a background which includes a commission in the First World War and it is also explained that, by a farcical mistake on the part of the top brass, he spent two years of that war guarding eleven tins of bully beef at an Army dump miles from anywhere, and filled in the time by reading novels and thus casually gathering miscellaneous knowledge. He is a commercial traveller, deeply in and of the world of sales-talk and *schmaltz*, because Orwell wants his criticism of that world to be voiced from the inside. He is married to a daughter of the "lower-upper-middle-class," as Orwell called it—the officer-clergyman-administrator class with no money but impeccable social standing; this is to provide a peg for more social comment and also because Orwell was still in the phase when he simply could not write a story without including some satire on people of this kind. His childhood was spent in rural Southern England—always, for Orwell, a magic region and the focus of intense nostalgic sentiment—and his family background was village small trade, nominally independent (the shopkeeper was "his own master") but actually twitched by the strings of wider economic and social developments.

Everything about George Bowling, in fact, was ordered in advance by the requirements of the story, after which Orwell, as "novelist," stepped in and screwed the parts together; we see him doing so, there on the page, as we read. Just how fatally limited a conception of "the novel" this is, we need hardly pause to insist. (I myself, in the days when it was still obligatory to praise or damn Orwell as a novelist, wrote a long essay, "Orwell in Perspective," to argue that he was not, properly speaking, a novelist at all, but a polemical writer, and that the novelist yardstick was the wrong one; the essay appeared in a widely-circulated magazine,* and it is not my fault that neither Sir Richard nor anyone else seems ever to have looked at it.)

THE IMPORTANCE of *Coming Up For Air* stems partly from the fact that it occupies a very special place in the history of Orwell's working life. His early novels, *Burmese Days* (1934), *A Clergyman's Daughter* (1935), and *Keep the Aspidistra Flying* (1936), are written out of a vigorous but confused centre; there are strongly-held attitudes, but the ideas that should focus these attitudes, and make them available for action, are patchy and half-developed. That Orwell was aware of this is indicated, I think, by the fact that in his thirties he turned to

* *New World Writing*, No. 12.

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criticism, and for a number of years devoted his best energies to a series of essays in which he worked hard to set the record straight, to say as clearly as possible just what he thought about politics, literature, and social issues. From *Inside the Whale* in 1940 to *Critical Essays* in 1946, we find him making a series of very important critical statements; the chronology is obscure, as it generally is in the case of articles which are written over a number of years and collected in book form afterwards, but broadly speaking we can say that Orwell spent the years between Munich and the invasion of Normandy in clearing the decks for his mature writings by producing a series of critical statements.* Illness, abetted by his own reckless and self-destructive tendencies, deprived the world of those mature writings, with the single exception of *Animal Farm*. *1984*, though nominally a finished work, is obviously nothing more than a hasty draft, rushed out under pressure by a dying man. And this means that the critical statements are the backbone of Orwell's life-work as we have it. Indeed, *Animal Farm*, written between November 1943 and February 1944, is so remarkably similar in its tone, and in the balanced fairness of its judgments, to the initial essays as to be, almost, seen as one of them. It is, after all, a fable, and a fable is closer to criticism than to fiction in the full imaginative sense.

IT IS IMPORTANT to stress this point, because Orwell's work becomes much easier to describe if one takes it period by period. Sir Richard understands this, and has his own version of the right grouping; he puts the first four novels together, and takes the years 1939–42 as Orwell's optimistic period, when he was still cherishing the warmth he had found in contact with the unemployed miners and the international militia in Spain; the remaining years, as Orwell's health worsened and the good memories receded, were darkened by despair and disbelief. I would not quarrel with these divisions as far as they go, though my own emphases fall in slightly different places; but what I am concerned with is to point out the importance of this war-time period of stock-taking. No doubt the war prevented Orwell from embarking on anything that could not be finished in a week or two, and this of itself would turn him away from novels and towards criticism; but, if this is so, then the war was co-operating with Orwell's own deeper impulses. He *wanted* to write criticism during these years; the evidence is there in the zest and freshness with which he plunged into the work.

This interval of clarifying recapitulation and forecast was certainly necessary to him. The early books, immensely attractive as they are, nearly all fail in one way or another to stand up; they are like pieces of furniture with one leg missing—all right as long as they can lean against something solid. One example would be the curiously evasive streak in *Down and Out in Paris and London*, by reason of which it is never explained just what the narrator is doing in Paris, how he comes to be so poor, what motivates his decisions generally. Of course Orwell would have defended this by saying that the book was not offered as straight autobiography, but as one of those stylised and tidied-up narratives which avowedly use their author's experiences as a base, but build selectively upwards from it. This explanation does not seem to me quite satisfactory, if only because that kind of fictionally-slanted autobiography has always seemed to me an abhorrent form, the product of evasion and indecision; in any case, there are other difficulties. The narrator (he is nowhere named) is obviously a man with fairly well-off friends, to whom he can turn for money when the going becomes too tough; this puts a gulf between him and the other characters one meets in the story, the poor devils who have *got* to stick it, whose lives *must* consist of dish-washing in frightful Parisian kitchens or tramping English roads from spike to spike: and the gulf is not explored as it should be. There is no objection to its being there, but we ought to be told something about its dimensions, how it came into existence, what attitudes it produced in the narrator, whether the other characters were aware of it, and so forth. Orwell's failure to take up these implications is the result partly of a wrong (as I think) decision at the literary

* Let me take this opportunity of warning prospective readers off the so-called "Collected" edition of Orwell's criticism which his publishers have just issued. Much of Orwell's journalism is still unreprinted, and any "Collected" volume worthy of the name would be edited by someone who had gone through the files of the various British and American papers for which he wrote, and picked out anything that was not either trivial or better said elsewhere. This volume, by contrast, was evidently thrown together in the office by someone with a quarter of an hour to spare; it was done by simply reprinting the contents of the three volumes of Orwell's criticism already issued; no one bothered to read proofs, so that misprints and textual corruptions abound; and the essay on Kipling, which contains some of Orwell's best and most characteristic writing, is silently omitted! It would be interesting to know the publishers' reason for this; is it just cynical carelessness, or did the office boy decide that that particular essay didn't merit reprinting? And is this how a publisher should treat one of his deceased authors? Is it good enough for *any* author, let alone an acknowledged classic and a profitable best-seller?

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level; he started out as an admirer of Gissing and George Moore, and in his early books he is very much the conscious literary artist; this objective clashes fatally with his Cobbett-like desire to draw a good rough picture, bringing in all the actualities and generally telling the unvarnished truth.

In that particular case, the confusion is one of form; but there is at least one example, in this first period of Orwell's, of a radical confusion invading the very subject-matter of a book and throwing its argument out of gear. In *Keep the Aspidistra Flying*, Gordon Comstock, it will be remembered, sets out with the ambition to be a poet, meets obstacle after insuperable obstacle, and finally sinks in a morass of wage-earning, aspidistra-garnished, lower-middle-class averageness. Since the money-theme is very strongly stated at the beginning of the book (where it is constantly rubbed in that without money you will not be able to get your share even of those "best things" which are supposed to be "free," from love to original talent), it is fairly clear that Orwell originally intended the story to be a sardonic, bitter little parable about what happens to the soul of a society that plants itself in money and still expects to flower. He managed, indeed, to hold this course fairly steadily for most of the distance, but in the closing pages everything collapses, tripped up by one of its author's basic confusions. Gordon, still struggling to live the free life of a poet in self-sufficient poverty, has to face the fact that his girl is in the family way; respectability triumphs, they marry, and from then on it is regular work, a monthly pay-packet, and aspidistras all the way to the grave. But what ought to be a fine, gloomy satiric ending turns unexpectedly into a renascence. Gordon Comstock is obviously going to be happier with a wife and child to support than when he was messing about trying to be a poet. Orwell's inability to imagine the mind of a genuine poet has in any case failed to convey to the reader that there is anything to lose, and the emotional appeal of the middle-class virtues—working, paying one's debts, shouldering responsibilities, keeping life going—is too strong to resist. The result is what Mr. Empson would call "a luminous muddle;" more interesting than the rather simplicist clarity originally intended by the author, but at the same time baffling.

A "CRITICAL PERIOD," to set these confusions in order and also to digest the rapid onrush of new experience in Orwell's life (from a Hertfordshire village to Wigan Pier and thence to Catalonia), was needed, and the need was met. *Coming Up For Air*, properly considered, is not

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the last of Orwell's early novels so much as the first of the mature critical essays. It covers everything, as George Bowling's mind wanders from his present condition (mortgaged suburban semi-detached, two kids, scraping wife) to his Edwardian boyhood in the Thames Valley, and thence to fishing, Fascism, the coming war and the going peace.

> War! I started thinking about it again. It's coming soon, that's certain. But who's afraid of war? That's to say, who's afraid of the bombs and the machine-guns? "You are," you say. Yes, I am, and so's anybody who's ever seen them. But it isn't the war that matters, it's the after-war. The world we're going down into, the kind of hate-world, slogan-world. The coloured shirts, the barbed wire, the rubber truncheons. The secret cells where the electric light burns night and day, and the detectives watching you while you sleep. And the processions and the posters with enormous faces, and the crowds of a million people all cheering for the Leader till they deafen themselves into thinking that they really worship him, and all the time, underneath, they hate him so that they want to puke. It's all going to happen. Or isn't it? Some days I know it's impossible, other days I know it's inevitable.

In such a passage as this, Orwell is talking in his own person, and the subterfuge of "George Bowling" is felt by the reader only as an irritation. But Bowling has his own kind of strength. There are times when, instead of being a mere surrogate for the author, he steps forward in his own identity.

> After breakfast Joe started off on his bike, with his satchel and his Grammar School cap, five minutes early as he always did when he meant to cut school, and when it was time for me to leave for Mother Howlett's I sneaked off and hid in the lane behind the allotments. I knew the gang were going to the pond at the Mill Farm, and I was going to follow them if they murdered me for it. Probably they'd give me a hiding, and probably I wouldn't get home to dinner, and then Mother would know that I'd cut school and I'd get another hiding, but I didn't care. I was just desperate to go fishing with the gang. I was cunning, too. I allowed Joe plenty of time to make a circuit round and get to the Mill Farm by road, and then I followed down the lane and skirted round the meadows on the far side of the hedge, so as to get almost to the pond before the gang saw me. It was a wonderful June morning. The buttercups were up to my knees. There was a breath of wind just stirring the tops of the elms, and the great green clouds of leaves were sort of soft and rich like silk. And it was nine in the morning and I was eight years old, and all round me it was early summer, with great tangled hedges where the wild roses were still in bloom, and bits of soft white cloud drifting overhead, and in the distance the low hills and the dim blue masses of the woods round Upper Binfield. And I didn't give a damn for any of it. All I was thinking of was the green pool and the carp and the gang with their hooks and lines and bread paste. It was as though they were in paradise and I'd got to join them. Presently I managed to sneak up on them—four of them, Joe and Sid Lovegrove and the errand boy and another shopkeeper's son, Harry Barnes I think his name was.
>
> Joe turned and saw me. "Christ!" he said. "It's the kid." He walked up to me like a tom-cat that's going to start a fight. "Now then, you! What'd I tell you! You get back 'ome double quick."
>
> Both Joe and I were inclined to drop our aitches if we were at all excited. I backed away from him.
>
> "I'm not going back 'ome."

Bowling was necessary to speak lines like this, which have a glow, an unforced affection, that Orwell could not have managed in his own person. When Orwell wrote about his own boyhood, quite straight, he produced the dreadful essay *Such, Such Were the Joys*, which deals with his sufferings at a dreadful little South Coast school, and which the laws of libel have effectively kept from the English reader, though it is available in an easily imported U.S. paperback. There were genuinely loving and happy memories of boyhood, but George Bowling had to be brought in to utter them, just as "George Orwell" had to be brought in to utter the political and general opinions of Eric Blair. It was all a series of substitutions, designed to beat his deeply implanted inhibitions. "Orwell" is the name of a river; this is already a useful remove from "Blair," but it is not quite far enough to take us to Lower Binfield; "George" is all right, but the river-surname has to give way to a name describing a leisurely country pursuit.

Orwell, in short, invented Bowling not only to blow the gaff on the world of hire-purchase and *ersatz*, but to express a pastoral nostalgia. Blair-Orwell could not unreservedly love his own boyhood; but he loved what he knew of Bowling's, which he took to be the happier lot of the simple man, the "ordinary decent human being" on whom his faith finally rested.

GEORGE BOWLING, to come right down to it, is England. Orwell had hardly any of the novelist's gift of being able to create individual characters, but on the other hand he had the knack of shaping figures, two-dimensioned and yet very much alive, which could embody situations. Boxer, the cart-horse in *Animal Farm*, is not a character, but he is a sufficiently ample type-figure; he "stands for" the more self-sacrificing element in the working class of every country, the people who put

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revolutions on their feet by working hard and denying themselves during the crucial early years, and are then sold down the river when they have ceased to be indispensable. Anyone can make crude, cartoon-strip emblems for types like this, but Orwell had a genuine flair for making the emblem live in its own right without ceasing to be emblematic. George Bowling, fitted together out of prefabricated parts, is not a character, but he does exemplify Orwell's gift of getting real emotional power to flow through an emblem.

There are, to my mind, two passages in Orwell's fiction that are genuinely moving. One occurs when Boxer is being driven away in the van, to be slaughtered and sold for bone-meal and glue, and the other animals hear him summoning up the last of his great strength, that strength which did so much to make Animal Farm a going concern, in a doomed effort to kick his way out. The other is when George Bowling, re-visiting Lower Binfield, finds that the house where he was born and grew up has been turned into "Wendy's Tea-Shop."

> They'd evidently turned both the shop and what used to be the parlour into tea-rooms. As for the yard at the back where the dustbin used to stand and Father's little patch of weeds used to grow, they'd paved it all over and dolled it up with rustic tables and hydrangeas and things. I went through into the parlour. More ghosts! The piano and the texts on the wall, and the two lumpy old red arm-chairs where Father and Mother used to sit on opposite sides of the fireplace, reading the *People* and the *News of the World* on Sunday afternoons! They'd got the place up in an even more antique style than the George, with gate-leg tables and a hammered-iron chandelier and pewter plates hanging on the wall and what-not. Do you notice how dark they always manage to make it in these arty tea-rooms? It's part of the antiqueness, I suppose. And instead of an ordinary waitress there was a young woman in a kind of print wrapper who met me with a sour expression. I asked her for tea, and she was ten minutes getting it. You know the kind of tea—China tea, so weak that you could think it's water till you put the milk in. I was sitting almost exactly where Father's armchair used to stand. I could almost hear his voice, reading out a "piece," as he used to call it, from the *People*, about the new flying machines, or the chap who was swallowed by a whale, or something. It gave me a most peculiar feeling that I was there on false pretences and they could kick me out if they discovered who I was, and yet simultaneously I had a kind of longing to tell somebody that I'd been born here, that I belonged to this house, or rather (what I really felt) that the house belonged to me.

George Bowling feels that his parents' house belongs to him, and longs to be able to tell

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somebody about it, but he is only allowed to set foot in it as an anonymous customer, tolerated because he will spend a shilling on tea and cake he doesn't want. To Orwell, he is the perfect emblem for the English people, barely tolerated strangers in their own country, robbed of their past, bewilderingly set down in the world of Wendy's Tea-Shop, with its horrible falsity ("Home-made cakes! You bet they were. Home-made with margarine and egg-substitute"). This appalling place stands on the same spot as Bowling's old home, where substitutes were unknown and everything, however limited, was what it proclaimed itself to be: indeed, it *is* that very home—the same foundations, the same bricks—made unrecognisable by having gone back on its old values and got into line with the world of substitutes and synthetics, as typified by the appalling sausage which Bowling eats, or tries to eat, at the beginning of the story.

> The frankfurter had a rubber skin, of course, and my temporary teeth weren't much of a fit. I had to do a kind of sawing movement before I could get my teeth through the skin. And then suddenly—pop! The thing burst in my mouth like a rotten pear. A sort of horrible soft stuff was oozing all over my tongue. But the taste! For a moment I just couldn't believe it. Then I rolled my tongue round it again and had another try. It was *fish!* A sausage, a thing calling itself a frankfurter, filled with fish! I got up and walked out without touching my coffee. God knows what that might have tasted of.
>
> Outside the newsboy shoved the *Standard* into my face and yelled, "Legs! 'Orrible revelations! All the Winners! Legs! Legs!" I was still rolling the stuff round my tongue, wondering where I could spit it out. I remembered a bit I'd read in the paper somewhere about these food-factories in Germany where everything's made out of something else. Ersatz, they call it. I remembered reading that they were making sausages out of fish, and fish, no doubt, out of something different. It gave me the feeling that I'd bitten into the modern world and discovered what it was really made of. That's the way we're going nowadays. Everything slick and streamlined, everything made out of something else. Celluloid, rubber, chromium-steel everywhere, arc-lamps blazing all night, glass roofs over your head, radios all playing the same tune, no vegetation left, everything cemented over, mock-turtles grazing under the neutral fruit-trees.

In George Bowling's boyhood memories the fish is sacred, since fishing typifies all the slow savour of unorganised happiness. In the world he has moved into, fish is the stuff they put into sausages instead of meat.

Partly, the loss of innocence is Bowling's own. He is a more corrupt, as well as a more intelligent, man than his father. But even if he had tried to live the old life, he would have failed; it was no longer there to be lived. The village shop has disappeared along with the village.

COMING UP FOR AIR, as I have said, is Orwell's centre-piece. If all his other books had disappeared without trace, we should be able to tell, from this one, what kind of writer he was, what his major themes were and how he treated them. We should also, to be fair, have a good idea of his weaknesses. There is the usual complete lack of novelistic flair; any writer whose instincts were those of a novelist would never have missed the opportunity offered by the fact that Bowling and his wife have two children. As the work stands, they exist simply as part of his responsibilities, an excuse for his wife to nag all the harder about bills. There is no attempt to show concretely, or even to state abstractly, that their life is infinitely inferior in richness and savour to Bowling's own village boyhood, that they have lost by the move up to suburban status. And there is an over-vehement, ranting strain in the exhortatory passages.

> It doesn't matter how many of them there are, they're all for it. The bad times are coming, and the stream-lined men are coming too. What's coming afterwards I don't know, it hardly even interests me. I only know that if there's anything you care a curse about, better say good-bye to it now, because everything you've ever known is going down, down, into the muck, with the machine-guns rattling all the time.

This kind of you're-for-it bluster is of course characteristic of all the young left-wing writing of the 'thirties. Pick up a book written by any of the brighter spirits between about 1935 and 1939, and the chances are that before you have read many pages you will come to a passage describing the horrors of the war that is looming ahead. As MacNeice's couplet has it,

> *And so I drink your health before*
> *The gun-butt raps upon the door.*

Auden carried this tendency slightly further than the others, making his prophecies of doom not only more numerous but also rather more generalised, so that it is often hard to tell (and doesn't, in context, matter) whether he is referring to the approaching war or to some more apocalyptic vision of a ruined world produced by the dishonest and the ill.

> *Get there if you can and see the land you once were proud to own,*
> *Though the roads have almost vanished and the expresses never run.*

Orwell was, in fact, very close in spirit to the other writers of his generation, though the closeness has been obscured by the different turn he

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took after 1945, and by his habit during the 'thirties of referring to his fellow-writers in rather disdainful terms. Auden, for instance, he called "a kind of gutless Kipling," and though he later apologised in print for the remark, admitting it to be "spiteful," he never mentions Auden in terms which show any awareness of an affinity. Yet his description of England as "a family with the wrong members in control" is very Audenesque. All the writers of the 'thirties have long since gone their separate ways—into Vedanta, into Anglicanism, into academicism, into reminiscence, or into just plain silence. But there was a time when, for about three years, they came together in a remarkably unified testimony to the kind of world they wanted to see. It was a time when issues were still fairly clear-cut and when it was possible, if you lived in Western Europe, to take action that was, or seemed likely to be, crucial in world terms. Broadly speaking, they all wanted the same things—more Socialism at home and more resistance to Fascism abroad—and in retrospect they were seen to be in the right. Orwell distrusted the intelligentsia, particularly if they belonged to "the right Left people," but after all he did not say such cutting things about them as Auden did, nor was his analysis of the new shoddy civilisation any more devastating than, say, Isherwood's in the Berlin stories. *Coming Up For Air* was one note in a giant symphony of protest and discontent in which, to their credit, almost the entire literary world of the 'thirties—those, at any rate, who were young enough to be able to look about them—all joined. How the Fleet Street boys must kick themselves for not having thought of the "Angry Young Man" label *then*!

ORWELL'S distinguishing marks, the things that really pick him out, at this distance, from the other anti-Fascist, Leftish, and generally radical and discontented writers of thirty years ago, are his identification with the "ordinary man" against the "progressive," and his nostalgic affection for the past. The first of these might not seem so much a mark of individuality as the second, since yearning over the "working class" was and still is an amiable weakness to which Leftists are prone. But in Orwell's case it had a special quality, partly because it was associated with his nostalgia and partly because it was not merely a sentimentality but was built into his whole system of ideas. He claimed, for instance, that if Socialists and "progressives" had actually succeeded in under-

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mining the blind patriotism of the British, "the innate belief of the English-speaking peoples that they are superior to foreigners," they would probably have given in after Dunkirk and submitted to Nazi occupation. Stupidity, a conviction of your own rightness, and an inability to see the arguments for the other side, may actually help to keep you on your feet when things are desperate. Looking back on the war after it was over, he decided that

> The English intelligentsia, on the whole, were more defeatist than the mass of the people—and some of them went on being defeatist at a time when the war was quite plainly being won—partly because they were better able to visualise the dreary years of warfare that lay ahead. Their morale was worse because their imaginations were stronger. The quickest way of ending a war is to lose it, and if one finds the prospect of a long war intolerable, it is natural to disbelieve in the possibility of victory.

I don't, myself, believe that there is much sober truth in this. Clever and bookish people always *talk* in a more disaffected, sceptical way than anyone else, but I don't believe any evidence could be found to show that during the war they *behaved* with any less energy and self-sacrifice. Orwell is, as usual, allowing his grudge against the intelligentsia, the "silly-clever," to deflect his judgment. A few lines further on, he is accusing them of "admiration for power and cruelty":

> It would be grossly unfair to suggest that power-worship is the only motive for Russophile feeling, but it is one motive, and among intellectuals it is probably the strongest one.

Considering how much "intellectuals" have done to fight régimes based on cruelty and power, how many of them have died under torture in the last thirty years because they refused to get into line with "power-worship," this seems a particularly uncalled-for judgment. But it is a very centrally Orwellian judgment. It was, as we have seen, a main pillar of his creed that the intelligentsia have gone over to power-worship, whereas the common people, partly by reason of their old-fashioned and incurious outlook, have remained in a world of toleration and justice. We find him reverting to it again in his essay, "The English People," in 1947.

> The ruthless ideologies of the Continent—not merely Communism and Fascism, but anarchism, Trotskyism, and even ultramontane Catholicism—are accepted in their pure form only by the

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie

MURIEL SPARK

Oh, crikey! ANOTHER book about the 'thirties. All those barricades. Isherwood, Auden, Spain, Hitler, hunger-marchers. All that awareness. Oh, well... BUT according to Muriel Spark there was really quite a lot going on (particularly in Edinburgh). For instance, while literary finger-nails were being bitten down to the moral quick over Franco, there was a bitter struggle for power going on in the common room of the Marcia Blaine School for Girls where the members of the 'Brodie set' were becoming famous in the school for their various and specialised talents; and while Hitler was rising to power, Miss Jean Brodie, schoolmistress extra-ordinary, was entering her prime to the delight of her pupils, the consternation of her enemies and the unadulterated (sic) pleasure of her admirers.

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BARRIE & ROCKLIFF

intelligentsia, who constitute a sort of island of bigotry amid general vagueness.

SUCH PERSISTENT NAGGING must be associated with an emotional attitude. And it is, I think, fairly clear what that attitude was. Orwell hated modernity—the steel-and-concrete city, the hamburger filled with minced fish—and he hated intellectual sophistication; and for the same reason. They were both destroyers of Lower Binfield. The scientist and the industrialist had made the modern world possible, and the journalist and publicist had managed to sell that world to the man in the street, managed to persuade him that it was what he wanted, and in the process debased the English language into a stale mess of imprecision. As for the intelligentsia, they had been the seed-carriers of dangerous, extremist, intolerant ideas. It was too late to save Lower Binfield, but at least he could show those who had murdered it how much he hated them. While he accepted his place among the Socialists because they, at least, did care what happened to the ordinary simple man, in whose heart and mind some remnants of Lower Binfield might be living on, he always insisted they cared about him in a wrong-headed way and without knowing what his needs really were. They did not really know and love Lower Binfield. There were times when he feared and distrusted the Left, with its eagerness to be rid of the past and to cover the earth with one huge garden suburb, even more than the selfish and reactionary Right. Certainly it must have been a deep hostility, flaring up into a sudden hatred, that led him, in writing *1984*, to call the government of Airstrip One *"Ingsoc."* It is true that any such government, if it comes, might perfectly well call itself "socialist"—both the Nazis and the Communists have found the label useful—but one might have expected Orwell to waive the claims of realism, for once, rather than put a weapon into the hands of the British Conservative Party which he must have known they would use.

IN THE END, THOUGH, Left-versus-Right was not his quarrel. "A plague on both your houses; they have made worm's meat of Lower Binfield." He could not face the prospect of a fully-modernised world, full of Wendy's Tea-Shops, holiday camps, and loudspeakers. Hence the decision to go to Jura—and not only to Jura but to its extreme northern tip, twenty-five miles from the nearest shop. That decision, as we know, killed him. He returned to civilisation only to die. But then it was Orwell's life-style always to put his own recommendations into

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practice. At different times, this meant dish-washing in Paris, sleeping in communal lodging-houses in London, getting a bullet through the neck in Spain, underfeeding himself in the war so as to leave some of his rations for other people, and finally, after the war was over and Lower Binfield had vanished once and for all, going up to Jura—for air.

Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows.

And the tragic irony is that the harsh Hebridean air, which blew into Orwell's ailing lungs and killed him in the most literal sense, was blowing from the far country he loved most of all: the English past.

Nehru's India

Nehru, the Years of Power. By VINCENT SHEEAN. *Gollancz*, 21s.

India Today. By FRANK MORAES. *The Macmillan Company*, New York, 28s.

AN APPRAISAL of India's condition and her position in the world is certain to arouse profound interest in all countries, for India is the balancing-point between East and West in several senses of the term. She is better fitted than any other country, by history, tradition, institutions, and culture, to serve as a bridge between Asia and the West; she is a member of the Commonwealth, but pursues a separate and independent foreign policy; she is on excellent terms with the Soviet Union, but is bitterly estranged from Red China; she has adopted the parliamentary system of government and the philosophy of the Welfare State while engaging in social and economic planning on a comprehensive scale.

Two appraisals have recently been published. Both of them are by able and well-informed writers who have had long experience of India as journalists, have travelled extensively in the sub-continent, and have talked at length with many leading persons in public life. Yet the views expressed by Mr. Sheean, who is an American, and Mr. Moraes, who is an Indian, contrast so strongly that the reader may well feel the subjective element to be the dominant influence in determining the tone-values of the pictures.

Both Mr. Sheean and Mr. Moraes are agreed that few people in India to-day follow the teachings of Gandhi, despite the fact that his memory is universally revered, and indeed that he is almost deified. The vast majority of Indians regard him as the maker of independent India, the prophet who showed them the path to freedom and brought them safely into the promised land. From this generally accepted view Mr. Moraes dissents. He suggests that independence might have come earlier if Gandhi had not intervened. He concedes that the Mahatma made the masses politically conscious, and permeated the middle class with Indian ideas, thereby giving them confidence in themselves and in Indian methods. But when Gandhi introduced *satyagraha* as a political weapon, new dissensions were created in the Congress and old rifts were deepened, particularly between Hindus and Moslems. Many of the moderates left the Congress; and the specifically Hindu religious flavour of Gandhi's teaching made many Moslems turn towards the Moslem League. For this reason, Mr. Moraes believes that Gandhi, who devoted much of his life to the cause of Hindu-Moslem unity, unwittingly helped to foster the separatist movement which led to partition. And this, he says, meant that his life's mission had very largely failed. Yet much of the spirit of Gandhi's teaching survives. The gradual emancipation of women and the improvement in the status of the untouchables will remain as permanent monuments to the practical effect of his teachings.

The murder of Gandhi in January, 1948, by a demented Brahmin was an authentic tragedy. Yet one feels that the prophet's death was as well-timed as his life and work. If he had continued to live he would sooner or later have come into sharp and insuperable conflict with Nehru and the Congress Party on matters of high policy concerning the economic and social development of India, the role of the State, the defence of India, and possibly foreign policy.

Nehru, as Mr. Sheean points out, is the first leader in India to acquire temporal power at the national level by popular election without the aid of any religious sanction. He claims no charismatic aura. His politics are based on reason, morality, and economics. He rejects the Gandhian ideals of asceticism, poverty, and suffering; and he certainly does not share the Mahatma's sweeping condemnation of modern industrial civilisation as purely material. Nehru is essentially a modern man with a modern outlook; and although very respectful towards religious beliefs which he does not share, he is strongly opposed to obscurantism and the deadweight of an excessive traditionalism. He is, therefore, leading the Indian people into "a world based on modern idioms and instruments,

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away from the rural economics of the Mahatma and his spiritualised politics." (Moraes.)

THIS IS TO SIMPLIFY the issue beyond what the facts and tendencies will bear. When British rule in India ended, the country was equipped with a network of roads and railways, telegraphs and telephones, a postal system, numerous secondary schools and universities, an efficient civil service, courts of law where justice was not a mockery, civil airlines, and the Indian defence forces. These services were much better than those existing anywhere else in South or South-East Asia. On the other hand, the large-scale industrialisation of the country had scarcely begun, apart from the Tata Steel Works, and the jute and cotton mills in Bengal. Education was equally restricted and only a very small proportion of the population was literate. The standard of life was pitifully low and the economy was not a dynamic one. The average income per head was terribly low, and although famine relief measures had done much to alleviate or prevent major catastrophes, most of the population suffered from chronic malnutrition. There is some evidence to show that the pressure of population on the food supply had become more intense since the opening decades of the 20th century, probably due to public health measures and famine relief.

Confronted with such a situation there was an irresistible need for the Government of independent India to take immediate steps to raise the standard of living; to bring about a large increase in the food supply; to improve conditions of life in the villages; to create the basic foundations of modern industry; to diminish the enormous toll of infant and maternal mortality; to eliminate or reduce to manageable proportions the vast incidence of preventable disease and disability; to construct and extend drainage and irrigation works on a great scale; to achieve universal literacy in the shortest possible time. To recognise the urgent need to pursue these goals did not require any high degree of insight or imagination. Where Nehru's powers of leadership and imagination were demonstrated was in grasping that the mass of the Indian people would not be content only with freedom, but that they would want also a large measure of equality. He saw also that comprehensive planning by the central government would be needed and that the spearhead of the attack on poverty and underdevelopment would have to come from public enterprise and Government action of one kind or another. The rudimentary condition of the private sector and the fact that there are only a handful of large and well-run Indian capitalist undertakings, such as the Tata and Birla empires, made public enterprise essential and also provided it with conditions favourable for success.

Mr. Sheean understands this very well. He recalls a conversation with an eminent Indian scientist who said to him: "We are taking the only way there is to take. No other course is possible for India." This only possible way consists of planned development under public ownership and control, but without the sacrifice of either freedom or democracy. There is thus no room for any real opposition on the great questions of policy. Each successive Five Year Plan (the third has recently been published in draft form) sends

> a thrill of life along India's keel. It arouses, evokes, and partially creates the vision of a better future, to which each citizen as he matures has something to give. In this respect, which is psychological, and in the practical consequence of work done, there is something to set against the harshness of natural conditions.

This corresponds with my own observations, and I believe Mr. Sheean has correctly appraised the indirect benefits which the remote villages derive from far-away industrial schemes.

To Mr. Moraes all this is anathema. He is

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fearful of the Socialist pattern of society which is Nehru's avowed aim. The welfare state *tout simple* should in his view be sufficient for all good Indians without bringing any particular ism into the picture.

> The messianic fervour [he writes] with which Nehru envisages India's role and destiny leads him to hustle the country along the Socialist path, at times barely distinguishable from the Communist, and to take it in his lifetime to a point of no return.

He accuses him of moving closer at the national level towards Marxist solutions; and he even thinks that in advocating co-operative farming—a device intended merely to produce larger farming units—the Congress may be paving the way for Communism. With India moving towards the paradise of a classless society, he remarks bitterly, the only difference between the Communists and the Congress will be one of method. Yet earlier he says that the Prime Minister's attachment to democratic methods derives from Gandhi's insistence that good ends can only be attained by good means. The Gandhian doctrine of the relation between means and ends accounts above all for Nehru's dislike of totalitarian ways and his firm adherence to democratic methods of government.

I do not share Mr. Moraes' fear of obliterating the distinction between Communism and the Socialistic Democracy to which Nehru is leading India. Democracy will continue to develop in India, not only because the Indian people appear to understand how to work the parliamentary system, but also because there is a deep tradition in Hinduism in favour of settling differences by peaceful discussion—a belief which is fundamental to democracy. Mr. Sheean points out that Nehru never for one moment talks or acts like a Communist or even like a person who has absorbed any part of Communist teaching.

> He has not a hint of the doctrinaire rigidity, the all-knowing and intolerant certainty, the ready-made sufficiency for all questions, which are the prime characteristics of a Communist.

Can anyone who has ever met, seen, read, or heard the Prime Minister question the accuracy of this statement?

Mr. Moraes is on surer ground when he discusses the probable future trend of Indian politics. Any attempt to push the country to the extreme right would provoke a swing to the extreme left, and *vice versa*. The emergence of such extremes would endanger not only the political stability of the country but also the political and moral values which it has inherited from British political thinkers and administrators no less than from Gandhi and from Nehru. If the Prime Minister were to lay down his office in normal circumstances, Mr. Moraes thinks his successor would probably steer the Government to the right of centre. If, however, the Congress were to divide into two wings when Nehru leaves the political stage, then the left wing, in conjunction with the Socialists outside the Congress Party, would ultimately prevail. These are not improbable prognostications.

THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION about the future of the Indian people is not posed in either of these books. Assuming that the social and economic measures now in train or in preparation are all indispensable, does this mean that India will inevitably develop in a manner similar to the countries of North America and Western Europe, and Australia, with an economy based on mass-production, high-power advertising, and a single uniform culture replacing the rich and diverse regional cultures which now exist; with canned and frozen foods replacing the elaborate caste-cooking and regional dietary habits; with rapidly changing women's fashions based on Western styles supplanting

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JOHN MURRAY

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the exquisite sari and the healthy sandal? Some of the ablest, wisest, and most modern Indian men and women by no means subscribe to the view that this is the only or even the best way to solve the problems of poverty in their country.

William A. Robson

Hemingway

Hemingway and his Critics. Edited by CARLOS BAKER. *Hill and Wang*, $4.95.

TO REVIEW an anthology of criticism would always be a hard assignment; the nature and the subject of this book make it harder still. It seems that Dr. Baker was not the first in this field, and something of Hemingway's unique position in America may be judged by the fact that this is the second anthology of Hemingway criticism to appear in the last eleven years. He is still, it seems, a sacred cow, and readers will look in vain through these pages for any sustained and fundamental attack on the American master.* And since such attacks have been made—since it is *possible*, however rash, to deny that this emperor ever wore any clothes at all, this must be accounted a reverential weakness in the editor's principles of selection. True, we are given Barea's notable assault on *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, but this is an attack only on one book and only from one angle. Lionel Trilling, in far the best essay included here, was early to make the now classical distinction between the Man and the Writer; and to find that the Man, by 1939, was impinging, with disastrous results, on the Writer's terrain. Harry Levin is sharp, in his complicated way, about Hemingway's style; and Ivan Kashkeen, the Soviet critic, offers, among much praise, the kind of reproofs which one would expect from such a source. There are some who find individual works less satisfactory than others, or even downright bad. But total and considered rejection will not be found in Dr. Baker's pages; and it is worth pointing out that such an attitude is a feasible and reputable one.

* I should add that all this was written before Hemingway's death. The vultures will be gathering during the next few years, but I should not like to be thought of as the first of them. Though his reputation will sag, his early achievement will surely survive the usual posthumous fate of writers who have been loved not wisely but too well.

Here, to set our sights, are two quotations which are, perhaps, less dissimilar than they seem:

> A full-blooded, optimistic humanism implies faith in a happy future for mankind, and a way leading through trial to complete victory. Such humanists see a clear goal ahead calling them to victory at any cost. For a long time Hemingway's humanism did not involve this clearly defined aim, nor was it imbued with a faith in victory, save on the moral plane.... Hemingway's work teaches courage and loyalty to one's duty. But in the absence of a clearly realised ultimate aim Hemingway's main heroes, even if they join the common struggle, remain lonely sportsmen, sometimes no more than nine days' wonders. For the big truth of life they substitute the minor truth of fair play, the rules of a game. Hemingway has no faith in the reason and honour of bourgeois civilisation, but his attacks on it are directed from the past.

That, of course, was Kashkeen.

> It is perhaps permissible to re-state the ancient and unchallengeable truism that every art seeks to mirror the eternal in the temporal, the generic in the specific. It does not matter whether the writer be a classicist or a romanticist by conviction. It does not even matter whether he be an intellectualist or a sensist by profession. In every true artist the *daimon* will triumph over the limitations of faith. For the true artist is an indefatigable searcher for what W. K. Wimsatt Jr. has called "the concrete universal," that is, for the graphic illustration of that experience which, while occurring in a particular time or a particular place, has a relevance that transcends these. Only by some such theory as this can art possess perennial value; only by some such supposition can the cultural heritage of one epoch be meaningful to a succeeding epoch.

You can take your pick between the corrupt simplicities of Mr. Kashkeen and the arid, sophomoric kitsch of Mr. Michael F. Moloney. Though it should be said at once that the difference between the two breeding-grounds is that Mr. Moloney's has also produced Professor Trilling, while Mr. Kashkeen is, I have no doubt, as good a critic as his country could provide.

Between these extremes of dreary claptrap a good deal of quiet common-sense can be found. André Maurois gives us a fairly tired bit of adulation; Mario Praz a sparkling assault on Hemingway's Italian disciples. We are very properly reminded of Edmund Wilson's prescience. He was praising the early stories in 1923, when three of them were first published in *The Little Review*. But the reviewer cannot, after all, continue to review his fellows without himself joining in the party. The merits of a

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book like this—I do not rate them very high—lie in its ability to make us think again about a subject which we had long ago labelled and put away.

My own general view, refurbished in the light of this anthology, is that Hemingway has written no novel of convincing and enduring merit. I also believe that his novels deteriorate in an almost exact progression from the first to the last of them. One might perhaps argue that *To Have and Have Not* is a worse book than *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, or that *The Old Man and the Sea* is rather less appalling than *Across the River and into the Trees*. But all these books seem to me to be not only unsuccessful but positively and distressingly bad. I dare say a test case could best be made of *The Old Man and the Sea*, for this is a book which was widely welcomed by many critics who had observed the decline of Hemingway's talent with a keen and regretful eye. Mr. Dwight Macdonald is a notable exception and I doubt if I can say anything here which he has not already said. You either believe or you do not believe that the book is meretricious from beginning to end, that the archaic false simplicities of its style are insufferable, that the sentimentality is flagrant and outrageous and that the myth is tediously enforced.

Of the other novels I have mentioned only *For Whom the Bell Tolls* seems to have maintained a reputation which needs to be challenged. Barea has shown that it is false to Spanish reality, and in a book of this kind this is already a severe assault. For the rest it has always seemed to me that this novel thoroughly deserved the technicolour treatment it received from Hollywood. It was like an English boy's adventure story into which love and political passion had been more or less artfully injected. There were good satirical passages on the half-world of international Madrid; but how much better and more briefly it would all have been done by Mr. Graham Greene!

There remain of the novels the two earliest—*Fiesta* and *A Farewell to Arms*. I believe that *Fiesta* does retain, in many passages, some of the qualities of the early stories. As a whole I find that the famous understatement becomes pretentious as soon as the medium becomes diffuse. But these passages—the fishing, the bull-fight, café conversation in Paris—remain in the mind rather as if they were short stories. And *A Farewell to Arms*—to bring this cavalier treatment to a close—will survive in the ever-shortening shelf of true novels of the First World War. It is marred by affectation, gravely marred by a love story which is nearly as unconvincing as Robert Jordan's; but the scenes of war and retreat are unforgettable.

When Hemingway published his three first stories in the *Little Review*, he also published ten poems. I have not read these, and no doubt they would have been re-published if they had had any great merit. Yet I think that the best approach to Hemingway is to see him as a poet of atmosphere and situation. The early stories are incomparably the best work that he ever did, and the tragedy of his literary career is that he ever abandoned that form. There is a great deal in Dr. Baker's collection about the "philosophy" of Ernest Hemingway, his beliefs about death, danger, sport, manhood, and so on. But the truth is that he has had no philosophy of any value—no extractable views on man's nature and destiny which bear a moment's scrutiny. What he had—what all good writers have—was an individual position, a personal stance, a way of looking at human beings and the world about them. The greatest writers have either had many such positions—Shakespeare—or they have had what might indeed be called a general and considered philosophical position—Dante, Goethe. But most good writers have been consciously *contributory*—aware that they are adding an individual, perhaps an idiosyn-

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HARRAP BOOKS

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cratic colouring to the total available spectrum.

Many of these writers have been novelists, for there is nothing in the extended form of the novel which demands that the personal stance should be enlarged into the posture of a commanding and all-seeing titan. I doubt whether Flaubert's vision of the world was larger, deeper, or more embracing than Hemingway's, yet Flaubert expressed it best in the best of his novels. Hemingway, on the other hand, seemed perfectly adapted to the short, and, above all, to the very short story. His was a sad, stoical eye which attached itself without contempt to the visible and audible surface of the world. Of course I don't mean that he was either superficial, in the popular sense, or any kind of narrow realist. He was sharply and beautifully selective in his stories; and he discovered exactly the new laconic tone that he needed to express what he had seen. *Hills like White Elephants* has been rightly remembered as a masterpiece, and it quite easily survives our sad experience of later degeneration. The brevities, the strange ecliptical directness, are exactly right. It is, in the very best sense of an abused phrase, a poem in prose.

But with the inflation of the medium there went an inflation of the stance into a "philosophy." Hemingway began to provide exactly the kind of material which the Mr. Moloneys demand for their ponderous and portentous theses. Life, Death, Nature, Destiny... mirroring the eternal in the temporal—what a feast for the dreary schoolmen of our age! In fact the attitude was one which could *only* be properly expressed in its original form. Not because it was itself slight or trivial, but because it was the attitude *of* that form.

The Old Man and the Sea might be described as a long short story; but it marks no return at all to the special talents which Hemingway had so long ago abandoned. It is a stuffed book—stuffed with the burden of all the theses which had been written about Hemingway's message and philosophy. The demands which it makes on us are crudely "literary." In fact it sounds like that penultimate note of a musical scale which creates a sense of intolerable incompletion in our ears. What must follow, of course, are the hundred exegeses. The book is doctor-bait, professor-bait. And the modern critic of Hemingway should read this nonsense carefully and then re-read *The Killers* or *The Undefeated*. Let us by all means be respectful towards each other, but I cannot believe that any sane critic would fail to see what has happened in the long interval. This is one of the genuine literary tragedies of our time.

Philip Toynbee

"De-colonisation"

On Alien Rule and Self-Government. By JOHN PLAMENATZ. *Longmans*, 21s.

Arab Nationalism and British Imperialism. By JOHN MARLOWE. *Cresset*, 30s.

The Emancipation of French Indo-China. By DONALD LANCASTER. *R.I.I.A., O.U.P.*, 45s.

THERE IS NO more familiar process in the modern political scene than that of "de-colonisation." One day the inhabitants of some Western country wake up to find that a nationalist movement exists in a cherished and possibly lucrative colony. Demonstrations have taken place; a bomb or two has been thrown. From that moment events take on the inevitability and boredom of a nightmare. Troops are sent, nationalist leaders exiled or imprisoned, more bombs thrown, individuals hostile to the nationalists assassinated, and matters continue to evolve in increasingly repetitive circles of deterioration, until a political initiative is taken either resulting in immediate self-government or in an agreement on future self-government. By the time the thing is finished the home government has lost some dozens of soldiers and gone through a good deal of embarrassment, and the nationalists have lost some of their more enterprising guerrilla leaders and acquired the mentality of clandestine plotters. *Cui bonum?* Tom Hopkinson suggested one answer the other day when he wrote in connection with the Congo that it is a very bad thing for nationalist leaders not to have to go through a certain amount of struggle with the controlling power, since this is the one way in which they can obtain political education.

However this may be, it is certain that the operation of "de-colonisation" has so far hardly received the attention that it deserves from political theorists. With all the differences that exist between the various instances, there are nevertheless enough similarities even on a superficial level for some more general observations to be possible and useful. John Plamenatz in his essay *On Alien Rule and Self-Government* has tried to fill the gap, and, in so doing, to proffer some measured advice to colonised and colonisers. Reading his conclusions ("Beware of the European settlers"; "Do not try to hold on to a colony or dependency *at any cost*..."; and, to the nationalists, "Do not allow terrorists to take control of your nationalist movement"; "Beware of your resentment against the white peoples, for though it is natural and excusable, it may do more harm to you than to them"), one wishes that this book could be put into the hands of both sides in struggles to come. It might avoid some atrocious incidents.

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Of course, it is fairly easy to see at a distance that to back a minority of white settlers is to court disaster or that extreme courses are at least as harmful to those fighting for independence as to their enemies. But these truths are rather less apparent from within the mêlée, given all the pressures and tensions to which men engaged in politics are exposed. Usually it seems to be the home government which is most wilfully blind, since its Ministers are in a better position to reflect on the situation than those on the spot. In fact, some of Mr. Plamenatz's lessons appear to have been learnt. Governments are now reluctant (unless they happen to be Portuguese) to allow independence movements to reach the terrorist stage, and Britain at any rate seems to have seen the red light as far as supporting settlers goes. (No doubt, the events of 13th May, 1958, have had something to do with this. The threat to French democracy produced by the Algerian war showed all too clearly what the result might be of a policy dictated by settler interests and carried out by an army which rapidly becomes out of sympathy with metropolitan values and beliefs.)

Mr. Plamenatz believes that, from the point of view of Western interests and of those of the new states themselves, it is most important that the transfer of power should give some chance to the values of liberal democracy to implant themselves in the new system. It is for this reason that a governing power may be justified in delaying independence and in the vigorous repression of a terrorist movement—Malaya is the most striking example. Indeed, it may be better to have a state which is a democracy of a liberal type and hostile to the West than a more authoritarian government whose rulers, for their own ends, are prepared to be the allies of the Western bloc. Nor should we be too frightened of Communism or of Russian aid to underdeveloped countries. Here the West is the victim of a paradox:

> . . . the chances are that the native governments best able to preserve their independence against Communism will not be friendly to the West.

This is sensible enough, but the political conclusions to be drawn from the argument require strong nerves and a lack of duodenal ulcers which have not always been present at the head of the Western alliance. And perhaps they also assume the faith in our own institutions which gives a serene and tonic quality to much of Mr. Plamenatz's book. Most of us are more fidgety. Of recent years the activities of Western political warriors have suggested nothing so much as a man rushing backwards and forwards behind a leaky dyke, placing his hand first in one gap and then in another. Reflection that only half the village will be submerged anyway might save him some trouble.

Mr. Plamenatz does not deal with the protectorate type of colonial situation which presents its own peculiar difficulties. These occur when a power takes on the responsibility for controlling another country's policies in matters of importance without, however, organising a direct colonial administration. Thus all the oppressive acts of local administration are blamed on the protecting power without its being able to prevent them or even to form an élite, to whom responsibility can be transferred when the time arrives. This was Britain's position in the Middle East, and its disadvantages are set out in John Marlowe's new book, *Arab Nationalisation and British Imperialism*, which, let me say at once, is far and away the best and most concise work on events since the war in that area. When Britain replaced protectorates by clients, those clients became the object of a resentment which was all the more bitter since it seemed as if British policy was to prevent Arab unity by dividing the Arabs against themselves—a charge which was to be brought against America at the time of Mr. Dulles's maladroit attempt to line up an alliance against a supposedly Communist Syria. In fact, it is far more difficult to withdraw from an area where one has no detailed administrative control and, therefore, no possibility of forming one's successors. It is a little frightening to reflect that the position of the U.S.A. in Latin America has certain resemblances to that of Britain in the Middle East after the war—with one less problem (Israel) and one additional one: that of inducing U.S. firms operating in the area to behave with discretion and patriotism.

Mr. Marlowe's book is a sour comedy told with a due sense of irony. In David Lancaster's *The Emancipation of French Indo-China* the subject is a colonial war fought to the bitter end (in this case, at Dien Bien Phu), and the genre is tragedy. That so many people died in a war which no one seriously thought could be won, but which no one had the courage to admit to be lost, is only partially explicable in terms of the distance separating Paris from Hanoi and Saigon. So far from reflecting on the principles deduced by Mr. Plamenatz, those responsible seem to have been equally ignorant of war, diplomacy, and history. With careful precision a handful of French officials and politicians destroyed every element of moderation—and these were not inconsiderable—which was to be found in Ho Chi Minh. In Mr. Lancaster's sober narrative they are stripped naked and without excuse.

Anthony Hartley

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FROM THE OTHER SHORE

Brecht: Poems and Un-Poems

WHEN Brecht died five years ago (August 14th, 1956) he left a mass of unpublished writings. He had always been an inveterate reviser and recaster of his own work: each new edition of any one of his plays always turned out to be a new version. He was a very rapid worker, and had started and planned a large number of plays, poems, stories, and essays that were to remain unfinished. We also know that in his last years in East Germany he wrote many poems that could not see the light of day for political reasons.

When will all this unpublished material appear? That is more than a question of mere academic interest to Brecht-enthusiasts. It raises an important matter of principle and as such constitutes one of the revealing contemporary test cases. The question is: Is it possible for the literary remains of one of the great masters of our time which are held in a Communist-controlled country to receive the fair, scholarly treatment they deserve and to which posterity should be entitled?

Brecht himself anticipated this problem and took measures to facilitate the final emergence of a complete edition. He entrusted his friend, the late Peter Suhrkamp, with the copyright of his works. The Suhrkamp Verlag is one of the most highly esteemed and most successful publishing houses in Western Germany. In his lifetime Brecht often defeated attempts to suppress his writings in the East by having them published in the West. But since Brecht's death the situation has become more complicated. Brecht's manuscripts are being cared for in his old flat in East Berlin by a devoted group of disciples. It is this Brecht *Archiv* which is to be responsible for the "great historical-critical edition," the first volume of which was announced several years ago as "about to appear soon." And it is also from the Brecht *Archiv* in East Berlin that the material is to come for the collected edition of Brecht's plays and poems that is being published by Suhrkamp.

THE TWO FIRST VOLUMES of the *Poems* (there are to be six) have in fact appeared. They are handsomely produced and they contain a wealth of fascinating new material. But there is also something disquieting about them, for they show evidence of politically motivated tampering.

Not only does this edition *not* contain a number of Brecht's poems from the period covered by the first two volumes (up to 1929) which were published in newspapers and periodicals at the time (and are listed in various bibliographies), it also presents a number of puzzles concerning the arrangement of Brecht's first volume of poems *Hauspostille* (1927). Volume One of the Suhrkamp *Poems* displays this well-known cycle in a completely new form; it omits a large number of poems and includes some others instead.

A rather curt note by one of the editors (Brecht's former secretary and collaborator, Elisabeth Hauptmann) explains that Brecht himself made this rearrangement in the last years of his life. To prove this contention the volume contains an illustration of the table of contents of *Hauspostille* with some corrections in Brecht's handwriting. But on closer inspection these scribbled corrections do not correspond to the actual arrangement of the poems in the volume. (This, it might be argued, does not matter, as the omitted poems appear in the second volume of the present edition. And so they do, together with a number of hitherto unpublished and unknown poems). Even more surprising is the fact that one of the poems that Brecht himself excluded from the post-war editions of *Hauspostille* is not only suppressed in the main body of the work but also in the volume containing the poems omitted in the rearrangement. This poem is the *Hymn of the Red Army Soldier* which suggests that in 1927 when *Hauspostille* first appeared Brecht had not yet become a complete convert to the doctrine that "revolutionary wars" are entirely different in kind from ordinary wars.

Not only is the suppression of this poem futile, since it appears in the first edition of *Hauspostille* (which though not generally obtainable, is not as rare a collector's item as all that), it is especially foolish in view of the fact that Elisabeth Hauptmann herself quotes Brecht's own view:

> Only the consideration that Literature is part of History, and that History must not be falsified, together with the feeling that my present views and talents would be less valuable without a knowledge of my previous views and talents—provided that an improvement has taken place—prevented me from making a small bonfire [of B.'s earlier works]. Nor is suppression good enough; mistakes must be corrected. . . .

The very fact that Mrs. Hauptman quotes these words shows that it may not be *her* decision that led to the suppression of this poem (and a number of others) in the present edition. It may have been fear of what the East German authorities would do to the Brecht *Archiv* if the *Hymn of the Red Army Soldier* appeared in an edition sponsored by it. This points to the terrible dilemma that faces the whole enterprise of a full, scholarly edition. Will the *Hymn of the Red Army Soldier* be in-

MARTIN ESSLIN *is the author of* Brecht: A Choice of Evils (*Eyre & Spottiswoode*) *and has written on this subject previously in* ENCOUNTER ("Bert Brecht's Difficulties," *December 1958;* "Brecht's Missing Verse," *June 1959; and* "New Light on Brecht," *June 1960*). *He is completing a new book on* The Theatre of the Absurd *which contains studies of Eugene Ionesco, Jean Genet, and Samuel Beckett.*

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cluded in "the great historical-critical edition"? Will *The Solution* (Brecht's bitterly sardonic comment on June 17th, 1953) appear in that edition? And if not, can we be certain that numerous other and even more outspoken comments from Brecht's last years will be preserved?

YET WE MUST be grateful for what has now been published: some of these poems are among the finest that Brecht ever wrote. Others give a fascinating insight into the nature of the psychological conflict that produced the strange mixture of despair and violence in his early phase and possibly explains his yearnings for discipline, self-control, and even punishment, in his most fervent Communist period.

Among the earliest poems now published is one, *Auslassungen eines Märtyrers* ("Speechifying of a Martyr") which describes the boy being caught *in flagrante* in the attic (while indulging in auto-erotic practices induced by the view of the billowing underwear drying there), and his mother's reactions:

Und dann weint sie natürlich und sagt: Von der Wäsche! Und ich brächte sie noch unter die Erde
Und der Tag werde noch kommen, wo ich sie werde mit den Nägeln auskratzen wollen
Aber dann sei es zu spät, und dass ich es noch merken werde
Was ich an ihr gehabt habe, aber das hätte ich dann früher bedenken sollen.

But then, of course, she cries and says: "It's due to the washing!" and that I would cause her death
And that the day would come where I should want to dig her up with my nails!
But then it would be too late, and that I would realise one day
What I had lost in her, but that I should have had to think of that sooner....

The tone of this poem is one of mockery. One can imagine what the shock must have been when Brecht's mother *did* die, shortly thereafter. Now her threat of dying that had been treated with derision reappears in a different light, and her self-same words are quoted in helpless misery:

Oh, warum sagen wir das Wichtige nicht, es wäre so leicht und wir werden verdammt darum. Leichte Worte waren es, dicht hinter den Zähnen, waren herausgefallen beim Lachen, und wir ersticken daran in unserem Halse.
Jetzt ist meine Mutter gestorben, gestern, auf den Abend, am 1. Mai! Man kann sie mit den Fingernägeln nicht mehr auskratzen!

Oh, why do we not say the important things, it would be so easy, and now we are damned because of it. Easy words they were, held just behind the teeth, they fell out in laughter, and now we choke on them in our throat.
Now my mother is dead, she died yesterday, towards evening, on the first day of May! I cannot dig her up with my finger-nails!
(LIED VON MEINER MUTTER)

Perhaps it is fortunate that psychological interpretations are taboo in the Communist world. Otherwise the authorities might have been more eager to suppress the two poems quoted above—with their revelation, in my view, of some of the roots of Brecht's yearning for Communist discipline, his constant preoccupation with the punishment to be meted out to those who indulge their instincts—than the harmless poem about the Red Army Soldier (reprinted on p. 92).

WHILE Brecht's hitherto unpublished works are gradually finding their way into print in the original German, their appearance in English translations seems an even slower, and even more painful process. The first volume of the English edition of Brecht's plays* which appeared some months ago, is a disappointment; and what a long-drawn-out period of gestation preceded it. After so many years of preparation one would have expected an edition that would bring more than an obviously hastily thrown together and virtually unedited group of plays which are in no particular order, neither chronological, logical, or in any other way explicable. In fact, the volume lacks an editor, and it seems just to have happened. Four plays are presented in translations by different hands, some old, some new, without notes or introduction or commentary—all of which would clearly seem to be necessary in presenting so strange and difficult an author.

The choice of translations and translators is as puzzling as that of the plays themselves. Undoubtedly the most authentically Brechtian English version of any play by Brecht is the translation of *Galileo* which Charles Laughton and Brecht produced jointly. In fact, the later German version of the play is based on a re-translation by Brecht of that English version. Why then are we here given a new translation by Desmond I. Vesey, which is stiff and ponderous compared with the racy and colloquial language of Laughton-Brecht, who wrote with an impending performance in mind and acted it all out themselves before putting pen to paper? In fact Vesey uses, without acknowledgement, the doggerel verses preceding each scene, which Brecht himself wrote first in English. The only possible explanation for the new translation is the argument that Brecht had greatly expanded, and to some extent altered, the text. This is true, but it would still have been simpler (and very much to the advantage of the final result) if these alterations had simply been worked into the Laughton-Brecht version, as was in fact done for the performance in the B.B.C. Third Programme and for Bernard Miles' production at the Mermaid Theatre last year.

The translation of the *Caucasian Chalk Circle* with which the volume opens (why?—it is one of Brecht's last plays) is described as being by "James and Tania Stern, with W. H. Auden." It seems fairly evident that Auden merely contributed some of the verse passages. The rest of the play is

* Bertold Brecht *Plays*, Volume 1 (Methuen).

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GESANG DES SOLDATEN DER ROTEN ARMEE

1
Weil unser Land zerfressen ist
Mit einer matten Sonne drin
Spie es uns aus in dunkle Strassen
Und frierende Chausseen hin.

2
Schneewasser wusch im Frühjahr die Armee
Sie ist des roten Sommers Kind!
Schon im Oktober fiel auf sie der Schnee
Ihr Herz zerfror im Januarwind.

3
In diesen Jahren fiel das Wort Freiheit
Aus Mündern, drinnen Eis zerbrach.
Und viele sah man mit Tigergebissen
Ziehend der roten, unmenschlichen Fahne nach.

4
Oft abends, wenn im Hafer rot
Der Mond schwamm, vor dem Schlaf am Gaul
Redeten sie von kommenden Zeiten
Bis sie einschliefen, denn der Marsch macht faul.

5
Im Regen und im dunklen Winde
War Schlaf uns schön auf hartem Stein.
Der Regen wusch die schmutzigen Augen
Von Schmutz und vielen Sünden rein.

6
Oft wurde nachts der Himmel rot
Sie hielten's für das Rot der Früh.
Dann war es Brand, doch auch das Frührot kam
Die Freiheit, Kinder, die kam nie.

7
Und drum: wo immer sie auch warn
Das ist die Hölle, sagten sie.
Die Zeit verging. Die letzte Hölle.
War doch die allerletzte Hölle nie.

8
Sehr viele Höllen kamen noch.
Die Freiheit, Kinder, die kam nie.
Die Zeit vergeht. Doch kämen jetzt die Himmel
Die Himmel wären ohne sie.

9
Wenn unser Leib zerfressen ist
Mit einem matten Herzen drin
Speit die Armee einst unser Haut und Knochen
In kalte flache Löcher hin.

10
Und mit dem Leib, von Regen hart
Und mit dem Herz, versehrt von Eis
Und mit den blutbefleckten leeren Händen
So kommen wir grinsend in euer Paradeis.

BERTOLT BRECHT

HYMN OF THE RED ARMY SOLDIER

Because beneath its leaden sun
This land of ours is eaten bare
It spat us out on freezing highways
It spat us out on byways dark.

Though washed in snow until the spring
The army is red summer's child.
The fall brought snow. When it was winter
The army's heart froze in the wind.

In those years Freedom was a word
That often fell from lips of ice
And some had tiger's fangs that followed
After the red, inhuman flag.

And when by night the red moon swam
Our fellows tied their horses up.
And in the fields talked of the future,
Then fell asleep, tired by the march.

The rain it rained, the dark wind blew,
To sleep on stones was very sweet.
The rain removed from weary eyelids
Not the dirt only but our sins.

And when at night the sky grew red
They took it for the red of dawn.
It was a fire. The dawn came later.
But freedom never came, my boys!

And so wherever they might be
They said: this finally is hell.
But all the hells that once were final
Gave place to others finally.

So many hells were still to come,
But Freedom never came, my boys!
And now if what arrived were Heaven
They would not be around to see.

When we ourselves are eaten bare
(Our hearts as leaden as the sun)
The army spits our skin and bones out
Into a hole not deep but cold.

With bodies hardened by the rain
With hearts disfigured by the ice
With empty, bloody hands and grinning
We enter now your paradise.

TRANSLATED BY ERIC BENTLEY

1. Lektion, Kap. 3. Gesang der Soldaten der roten Armee. C-dur

Weil un - ser Land zer - fres - sen ist mit ei - ner
mat - ten Son - ne drin, spie es uns aus in dunk - le
usw.
Stra - ßen und frie - ren - de Chaus - se - en hin.

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offered in a version very similar, but often inferior, to Eric Bentley's well-known and often performed translation which has been available in a paperback edition for many years. Auden's versions of some of the verse passages are superb; but they do take great liberties with Brecht's metre and meaning.

Well, it might be argued, this is a book presenting Brecht's text, it is not an acting version. But then, in the text of the *Threepenny Opera* here presented, the most outstanding feature is precisely the new translation of the songs by Eric Bentley, made to fit the music in performance. This is successful, but shows up the rather indifferent prose parts which have, again somewhat gratuitously, been re-translated without any marked improvement.

Careful editing would also have avoided some of the howlers which this volume contains. What is one to make of that footnote (on page 178) from which it emerges that the translator believes that Brecht's *Versuche* (the periodical volumes in which he published his works) were called *Versuchehefte*. The latter word is a grammatical impossibility in German, and it also shows a regrettable unfamiliarity with Brecht's work. (It is as though one were speaking of *Encounternumbers* believing that the words ENCOUNTER, Number 85 on a title page formed part of a single word.)

By far the best translation in the volume is H. R. Hay's *Trial of Lucullus*. But here the translation of Brecht's additions to the text (after the scandal about the operatic version of the play) contains some curiosities: thus the line *"Das Silber, das er fördern liess"* (the silver he mined) is rendered as: *"The silver whose production he favoured."* Even a small pocket dictionary explains that *"fördern"* not only means to foster or favour, but also is a mining term. . . .

All this is charming enough, however it does not serve the readers of Brecht. Nor is that all. *The Trial of Lucullus* is printed with the amendments and explanatory material provided by Brecht. To publish this without an explanation of the background can only be very confusing and misleading. When Brecht wrote that the work had been amended after a trial performance, he was writing for a public that knew that in fact three gala performances had been arranged and that the work was banned after the East German Government representatives had indignantly walked out. The publication of his amendments shortly afterwards, together with the note quoted above, was therefore an exercise in Brecht's peculiar ironic compliance; the reference to "detailed discussion" with the authorities is his way of describing the grilling he and his composer friend Paul Dessau received. Couldn't something of this have been made clear by a footnote?

ONE MUST, HOWEVER, sympathise with the difficulties encountered by Brecht's publishers in the West. Permission to publish translations by Brecht is not easy to obtain and nothing must be done to offend the East German authorities under whose control Brecht's family is trying to maintain his theatre in existence. This would also seem to account for the absence of any of Brecht's earlier (and, from a Communist point of view, unacceptable) plays in this collected volume. It is a disturbing fact that both in West Germany and in Britain we should be faced with evidence of this kind of political control from a distance. It will, for instance, be interesting to see if the forthcoming translation of Brecht's *Schriften zum Theater* (his theoretical essays) will still contain the note mentioning Malenkov (on p. 212 of the first German edition)!

It is instructive to compare the English volume of Brecht's plays with an American edition of translations which, thanks to the peculiar operation of copyright laws in the United States could be published without any such fears. In this book—*Seven Plays by Bertolt Brecht*, edited and with an introduction by Eric Bentley (Grove Press, New York)—we get a representative selection, ranging from the early *In the Swamp* (also known as *In the Jungle of the Cities*—and currently being performed, in another translation, off Broadway) to the *Caucasian Chalk Circle*. Above all, there is a thoughtful and illuminating introduction to each play by Eric Bentley which makes Brecht's strange and highly-coloured personal vision comprehensible to an English-speaking public. A pity that *Seven Plays* should not be generally available in this country, for it seems to me to be the first book that makes it possible for an English-reading public to see Brecht clearly. Eric Bentley's new translations of the two early plays are, I think, remarkably successful—here the ecstatic anarchic poetry of Brecht's youthful period really comes to life in English.

BRECHT HIMSELF WAS a great planter of time-bombs. Early this year a new book of his appeared in West Germany. It is called *Flüchtlingsgespräche* (Refugee Conversations) and is one of his most striking works, hitherto known only by two short extracts. It deals with two refugees who while away the time in Helsinki (where Brecht lived during his exile) by discussing various subjects in melancholy-comic dialogues (eighteen in all). One of the two men, Ziffel, is an intellectual, the other, Kalle, a worker. And Ziffel, who reads extracts from an autobiography (with references to Brecht's own early life) clearly stands for Brecht himself. In the last dialogue Ziffel has established that he wants a world without patriotism or grandiloquent thirst for freedom, or any need for self-sacrifice. Kalle informs him that the state he wants is "socialism." But he adds: "At the same time I must draw your attention to the fact that to reach this objective we need a lot of things, that is, the utmost bravery, the greatest thirst for freedom, the highest degree of self-sacrifice, and the greatest egotism." Whereupon Ziffel merely says: "I saw it coming!" He is asked to drink to socialism: "he rose with his cup and made a very imprecise movement with it, that could not very easily have been recognised as an attempt at a toast. . . ."

Martin Esslin

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LETTERS

P. M. S. Blackett and War

THE DEBATE between Professor P. M. S. Blackett and Mr. Alastair Buchan [ENCOUNTER, April and August] is important to all students of strategy. Both writers are trying to assess how many nuclear weapons, and of what type and quality give a reasonable amount of mutual security based on mutual fear of the consequences of using them to the two states that as yet possess these engines of destruction in large numbers. With great respect to Mr. Buchan, whom I largely regard as my mentor in these matters, he appears to have disregarded one point in Professor Blackett's argument. This is that all strategies and all weaponry (which, without the decision to deploy and use it, is after all so much old iron) must answer to a political belief and policy. This point was only implied in Professor Blackett's attack on current American academic strategic thought, but since he has written elsewhere of the necessity of military strategies to be the servant and not the master of political policies, and since his continuing commitment to political action is so well known (in contrast to so many of his confrères in the strategic field), this aspect of his argument, however obliquely presented, must surely be considered. Incidentally, Professor Blackett was not attacking strategic analysis by civilians, but by private individuals with no practical experience of war—a very different thing.

The failure of so many strategists, civilian and military, unofficial and official, to ask Haldane's question: "What is the Army for?" (or air forces, or any other component of strategy), leads to this unwillingness to accept that beyond a certain point in an arms race (which is after all what the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. are engaged in), neither increases in quantity nor improvements in quality can give a measurable extra amount of security. If the U.S. was prepared to deny its people the domestic goodies which the Russians do not have, and if the U.S. Services and the vast and unstable armaments industry could put their heads together instead of knocking them together, then doubtless as much military hardware in as advanced a form as possessed by the Soviets could be built—whilst at the same time a formidable conventional armoury and the men to use it could be maintained. Despite the shouts and cries which arise from the Pentagon collectively, there is no such intention. Thus an unconscious belief does prevail even at the heart of nuclear strategies that enough destructive retaliatory capacity is enough.

Clearly one cannot stand pat on such an attitude. American unwillingness to really match its opponent weapon for weapon springs from the nature of a pacific and basically still isolationist approach to world affairs rather than from an objective appraisal of the goals of Soviet "offensive" foreign and strategic policy and the necessity to produce an equivalent dynamic by the West. Moreover, I must concede that a dramatic breakthrough in technology (such as the ability, demonstrated by Major Titov, for controlled manned space-flight) always produces a jolt, and the thought that such an advance *must* increase aggressive intentions in the minds of those who sponsor such discoveries. But specific Soviet policies of aggression and subversion owe more to cadres of guerrillas and—in Europe—to a modern military force capable of acquiring, holding, and denying ground, than to an array of Jules Verne techniques. To say this is not to deny the importance of a nuclear retaliatory capacity, but simply to try and give it one role among the many that must be played by the West's armed forces.

ANTHONY VERRIER

London

Taylor and Trevor-Roper

ONE CANNOT BUT AGREE with Professor Trevor-Roper's rejection of Mr. Taylor's latest, perverse, performance. But there is one very odd factor in the situation. Professor Trevor-Roper, when speculating whether the book in question is perhaps Mr. Taylor's posthumous gesture of defiance to his former master Sir Lewis Namier, adds that it would have received devastating justice from Sir Lewis, were he still alive.

At the same time, I could not help being reminded that Mr. Taylor's general philosophy as described by Professor Trevor-Roper, is very much like Namier's as described by Professor Butterfield in your journal, No. 43, April 1957, p. 73. Mr. Taylor believes that "statesman are too absorbed by events to follow a preconceived plan. . . . The real determinants of history are objective situations and human blunders." And so forth. According to Butterfield, Namier believed too readily that conscious purposes and plans are no more than ideological pretensions. He always played down the role of conscious will and purpose and emphasised instead the "deeper" irelevancies and incoherence of human actions.

Ought we perhaps to be grateful to Mr. Taylor for finally providing a *reductio ad absurdum* of this philosophy of history?

PETER MUNZ

The University,
Wellington, N.Z.

"English Education"

I COMMEND Mr. C. A. R. Crosland's article [ENCOUNTER, July] on English education as being a fairly valuable, critical guide to the somewhat complex English system.

I am fifteen, and have just taken the G.C.E. under a system that operates in our Grammar

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School, by which the "A" form is treated to a "high-powered" course, is split into Arts and Science at the end of the third year, and takes G.C.E. at the end of the fourth year. If we pass four or five subjects, we miss the fifth year and are put straight into the sixth, to start specialising on three or four subjects. (Indeed, we are working to the sixth form timetable for the rest of this term.)

This system may be criticised, but in practice it works well, and the "fourth" sixth-formers obtain good results and many get to university. Contrary, no doubt, to many people's expectations, these "early" sixth-formers do not become snobs (the only contempt is for the "illiterates" who are in the Science set), and in fact the only sad thing about these sixth-formers is that many of them still look upon intellectuals as curious Nihilists.

R. D. Paul

Leigh-on-Sea,
Essex

Bergman

Thank you for showing once again, by printing Caroline Blackwood's shrill ranting on Ingmar Bergman (in your April number), that you can always tell an anti-humanist, but not very much.

If she *really* thinks that behind all of Bergman's work she "really senses only all the horrendous mystical superstition (*sic*) of an ancient Scandinavian Goth," she should turn in her keen. Bergman is worse than that: he suggests that life should be lived even though it is not as perfect and controlled as Caroline Blackwood yearns for it to be.

However we can forgive her for her oversight, since she obviously hates movies, and so writes reviews for good old Encounter, trustworthy child of the perfect 1930s. (And give us more Kristol on America! He's even *more* of an archæological find.)

H. E. F. Donohue

New York City

I wish to congratulate Miss Caroline Blackwood and Encounter for offering the first (as far as I know) intelligent analysis of Ingmar Bergman's films. Their "very pretentiousness which passes for profundity" has a worse effect on public taste than many straightforwardly silly films, and they encourage the tendency to mistake obscurity and confusion for profundity in literature and art in general.

It is high time indeed that this should be pointed out by the critics.

Georgina Bruckner

King's College,
London

Reading Caroline Blackwood's article about Ingmar Bergman was like hearing all the worst features of a friend described. . . .

Ann Morrissett

Stockholm, Sweden

. . . Whenever Miss Blackwood descends to particulars she shows herself incapable of seeing what is put before her eyes. Take her criticism of *Virgin Spring*, which I happen to have seen fairly recently. According to Miss Blackwood, Bergman takes half the film to establish that the virgin was good. As I remember it, we are shown that the virgin was lazy, pretentious, and vain; that she glorified in her fine clothes and her virginity, never ceasing to remind her slatternly serving-maid of her own superior virtue; that she enjoyed the admiration of men—even of her repulsive violator—and delighted in tormenting them. One can hardly imagine a virgin more richly deserving of rape.

Next, Miss Blackwood tells us that the groaning father "flagellates" himself. As I remember it, he took a Finnish bath; if Miss Blackwood finds this spectacle so titivating, let me recommend a visit to the public baths in Stockholm, where the same process goes on daily. And then, we hear, a pregnant woman is nearly raped; I confess that I don't remember this incident at all, though perhaps I mistook the intentions of one of the characters who bawled at her in the course of the film.

Jens Arup

Saxmundham,
Suffolk

The Public School

I found Pringle's article on the Public School [Encounter, February] very amusing; the parallel with Plato's *Republic*, if not entirely convincing, is at any rate ingenious and perhaps not without foundation.

Isn't it a pity that he says so little about the present day? There is some reference to it in the last paragraph, but he is really largely concerned with the public schools up to, say, about 1920. We have changed a little since then. And I should myself say that it is a pity that he says so little about our academic achievements. Who invented the sixth form? Who, believe it or not, pioneered science teaching? Who, thanks to the Industrial Fund, has some of the best school laboratories there are?

There are many other things that might be said, but saying them would turn this letter into an article—and at any rate it is nice to read something about the public schools which does not consist entirely of denigration.

H. J. P. Lee

The Headmaster,
The College,
Winchester

"Strong Smells, Polite Society"

All sciences, all professions have to their own jargon, their own pudder. There are good reasons for this, since quite clearly everyday language cannot express the complicated concepts involved. I also realise that in order to impress the layman the medical sciences must carry this attitude further. What I do not understand is why writers

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on psychology must always, no matter who their audience, be wilfully obscure.

I cannot believe that Mr. Adrian Stokes feels a need to impress the readers of ENCOUNTER; his object is surely to inform and entertain. So far as his title and opening paragraphs are concerned he does both with a bang. Then gently and insidiously, like the introduction of a *leit-motif* into Wagnerian harmonies, the miasma of pudder insinuates itself like a greasy stain into the cloth of his essay.

Let me make an impassioned appeal that psychologists write for a period as though they had to pay a tax of 5s. for two-syllable words, 10s. for three-syllable words, and £1 for all multi-syllable and hyphenated words. I would allow a rebate of 15s. for full stops.

Six months of this would so alter their prose that, after the tax was lifted, what they write might become intelligible.

M. W. EVANS

Abbey Hill,
Kenilworth

WITH regard to Adrian Stokes' statement in your last issue: "No one falls in love with a lung." This is debatable. The heroes of Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain* and of A. E. Ellis' *The Rack* each carried an X-ray photograph of the heroine's lung in his breast pocket.

MILES BURROWS

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AUTHORS

Professor W. A. Robson holds the Chair of Public Administration at the London School of Economics. His books include *Great Cities of the World*, *Problems of Nationalised Industry*, as well as many other publications on local government and its problems. He is the joint editor of *The Political Quarterly* and has advised many governments on problems of administration....

William Sansom has published numerous novels, short stories, and travel books. His best-known works are *The Passionate North*, *The Face of Innocence*, *South*, and *The Cautious Heart*. His work has been described as "Chekhovian."...

Dan Jacobson is a South African by birth. His novels and short stories often have as a background the problems and difficulties facing writers in that country. His last novel, *The Evidence of Love*, appeared in 1960, and he is also the author of a number of short stories and a travel book on California....

D. T. Suzuki is a Japanese philosopher who is an expert on Zen. His publications include a number of works on the subject including *Zen and Japanese Culture* which appeared in 1959. He would, however, disclaim responsibility for some of the recent manifestations in the U.S.A....

Mark Abrams is an expert in market research and a statistician, whose controversial findings on the Labour Party's defeat in 1959 have become the subject-matter of every debate on which way the party is going. He has been denounced by all those who dislike his picture of a working class whose aspirations are directed towards membership of the bourgeoisie, but would regard himself as having science on his side.

Douglas Cooper, art historian and critic, was Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford from 1957–1958. His article in this issue is a chapter in his new book, *The Work of Graham Sutherland*, to be published shortly by Lund Humphries.

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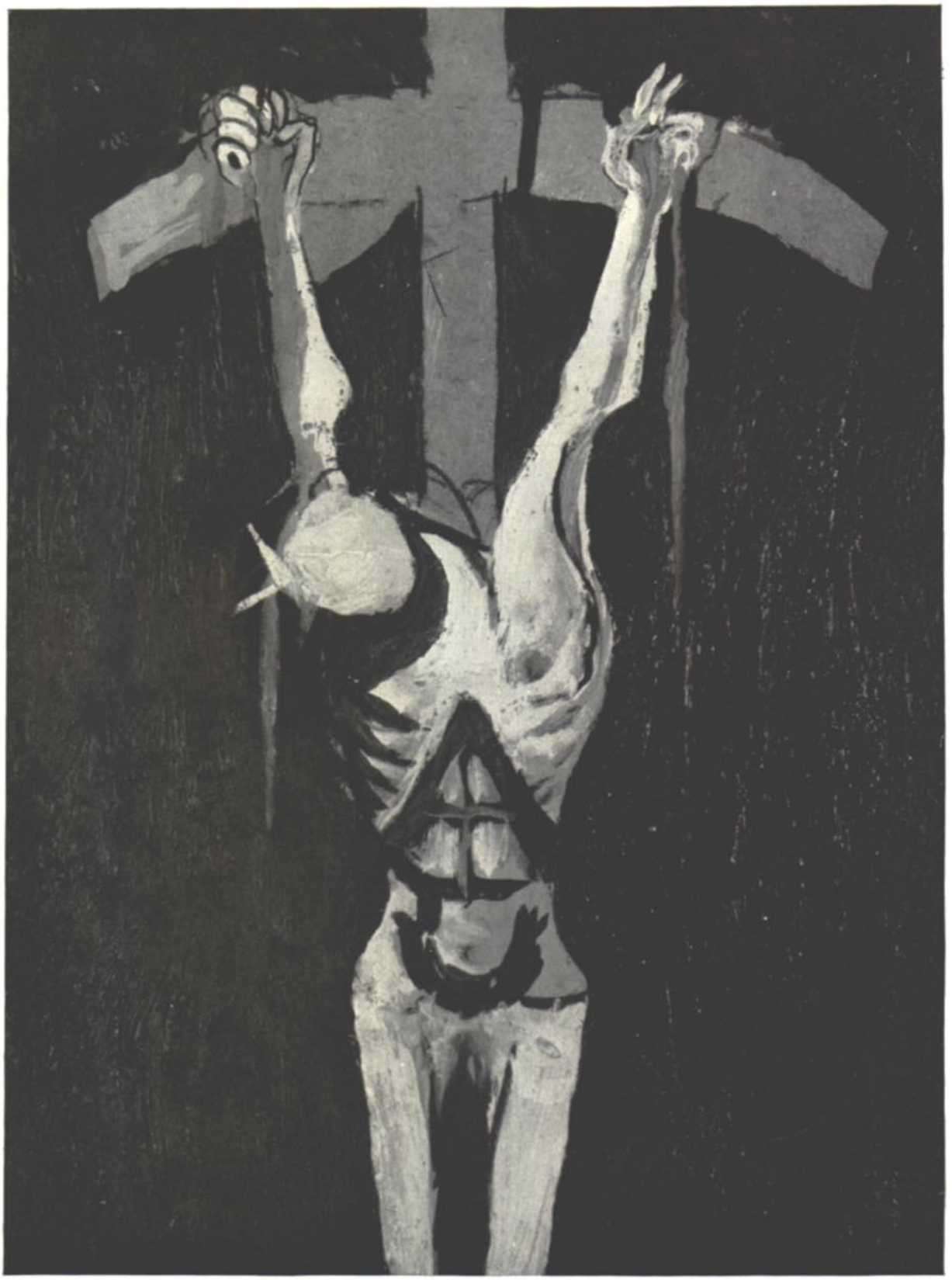

Study for a Crucifixion 1946 Oil on hardboard 13 × 9¾ in.

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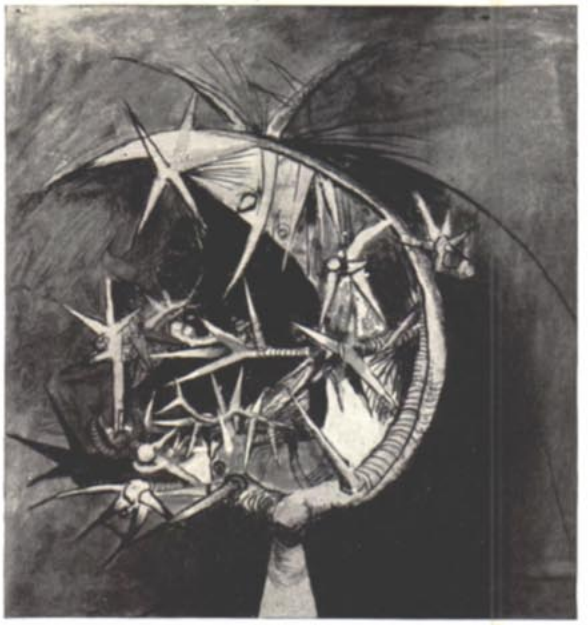
Thorn Head 1945 Oil on canvas 24 × 24¼ in.



Thorn Head 1946 Pen, chalk, and gouache 22 × 21 in.

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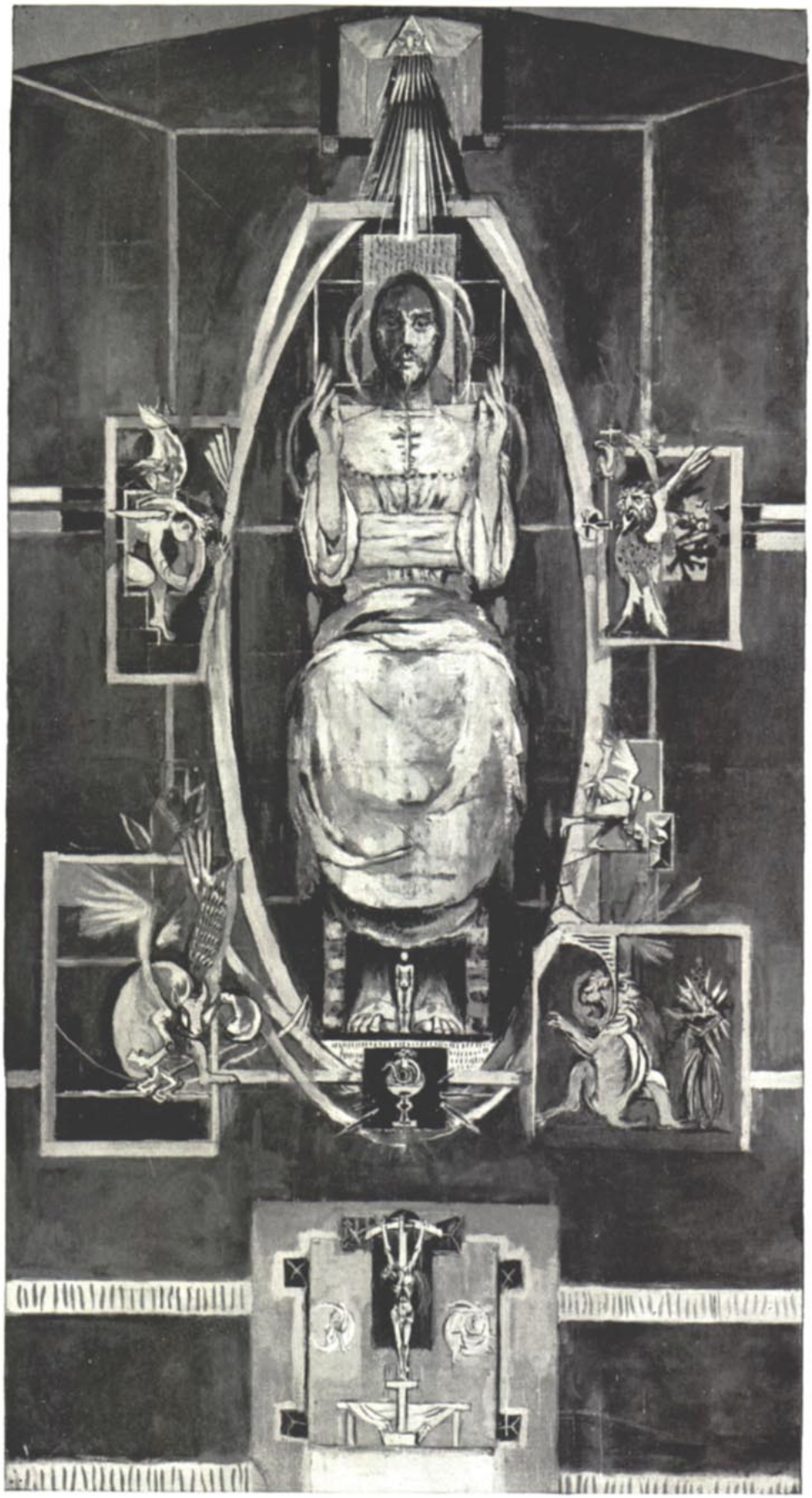

Cartoon for the Proposed Coventry Tapestry 'Christ in Glory' 1957
Oil on hardboard 74×40 in.

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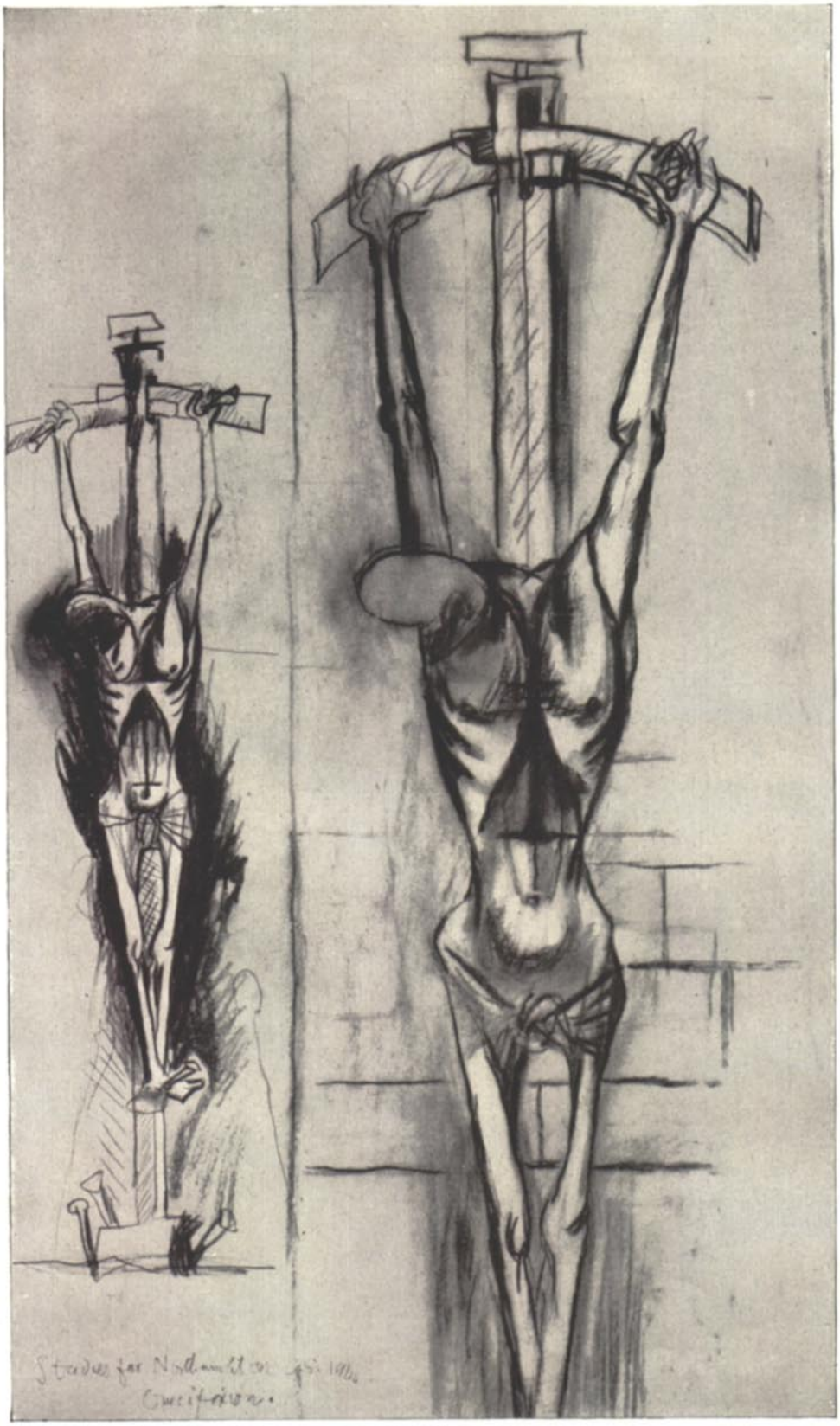

Two Studies for a Crucifixion 1946 Black chalk 26 × 16 in.

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LEWIS MUMFORD

THE APPEARANCE OF HIS NEW BOOK

THE CITY IN HISTORY

IS A MAJOR EVENT IN BRITISH PUBLISHING

LEWIS MUMFORD has been called the prophet of city renewal and his books can truly be called the signposts to a new civilisation. As *The Observer* wrote in their recent profile, it is almost possible to speak of a Mumford generation.

THE CITY IN HISTORY opens with the city that was symbolically a world: it closes with a world that in many practical aspects has become a city. Will the city disappear, or will our whole planet be turned into a vast urban hive? The omens are not reassuring.

THE CITY IN HISTORY is the fruit of three decades of research and reflection. It interprets the origins of the city, and moves through succeeding urban cultures, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Greece, Rome, the medieval cities and monasteries, the rising industrial centres, to the tumultuous modern period of nuclear power.

This is a book which will be read by anybody who is interested in history, architecture, archaeology, social and economic development, and all who feel deeply enough about the survival of our civilisation. Mumford recently received the Gold Medal of the Royal Institute of British Architects. The *City* has received the highest praise on its publication in America. Typical is the *New York Times:* "This great book—praise I accord with due caution—should last as long as books last. It is more than an urban history, it is moral philosophy of a high order and tragic poetry. The glory of this book is the humane warmth that Mr. Mumford brings to his exposition."

670 pages of text, plus 50 pages of description accompanying illustrations. 64 pages of plates containing 158 separate illustrations in black and white. Publication October 2. 70s.

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